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HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BUSHRANGER'S GENEROUS CONFIDENCE IN THE MATE.

MARK BRANDON had a very disagreeable suspicion that the smoke which had been observed on the other side of the hill, proceeded from the party in pursuit, who had taken advantage of one of the little creeks or inlets with which that part of the coast abounded, to shelter themselves from the storm. The fire was not likely to have been kindled by natives; for, so far as their haunts were known, they were not in the habit of making that part of the island the place of their temporary habitation, as from its exposure to the cold and boisterous winds of the South, and from the greater part of its surface being scrub and rock, kangaroos were scarce, and possums by no means plentiful; neither was the gum which forms so large a part of the food of the natives to be found in sufficient quantities to make it an eligible place of encampment, as the Mimosa, from which it is obtained, does not thrive in bleak and exposed situations. The chance in his favour of its being the natives who had lighted that fire, Mark Brandon felt was so small, that nothing but his own eager desire that it might be so, could prompt him to cherish the hope. On the other hand, if it was the party in pursuit who had landed, then indeed his position was most critical and dangerous. There was the vessel lying in a basin from which it was impossible to extricate it against a con-

trary wind; and the present storm, which still raged, might last, perhaps, for some days;—and the sailors who composed the crew were at liberty and prepared to resist any new aggression to the death. It was true that his own men were in possession of all the fire-arms, which gave them a decided superiority; but still the struggle would be a doubtful one; and the reports of the muskets during the contest would be sure to give information to those in pursuit of him and his followers, should it turn out as he feared, that the smoke which had been observed, proceeded from a fire made by the party in the boat; and it was not to be supposed that they would neglect to keep a good look-out in the direction where the vessel might be expected to be visible.

The bushranger revolved all these thoughts in his mind, and in vain sought for a way out of his difficulty; for once, his ingenuity was at fault; he could devise no plan of escape; he found himself in a "dead fix;"—but still, while there was life there was hope, and he thought that if he could get rid of the sturdy mate who strode by his side, and who, he observed, kept a close watch on him, he might have a better chance of succeeding in any ulterior operations. The bushranger carried a double-barrel fowling-piece, strong in the stock, and the mate had in his hand a drawn ship's-cutlass;—Mark measured the distance with his eye which separated the butt-end of his piece from the back of the mate's head; he calculated that he might swing the fowling-piece round by a quick and vigorous movement, and, without noise, rid himself of his inconvenient companion by a single blow. With his accustomed caution, his hands mechanically following out the thought which had suggested itself, he thought it right to remove the risk of the piece discharging itself from life shock; he stopped, therefore, for a moment on the precipitous hill which they were descending, and, opening the pans of the locks, shook out the primings and let down the hammers.

"What do you do that for?" asked the mate, surprised at the proceeding; "is that the way to be ready for the natives? Why, they may be on us before you have time to prime again?"

"This is rather an awkward place to scramble down," replied Mark, with an air of polite concern, and pointing to the gulph below them; "you see, if I was to chance to have a tumble, my piece might go off and lodge its lead where it was not intended to go—in my body, or, perhaps, in yours, friend."

"Humph!" said the mate, ejaculating a sea-grunt, which at the same time served as a vent to his own feelings, and conveyed to his companion the intimation that he was not to be gammoned by Mark's blarney about his excessive care for the mate's valuable person;—"he means something now, by that move," he said to himself; "but whatever it is he's up to he'll find me wide awake."

Shall I shoot him, thought Brandon;—no; the report of the piece would be heard by both parties—by the vessel's people, and by the soldiers; it must be done some other way; but he keeps out of my reach, as if he suspected the trick:—I must try another game.

By this time they had descended into a deep and narrow gully; looking up, they saw before them a sharp and abrupt hill to climb, in-

to be dispersed here and there with low shrubs and irregular masses of pointed rocks and stones. The bushranger guessed at once the sort of country they had lighted on, which was a succession of abrupt stony hills like the huge waves of a sea suddenly petrified into solidity; an exceedingly difficult country to make progress in, either on horseback or on foot, for while the actual distance gained in a straight line, as the bird flies, is very small, the length of ground gone over is very great, and very fatiguing from the continual up and down movement, and from the annoying obstructions of the cutting fragments of sharp rock and loose stones met with at every step. As they mounted the hill, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that the worthy seaman found the process of making way on shore, with his own legs, a much more laborious operation than making way on the water with sails and oars; and although he took advantage of his nautical experience and made short tacks to the right and to the left of the hill, as he would have done against a contrary wind at sea, the work soon became too hard for him.

"I say, mate," he said to the bushranger, "this is going dead against a wind with a vengeance! now it's rattling down stream and then it's up against tide, and which ever way it is it doesn't seem the better for my legs!—I tell you what it is; I must come to, an anchor, and that's the long and the short of it:" and saying this, he plumped himself down on the softest stone he could find convenient, and proceeded to swab himself with much diligence.

"Luck's with me after all," thought Mark as he received this glad-some communication from the sailor, and saw him in an attitude of utter exhaustion from his exertions in the unusual exercise of walking on land; "luck's with me after all! and now is the time to disarm my very clever and very suspicious friend of all suspicion by a false confidence, and then he is mine to do what I please with—at least so far as one point goes:—

"Friend," he said to the mate, "I see I was wrong to propose that you should go with me; I ought to have remembered that you were more used to make your way up the shrouds of a ship than the sides of such hills as these;—but I am used to them. However, we will not lose our object; I must see how many natives there are yonder; come now; we have had a bout I allow; but we are comrades in this venture; if I could trust to your honour not to take advantage of my confidence; I would try to have a look at the black rascals alone—, but you must be ready to stand by me."

"I'll stand by you, if that's all," said the mate; "but what do you want me to do with your 'confidence' and your 'blarney?'"

"There," said the bushranger, placing his fowling-piece in the hands of the astonished mate; "there's no blarney in that; now, if you could be dishonourable, and treacherous, and a rascal—which I know you cannot—you have me at your mercy."

"What the devil do you mean by this?" said the honest seaman, completely overpowered by an act which placed the bushranger, seemingly, completely in his power.

"What I mean is this; we are now all bound up together; unless we stand by one another we shall never be able to resist the attack of

two or three hundred natives, for they have learnt the way of shooting with lighted arrows and they never show any mercy to white people:—and the food they are fondest of above everything is human flesh."

"The black villains!"

"And I don't suppose you have any particular desire to form one of the principal dishes at their supper to night."

"That would be no joke!"

"Now I will tell you what to do; for I shall rely on your courage and coolness, which I am sure I can do as surely as on your honour—for my own life as well as your own and the lives of the major and his daughters depend on our activity."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"You must remain here without moving, and especially without making the least noise till I return."

"And how long shall you be away?"

"We shall see; I will get as near to the natives as I can on my hands and knees, and try to find out what they are doing. If they are going away, we have only to lie close and wait for their departure. But if they are waiting for the wreck of the vessel, I must find out their numbers, and then we must prepare for the worst."

"Well—let them come; I don't much mind them; only let me be on board the brig, and then we will astonish them, perhaps, with something they don't expect."

"But if they discover me, I shall have to make a run of it; and in that case I must depend on finding you here, and then we must fight our way back to the ship as well as we can."

"Well, I'm your man as far as the fighting goes; but as to making a run of it, that's out of my line."

"Then, I trust I may depend on you," added the bushranger; "that you will neither move nor make the least noise to betray yourself till I return."

"Never fear," replied the mate; "I never betrayed any man yet, and never will; you have placed confidence in me, by giving me your gun; let you be bushranger or what not, you are safe with me as long as the bargain lasts,—as long as the bargain lasts mind, no longer."

"Good," replied the bushranger; "and now I go on my errand;" and mounting the hill with a vigorous step, he passed over the top—and presently disappeared from view.

And now thought Mark Brandon, as he sat down on the brow of the hill behind a low shrub, and examined the charge and primings of the pistols which he carried, what's to be done next? I have secured the mate; if he had insisted on going on instead of being so well inclined to sit still, it would have been impossible to prevent him from discovering that instead of the smoke proceeding from a party of natives eager to devour us, it has been lighted, as I strongly suspect, by the very party sent to assist the vessel and to capture me and my companions! But luckily he is knocked up; I thought his sea legs would never carry him far over these hills.—Now my game is clear before me; I must keep the major and his people close, and especially this troublesome fellow of a mate, by making them believe that the

natives are coming down on them every minute;—that will keep them quiet.—Shall I get rid of the whole lot? I might do it perhaps; but there would be too much murder in it; and besides, I fear I could never get the vessel out of that basin and through that narrow opening, which is not much wider than to allow it to pass through, without the assistance of the mate and his sailors; my fellows could never do it. And that vessel is my only chance of escape from wretchedness and bondage! To be sure, I might take to the bush, for we have plenty of arms, and we might contrive to make a plant of provisions and necessaries. But what is the use of wandering about in the bush? Of all lives that is the most wretched! To be exposed to betrayal from one another every day and every hour, waking or sleeping!—no—that existence is not worth having.—Or to be alone—exposed to all the horrors of the terrible solitude of the bush, with every man's hand against you, without friend or companion—no—that is a life of melancholy madness! The brig,—the brig's the thing! At all hazards, and cost what lives it may, she must be secured. But first I must assure myself to a certainty from what source that suspicious smoke proceeds.

With such thoughts half muttered, and taking advantage of all the inequalities of the ground which would enable him to see without being seen, the bushranger proceeded rapidly but warily on his stealthy way.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. SILLIMAN DANCES "THE POLKA" WITH A KANGAROO.

SNAKELIKE and with tortuous windings, keeping a sharp look out in his hazardous course, and stopping from time to time to catch any sound that might betray his proximity to his enemies, the bushranger edged his way to the top of a sheltered height, from which he could command a view of the valley below. At a glance, he found his suspicions confirmed; he distinguished the red coats of the soldiers, and the peculiar dress and air of the constables. He counted nine; and in one of them he had no difficulty in recognising the hated person of one of the active and intelligent officers of the colony, well known for his activity and courage, and one usually selected by the government authorities for the pursuit of runaway convicts in the Bush. Mark knew him well, for on more than one occasion he had come into personal collision with him; and he ground his teeth, and clutched the shrub by which he was holding, as he looked down at his old enemy, who, like a pertinacious bloodhound, was on his track.

The party sat listlessly about the fire, and seemed, as Mark thought, to be waiting for information to be brought by some scout, for they frequently looked in the direction of the South; but the storm which still raged violently, although it had ceased to rain, was a sufficient reason why they should remain under shelter for a time; and the bushranger judged that as they would be too prudent to divide their strength, they would remain where they were till the

lulling of the waters should allow them to put to sea in their boat. He descended from his post of observation and set out on his return to the spot where he had left the mate.

He saw at once that the game to be played was to delay any outbreak on board till the pursuing party, missing the vessel, and supposing it to have escaped to sea, should return home and report their failure; but this was a difficult task to accomplish. The fears of the major for the safety of his daughters, and the determination of the mate and of the incensed sailors to resist further violence, were fairly aroused; and he felt that anything to be done could be effected only by the most consummate address and stratagem. The first thing, however, was to make the major and his crew believe that the natives were likely to be on them in force, and so to induce them, for the sake of the common safety, to act together, and to postpone their hostile intentions of retaliation till a safe opportunity. In this scheme accident favoured the bushranger in a way that he least expected.

The romantic Mr. Silliman found his spirit considerably damped by the supplemental wetting which he got in the boat before it was sheltered from the broken seas, at the entrance of the channel, but it was with a tolerably heroic air that he stepped on shore, and placed his foot on the land of his adoption. The novelty of his sensations excited him to deliver his sentiments to the company on the occasion, and he was about to hail the land of Van Diemen in a short and neat speech, and had lifted up his leg, in his enthusiasm, to assist his arm in an appropriate flourish, when he was hailed by the constable:—

"Hold hard, Sir! don't put your foot down yet: keep still; and keep your leg up; hold it up a little longer.—There! it's going quietly away now."

"What is it?" exclaimed the alarmed Jeremiah, with his arms outstretched, and with one foot in the air, in an attitude, which, however becoming it might be in assisting a sudden burst of oratory, was both embarrassing and ludicrous when continued beyond its appropriate purpose;—what is it? what's the matter?"

"Only a black snake," said the constable, quietly; "I thought it would have been at you, for you are standing right in the way of its path, and a bite from a black snake is an ugly affair, I can tell you."

"A man of ours was bit by one of those nasty reptiles," said the corporal, "up at Sidney, in the bush there; and in a few hours his body was as black as your hat, and so gone that you could scarce distinguish his features. They're nasty creatures those black snakes: the diamond ones they say are as bad, but at any rate they are not so bad-looking. Take care, Sir, where you sit," he said to Mr. Silliman, who was about to seat himself on a low piece of stone convenient for the purpose; "those stones are sometimes full of scorpions."

"Scorpions!" cried out Jerry, who had an unspeakable horror of that mysterious reptile which he had never seen except in a bottle of spirits, and of whose powers and venomous disposition he had the greatest dread: "are there scorpions in this country?"

"Lots! you can hardly sit down in the bush without getting into the midst of them; just pull up that stone and you'll soon see if you have lighted on a family."

With the assistance of a stake which was near him, Jerry presently upheaved the block of stone on which he had unwarily seated himself, and, to his infinite dismay, beheld some scores of those curious indigenous of the country, who, considerably disturbed by the unceremonious uplifting of their habitation, scudded to and fro with their abominable tails curled over their backs, and eyeing their enemy, as Jerry thought, most viciously.

"Upon my word, this is a pleasant party to come among, and a pleasant reception do I have in this new country. I think I had better move farther off."

"They are nasty disagreeable things those scorpions," said the constable, "in the bush especially; and it's wonderful what quantities there are of them in this country; but they are seldom large, at least those that I have seen; I never saw one bigger than a good-sized bluebottle, and I never heard of their doing any body any harm, except stinging them a little. They're not near so bad as the tarantula spiders; those creatures really are ugly beasts, and venomous too."

"How big are they?" asked Jerry, by no means gratified at this enumeration of the inhabitants of the Paradise which he had promised to himself; "anything like the spiders at home?"

"Lord love you! Spider at home! why, the spiders at home are nothing to the spiders here; the tarantula is something like a spider! There," said the constable, spreading out the fingers of his brawny hand on a bit of ground bare of grass — "There, suppose a greenish body as big as a chestnut, with hairy legs reaching out as far as my fingers — that's a tarantula spider!"

"How very disgusting! And pray what do the creatures live on?"

"Oh! all sorts of insects; — they do say that they will sometimes catch small birds; but I can't say I ever saw them do it; you generally find them living two together like man and wife, under a stone, where they make themselves a chamber; that they grow monstrous big sometimes. I have often seen them on the red gum trees, so I suppose they find food on them to their liking. It's a remarkable fact," continued the constable, who was fond of showing his knowledge of colonial customs and productions, "that the tarantula spider will always drop on your face if it has the opportunity; I have often thought why it was, but I never could make out the reason; may be the white man's face resembles some surface where they catch their food; some think that it's the motion of the eyelashes that attracts them; but whatever it may be, they do it, that's all I know. I declare — if there isn't one of them just above your head, on that dead branch, just going to make a drop on you!"

As he spoke one of the spiders so described and vituperised as if in retaliation of the abuse which had been so copiously lavished on its species, and invited perhaps by the temptation of the broad round cheeks of Mr. Silliman who was lying on his back in a position of luxurious repose, dropped slap on his face, and embracing it with its long hairy legs presented an admirable specimen for the cabinet of a naturalist. But the thoughts of the terrified Jeremiah were by no means inclined to take that scientific direction. On the contrary, he roared out most lustily, as he hastily brushed the creature from his

face, and regained his legs with almost unexampled activity. In truth the afflicted Jerry was almost at his wits' end with his succession of misadventures; he had been chucked into the sea, rubbed into life again by the medium of salt junk, assailed by snakes, infested with scorpions, and now was pitched on by an ugly tarantula for his feeding-ground.

"What's coming next?" he cried out, "I can neither sit, nor stand, nor lie, but something attacks me! I shall be driven out of the island!"

"I have observed that before," said the constable; "those spiders have a fancy to drop on the face; I suppose it resembles something they are used to feed on."

"Much obliged to you," said Jerry, as he pinned a pointed stick through the bloated body of the spider, whose size and ugly appearance fully answered the description of the constable; "but I'll thank you not to make a meal of any part of my precious features; but I'll put an end to your fun at any rate," he continued, smashing his enemy up with the stick; "and now," he ejaculated disconsolately, "what to do I don't know! for stand or sit where I will it seems I am sure to put my foot in some mess or other. "Would there be any harm," he asked, "in taking a look over that hill yonder? Any natives about here?"

"Oh! there are no natives on this side of the island," said the constable; "they like to be where there are plenty of trees for the opossums and grass for the kangaroos. You can take a spell over the hill if you like; go straight on and keep us in sight,—there's no fear of the natives so far down as this, they seldom come to the coast at this end; but don't go far away, or you may lose yourself; a stranger soon loses himself in the bush in this country."

"Who will go with me?" asked Jerry; but the men were exhausted with pulling at the oar, and no one was inclined to accompany him; the adventurous Jerry therefore was obliged to go alone. "I shall know my way back," he said, "by the smoke of our fire;" and so saying he ascended the hill to get a view of the country, and was disappointed to find that he could see nothing but another hill before him. He descended however to the bottom, and found himself in a deep gully or cleft between the hills. He had already received considerable alarm from a horrible-looking animal poking his nose out at him from a thicket; the animal was quite black, of the size of a little pig, rough and of ferocious aspect, popularly known in the colony by the name of a "devil," that being the most appropriate appellation which could be hit on in a hurry to convey the combined idea of its savageness and ugliness. In trying to avoid it Jerry stumbled over a *Wombat*, a creature about as big as a badger, and considered good eating by the natives. The cry of terror which he uttered scared them both away, but he began to repent him of his adventurous expedition.

Winding his way to the right he came to an open space of green grass clear of brush and stones, and to his inexpressible delight beheld a living specimen of the animal whose likeness he had often gazed on in books with wonder and admiration, — a real, live kan-

garoo! It happened that on this occasion he had fallen in with a male of the largest species, known popularly in the colony as a *Boomah*. The animal stood nearly six feet high on his haunches, and was feeding with much relish on the young sweet grass. As it hopped leisurely and lazily to a fresh place, Jerry had the opportunity of admiring the length and thickness of its immense tail which protruded in a straight line from behind, forming a triangle with its two legs, and affording a firm support to its body as it sat upright. Struck with the size and beauty of the creature, the enterprising Jerry was seized with an irresistible desire to appropriate the magnificent piece of venison to himself; and having read that the kangaroo is a timorous beast he thought he should have no difficulty in becoming master of its person if he could only get near enough to the animal to give it a knock on the head. Had he been near enough to observe the principal claw on the kangaroo's hind legs, about five inches long, as hard as an iron spike and tolerably sharp at the point, he might have paused in his valorous design; but as this weapon of offence and defence was unknown to him, he had no idea that there could be any danger in a personal encounter with a kangaroo. Armed with a stout stick therefore, he advanced, slowly and cautiously, endeavouring to reach the animal from behind in order not to give it the alarm, and calculating that one smart blow on the head would stun the creature so as to render it an easy prey. In this way he approached within ten yards of the boomah, when suddenly raising its head from the grass the creature turned round and sat up on its haunches, gazing on Jerry as it seemed with not less curiosity than Jerry gazed on the kangaroo. Whether it was that it mistook the adventurous cockney for one of its own species, or that it was desirous on its own part to investigate the new specimen in natural history which Jerry's person presented, the creature was apparently desirous to make acquaintance with the strange animal, and making a little hop it alighted close to Jerry. Astonished at this unexpected familiarity, and catching sight of the middle claws of his hind legs as the kangaroo made his fraternal approach, Jerry made a corresponding hop backwards. Confirmed in his opinion of relationship by the dexterity with which Jerry executed this movement, the boomah wagged his great tail and made another advance, which was met with a similar movement backwards on the part of Jerry, and in this way they performed a circle round the green sward much to the amusement, it is to be presumed, of the kangaroo, but by no means satisfactorily to Jerry. Far from being gratified with the performance of this Kangaroo Polka, he was on the contrary very angry to find himself *chasséd* in so peremptory a manner. Watching his opportunity therefore, he raised his stick and dealt his partner a blow on the head which made the kangaroo shake it with visible dissatisfaction; but incensed it seemed to meet with so ungracious a return for his acts of courtesy, the huge boomah made a bound to Jerry, and embracing him with his fore paws was about to apply his terrible claw in the way in which those animals rip up in a moment the strongest dogs, when Jerry set up so fearful a cry, that the creature, after making a few hops with him in his paws, let him go with affright; and Jerry

rejoiced to be released from the formidable hug of his new friend, without looking behind him, and expecting every moment to feel the kangaroo's great toe at his back, rushed down the hill and tumbled over head and heels to the bottom. Opening his mouth to give vent to a great breath, and his eyes to look about him, he suddenly found the barrel of a horse-pistol thrust into the former, and with the latter he beheld, to his horror and amazement, the features of the bushranger, who, not less surprised to behold the man who had been tossed overboard, but more practised in concealing his emotions, intimated to Mr. Silliman in a calm, distinct voice, whose tones were suitable to the politest and most agreeable announcement—

“If you move or make the least noise I'll blow your brains out!”

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXTEMPORE NATIVE.

WHATEVER inclination the unfortunate Jerry might have had to indulge in exclamation or remonstrance was effectually checked by the proximity of the horse-pistol; nor could he fail to observe that it was on the full-cock, and that the finger of the bushranger was on the trigger. If the reflections which he hastily made during his transit from the deck of the brig were serious, those that he made on the present occasion were of a cast still more anxious, inasmuch as the danger was greater and more imminent; for he felt that the slightest movement or shock, either on his own part or on that of his enemy, would cause the contents of the pistol to be discharged into the innermost recesses of his brain. He took especial care, therefore, to keep perfectly still, with his eyes wide open and fixed in extended horror on the bushranger, but mentally vowing, with all his might, that if ever it should be his infinite good fortune again to get within sound of the bells in Cheapside, he would take most particular care to keep within hearing of them for ever afterwards!

“Hold up your arms,” said the bushranger, after he had contemplated for a brief space the excessive terror of his victim.

Jerry held up his arms.

“If I take the pistol from your mouth will you promise to be quiet?”

Jerry made the best sign he could to signify his entire concurrence with that proposition.

“Be still then,” said the bushranger, “while I empty your pockets.”

The operation was completed to the bushranger's satisfaction, but nothing appeared to cause particular observation.

“Now,” said Mark, who had suddenly conceived what he thought a novel and bright idea, “strip!”

“Strip!” said Jerry; “what, take my clothes off?”

“All,” said the bushranger.

“I shall be so cold,” Jerry ventured to remonstrate.

“Strip,” repeated the bushranger, cocking the pistol.

Jerry looked behind him, and before him, and around him; but there was no help nigh; he was entirely in the bushranger's power. — He took off his blue jacket; and then his waistcoat; and then he paused.

"Breeches next," said Mark, with a fierce air.

"What are you going to do with me," said Jerry, in a lamentable tone; for he began to apprehend that the bushranger had a design to turn him naked into the bush, and visions of snakes and scorpions and tarantula spiders rose before him!

"Off with them!"

"I shall be bit to death," said Jerry.

"Quick," said the bushranger, presenting the pistol.

"Well, you needn't be in such a hurry; there — I suppose that will do now."

"Stockings and shoes off."

"But my feet will be cut to pieces on these horrid rocks; and I shall catch cold. Gracious heaven! was ever man so treated before! There — I hope that's all," said poor Jerry, as his shirt fluttered in the breeze.

"For the present; now pack up your clothes in a bundle."

Jerry did as he was bid.

"Now march on to that little pool of water that you see yonder."

What, in the name of all that's extraordinary, is the man going to do with me, thought Jerry, as he marched on before with his bundle, with the bushranger behind, his eternal pistol touching his back occasionally, as if to remind him to be on his good-behaviour. They found, as the bushranger expected, a particular sort of black mud, which he considered would be well suited to his purpose; on his way he had picked up several pieces of soft red ochre, which he placed to soak at the edge of the pool.

What's the meaning of all this? thought Jerry; is the bushranger a madman after all?

"You see that nice black mud," said Mark.

"Yes, I see it," said Jerry.

"Now let me see how soon you can make a native of yourself; you will smear yourself all over with that paint; and be quick about it; for I am rather in a hurry, and if I can't finish the business this way," he added, "I shall be obliged to finish it in another," tapping the barrel of his pistol with his finger.

"This is downright brutality to make me dirty myself all over in this way! Heavens! what a figure I am making myself!"

"You mistake," said the bushranger sarcastically, and with a Mephistophelian smile, "unencumbered and undisguised with artificial vestments you have now recovered the natural dignity of man; and by plastering your body all over with that mud, you will defend it from the attacks of numerous insects which would otherwise annoy you. Stay, I will just finish you up a bit, and then I think you will do."

Saying this, he hastily made him a wig of long grass, which he stuck on his head, and availing himself of the red ochre, which was now in the condition of a convenient pigment, he flourished two round

red patches on either cheek, and made sundry daubs with it on Jerry's chest and legs. "And now," he said, "you look really like a child of nature, and the natives themselves would take you for a brother; there is only one other little thing to do; excuse me, but it must be done, because, you are aware, we never give away a chance;—yes—I must gag you, I must indeed; but I won't hurt you, if you will be quiet. There, that will do nicely, and now you may come along and finish the next part of your performance."

The bushranger looked about, and presently spying what he wanted, he cut from the other side of the pool three long slender sticks resembling the spears of the natives which he placed in Jerry's hands, and desired him to shake them menacingly when he gave directions, threatening him with instant death if he disobeyed his injunctions in the slightest point. In this way he led him by a convenient route, carefully avoiding the place where he had left the mate, to a spot in view of the vessel, where he desired him to remain; for the greater security, binding his hands together; and then he sought the mate with all expedition, and led him back to the vessel.

"Well," said the mate, "what have you seen? any natives?"

"Three hundred at the very least; the most ferocious mob I ever set eyes on! They are aware, I am sure, that the vessel has been driven into the bay yonder, and that we are few in number, for the women are preparing their weapons, and the men are dancing their war-dance; we shall have them down upon us before night."

"The devil! Then we must make a fight of it. What's that?" said the seaman, pointing to the spot where the bushranger had left Jerry.

"That's one of their scouts; they have sent him on, I have no doubt, to watch us; but I'll be bound they are placed all round us, only their bodies being black, you can't distinguish them from the charred stumps of the trees."

"Are those spears that he has got in his hands shaking that way?"

"Yes; spears curiously tipped with sharp pieces of flint; they can hurl them to a great distance, and when the natives are in numbers they become formidable weapons, to say nothing of their waddies and their womeras."

"Waddies! What are they?"

"They are short thick clubs about four feet long, made of hard wood, with which they batter in your skull by repeated blows; but the womera is the worst weapon."

"What's a womera?"

"It's a semi-circular piece of hard wood shaped in the form of an elongated crescent, with a sharp edge inside; the natives have the knack of throwing it with a peculiar sleight of hand difficult to be described, and they can bring down with it an emu or a kangaroo, or a man in their fights; and the curiosity of the weapon is, that if it misses the object at which it is cast, its revolving motion in the air causes it to return to the same spot nearly from whence it was thrown. I have stood by a Sidney native who has hurled it at an angle of about forty-five degrees almost out of sight, and I have had to jump aside pretty quickly to avoid being struck with it on its return to the spot it was thrown from."

"Very curious, indeed ! but here's the vessel, thank Heaven ! And now we will put her in fighting trim. If we must have a bout with these natives we'll teach 'em a thing or two before we have done with 'em."

Expectation was eager on board to hear the information of the explorers, but the sight of the supposed native had so taken possession of the mate's mind, and he was so full of his plans for the coming fight, that he relieved the bushranger of all trouble to coin more lies to deceive the major and the rest of the crew as to the hostile intentions of the savages. And the ship's glass having been directed to the spot in the distance where Jerry had been judiciously posted by Mark Brandon to serve as a conspicuous object to corroborate his story of the natives, they beheld that much-abused individual in all the glory of black mud and red ochre, performing the part of a native to the bushranger's admiration, and brandishing his spears and stamping about in the cold with a vigour and a ferocity of manner calculated to inspire awe in the beholders. But there was one thing which Mark, astute as he was, had overlooked in his proceedings. He had forgotten that in the same way that the person of Jerry disguised as a native was visible to those on board, so was the vessel visible to Jerry. Indeed, no sooner did Jerry catch sight of the vessel in the bay than he almost jumped out of his skin in the excess of his delight, and in his endeavour to give intimation to those on board of his own identity ; but as he did not know how near the dreaded bushranger might be to him, he was afraid for a long time to move from his position. But he endeavoured to make up for that self-denial by the most frantic antics and gestures, which served only to confirm those on board the vessel who were watching him through the ship's glass, in their opinion of the ferocious and cannibalistic intentions of him and his blood-thirsty companions.

Mark Brandon, however, was presently struck with the fault which he had committed in making known to Jerry the fact of the safety and of the position of the vessel. He announced, therefore, to those on board who were industriously putting the brig in a state of defence, that he would go on shore again and endeavour to ascertain further information of the movements of the natives, an offer which was highly applauded by the mate, and cordially approved by the major, who were almost led to forget the bushranger's recent duplicity and violence in his laudable anxiety to preserve the women from the threatened attack. Besides, the honest mate's heart had been quite won by the bushranger's confidence in placing his gun in his hands.

"Let by-gones be by-gones," he said ; "after all it was natural for the man to wish to escape from the country where he was a convict, and a slave ; and if he is ready now to stand by us, and fight against the natives like an honest man, why his help is as good as another's."

It was not without some anxiety, however, that Mark proceeded in the direction of the spot where he had left his prisoner ; and when he arrived there he found his fears confirmed, for nothing was left of Jerry and his accoutrements but two of the spears, and the cord with which the bushranger had bound him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SURPRISE.

JERRY's first impulse was to rush down to the vessel and take his chance of the reception he might meet with, as anything was better than to be stuck up on a height and made to perform a pantomime in which he was the chief and only performer; but the fear of encountering the bushranger and his associates, with a lively remembrance of the very unceremonious manner in which he had been pitched over-board on a former occasion, added to his modest disinclination to appear before the young ladies in a character as novel as it was unbecoming, decided him against that course, and he determined, bound as he was, to endeavour to find his way back to his companions in the boat. By dint of great exertion and of convulsions of wriggling, he contrived to extricate his arms from their confinement, and was about to resume his clothes which lay in a bundle at his feet; but catching sight of the bushranger at that moment in the hollow, who was hastening to rectify the blunder which he had made in allowing his prisoner to get sight of the vessel, he snatched up his bundle, and with a celerity which would have done credit to a real native he darted off in the direction of the hill which he had marked as overtopping the spot where the soldiers and constables with the boat had taken shelter.

Mark had no sooner ascertained the flight of his prisoner than he guessed his course, and felt all the danger which would result from the information which he would give of the safety of the vessel and of its position in the bay. Without hesitating a moment he followed in the direction which he judged Jerry would take; and as he was more used to keep a straight line among the undulating hills than the pursued, it was not long before he caught sight of Jerry with his shirt tails streaming in the wind, making vigorous efforts to surmount the hill which overhung the inlet where the boat of his companions lay sheltered. The bushranger was strongly tempted to put an end to the embarrassment in a summary manner: he put his piece to his shoulder, and covered the unfortunate Jerry with a deadly aim; but at this moment the form of another person arose over the crest of the hill, who, although visible to the bushranger, was unseen by Jerry. The man came over the top of the hill in the direction in which Jerry was advancing, when, to his amazement, beholding the figure of what he supposed to be a native in a state of active aggression rushing on him with a spear in his hand, he hastily fired off his musket, and immediately turning tail made the best of his way back, followed by Jerry, who, out of breath and unable to articulate connected words, screeched and screamed unearthly sounds, which only made the terrified man scramble on the faster. In this way they dashed into the constable's temporary encampment, when Jerry, over-

joyed and exhausted, threw himself on the ground, where he was immediately seized and held fast.

The soldiers, meanwhile, held their muskets ready to repel what they conjectured to be an attack from the natives, although the mode of its commencement seemed contrary to all the rules of war, native or foreign. But by this time Jerry had been raised up: joining his hands together and looking up towards the sky, he uttered a pious ejaculation —

"Thank God!"

"Why, man, what has happened to you?" said the constable, who, notwithstanding the black mud and red ochre, had no difficulty in recognising the podgy person of the corpulent Mr. Silliman; "what on earth has induced you to disguise yourself this fashion?"

"It wasn't me," sighed out Jerry, "it was the bushranger!"

"The bushranger! what, Mark Brandon?"

"The very same! He's here and there and everywhere. I was trying to catch a kangaroo, when somehow the plaguy beast caught hold of me and I tumbled down the hill, and when I got to the bottom, who should there be waiting for me but that confounded bushranger, and the moment I opened my mouth to speak he clapped a pistol in it, and there I was hard and fast."

"How is this?" said the corporal; "Mark Brandon was on board the vessel, and now you say he is on shore; are you quite sure it is the same man?"

"Sure! there can be no mistake about that; whoever has been in his clutches once will be sure to know him again! He set me on the top of a height, and there I saw the brig safe and sound in a little bay, surrounded by hills just like a basin."

"The brig near us!" exclaimed the constable in surprise; "well, that's a bit of luck I didn't expect: we must look about us, corporal, and be alive; we shall have work to do before night now."

"Yes," continued Jerry, "there was the brig; and with the glass they could have seen me if they had looked that way; and that rascal Mark made me jump and caper about like a native, but what for I'm sure I don't know; I only know it was extremely disagreeable."

"I have it," said the constable, after a few moments' reflection; "Mark never does anything without a reason. Depend upon it that by some means or other Mark has discovered that we are here, and his object has been to keep the crew close and to persuade them that the natives will attack them; and he made this little gentleman paint himself up for that very purpose, and placed him in view of the vessel to make those on board believe that the natives really were near them. Now, corporal, we have no time to lose, we must get on board that vessel somehow before a change of wind will allow it to leave the bay and put to sea. What is your sentry making motions at and pointing up channel as if he saw something? go and see," he said to the other constable; "it can't be the bushrangers coming down on us; look to your arms, my men; let us be ready; corporal, you had better take the command when it comes to fighting; I am used to the bush and to the ways of the bushrangers, but when it comes to the scratch I am under your orders, you know; every man to his trade, say I."

The constable's messenger quickly returned with the tidings that another boat was coming down the channel along the coast, and would presently be near the entrance of the creek. He had scarcely delivered his message when a large boat shot round and entered the inlet, containing a serjeant's guard under the command of an ensign, who had been despatched by the government authorities in consequence of the suspicious movements of the brig which had been telegraphed to head-quarters. They brought the information also that a large body of convicts, supposed to be thirty in number, had escaped in the same direction as Mark Brandon; and it was feared that if they were able to join him they would become under his leadership a formidable body, and requiring the additional aid which was sent to the constable's assistance.

The ensign, on whom now devolved the command of the party, proceeded to make the necessary inquiries for his guidance, in which Mr. Silliman became an important person, as he alone had been a witness of the acts of the bushrangers. The ensign proceeded to interrogate him with military precision.

"How many of the bushrangers are there?" he inquired.

"Six," replied Mr. Silliman; "besides Mark Brandon, but he is as good as a dozen himself."

"That's seven: now, how many are the crew and passengers on board the brig?"

"There are nine sailors," replied Mr. Silliman, "and the mate, and me—no, I'm here; that's ten men, and the steward and the boy,—that's twelve; and the major and his two daughters—that's fifteen in all; if I was there it would be sixteen."

"The major? major who?"

"Oh! I forgot; Major Horton and his two daughters."

"Major Horton!"

"Yes, Major Horton."

"And his two daughters did you say?"

"Yes: Helen is the elder one, and Louisa the other."

"Helen Horton!" exclaimed the ensign, not able to restrain his surprise; "how very extraordinary! And pray," said he in a tone in which might be observed a little vexation, "have you come in the same vessel with them the whole way from England?"

"To be sure I did; I gave the major a hundred guineas for my passage, and paid the money down before I left the river; and the only thing I bargained for was, that there should be lots of bottled porter,—the cigars I found myself."

"Major Horton! with Helen and Louisa," repeated the ensign; "what a singular circumstance! Those rascals have not ill-treated them?" he asked, suddenly turning to Mr. Silliman; "if they have insulted them by word or look I will show them no mercy, so far as depends on me."

"Oh! Mr. Brandon is quite the gentleman," replied Jerry; "he just chucks you into the sea or knocks you down with the butt-end of a musket, or makes a native of you, but it's all done in the politest way in the world! It's impossible to complain of him! and I wish I had him with his neck just under my two thumbs! if I didn't give

him such a squeeze as he would remember all the days of his life, my name's not Jeremiah Silliman, that's all!"

Mr. Trevor, who held a commission in the regiment a division of which had lately arrived in Van Diemen's Land, was a young man about two-and-twenty years of age, who had entered the army from an enthusiastic predilection for a military life. He had eagerly embraced the opportunity of going out to Australia, as he considered that those new and unexplored regions presented a new field of adventure, untrodden by the foot of the vulgar traveller, and likely to furnish scenes of romantic adventure in which his spirit of enterprise might find opportunity for exercise. He had met Helen Ilorton about two years before at a foreign watering-place, where he had been captivated by her beauty, and had been powerfully struck with a character of mind which in its courage and independence was similar to his own. Circumstances had separated them at the time, but the impression which Helen had made on him was too powerful to be forgotten, and he had taken much pains to trace out the place of her abode, in England and abroad, but without success. To meet with her again, after his vain search for her in Europe, struck him as the most romantic coincidence in his life! And it added not a little to his zeal in recovering the vessel, and in capturing the marauders, to think that he should at the same time do a most important service to one whom he now regarded as reserved by a propitious destiny to enable him to show to the world a gallantry and courage, for the exercise of which he had never yet found an appropriate occasion. Full of ardour, therefore, for the enterprise, and bearing in mind the possibility of the thirty additional prisoners having joined Mark Brandon's party, he lost no time in consulting with the constable, who was an experienced hand in the bush, as to the best means of regaining possession of the vessel.

The shades of evening were now fast drawing in, but as the nature of the business was pressing, and as it was possible for the brig, by a sudden turn of wind, to be carried out of the bay by the bushrangers who were supposed to have possession of her, he decided on making an immediate attempt to recover her, and at any rate to establish his party in a position commanding the outlet of the bay. As the wind and sea were too rough and high to allow of their making progress in the boats, it was resolved that a sufficient guard should be left for their protection, and that the ensign, with the soldiers under his command, with the addition of the constables as guides and assistants, should proceed at once to a convenient spot in the vicinity of the bay, and then to act according to circumstances. They moved on accordingly, guided by Jerry and one of the constables, but as the darkness increased, and as the country was difficult, interspersed with loose rocks, and intersected continually with deep ravines embarrassing to cross, and as they were obliged to be cautious to avoid a disgraceful surprise, their progress was necessarily slow.

In the mean time Mark Brandon had not been idle. He had viewed from a convenient ambush the whole proceedings of the pursuing party;—the arrival of the reinforcement; and the arrangements, which he partly saw and partly guessed for the advance of the mili-

tary. But as night^s was approaching, he judged that no attempt would be made in the dark to recover possession of the brig; and he calculated, therefore, that he had eight hours before him to form his own plans and make his own preparations. But at this point his ingenuity was for a time at a loss. He had fully succeeded in impressing on the fears of the crew, that an attack from the natives was to be apprehended — a delusion in which he had been materially assisted by the admirable acting, unconscious though that individual was of his pantomimic talents, of the excited Jerry; but the time was now come when some other scheme must be contrived, either to put off the threatened attack of the soldiers, or to repel it successfully when made. Any attempt to persuade the major and the mate that it was an attack of bushrangers, he felt would be idle, as at the first appearance of the rescuing body, and especially of the red coats of the soldiers, they would be aware that it was a party sent to their succour, and they would be prepared to assist in their own liberation. Could he contrive to get the mate and the major again in his power with the crew, and then, by keeping the vessel in the middle of the bay, which was of an oval shape, and about half-a-mile across in its longest part, fight it out with the parties on shore, and trust to chance for the favourable opportunity of a change of wind to run the vessel out to sea? That was a bold thought; but it was the best plan if it could be done. But how to do it, with the major and his chief officer on their guard and the crew ready to resist? Still it was his only chance of escape from the colony; and a life in the bush was both hazardous and unprofitable. Such an opportunity might never occur again; the vessel was small and handy; he had possession of her; she was ready for sea, for under the directions of the mate her deck has been already disencumbered of the main-top-mast which had been shattered in the gale, and the vessel had been put in as good trim as circumstances allowed. If he could once get to sea he could repair damages, he considered, at his leisure; and as to any boats which might be sent in pursuit, he had no fear of being able either to distance them or to beat them off. He determined, therefore, on the bold plan; and he immediately bent his thoughts to effect its execution before daylight and the knowledge of the proximity of their friends should give the major and his party the advantage. As he revolved these thoughts he arrived at the edge of the bank to which the vessel was moored, and stepping on board, hastily gave directions for moving the vessel into the centre of the bay.

"I have been watching the natives," he said, "and they are preparing for a night attack; our best plan therefore is to remove the vessel out of the reach of their spears and arrows."

"I have no great fear of their spears and arrows," said the mate; "there are enough of us, I think, to stand any attack that the natives can make on us; but there's no harm in moving the brig to the middle of the bay, if you can keep her there. You see there are little eddies and currents of wind flying all round us under these hills, and there's no knowing where a puff may come from; and its getting darkish, and we don't know what rock or shoal we may light on in this outlandish place. But do as you please, there's no harm in being

safe at any rate. I only wish the wind would change, and then we might get out of this trap; though it has proved a lucky trap for us for the matter of that: I thought it was all over with the poor brig just before she shot into that opening yonder! But let us thank God for our luck, and keep our eyes open for what's to come next. Your friends there don't look very sociable," he continued, pointing to the six bushrangers, who, with their muskets in their hands, stood ranged in a line on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, while the sailors unarmed were congregated together in the fore-part of the vessel: "is this to be the game all night?"

"Sorry to hurt your feelings," said Mark Brandon, "but you know it's a truce at present; but my people feel more easy in their minds that way; no offence meant, however."

"Well," replied the mate; "but that's not the way to make other people feel easy in their minds, to have loaded muskets cocked at them that way all night; it's not very polite to the ladies — Mister — Mister pilot!"

"Perhaps the ladies might prefer to go on shore," replied Mark.

"But who are to protect them from the natives?"

"Take your own crew to protect them, if you will, while I take care of the ship."

"But our sailors have no arms."

"Let them take arms," said Mark; "you see, Mr. Northland, I am inclined to trust you, though you will not trust me."

"Eh!" exclaimed the mate, a sudden, and, as he flattered himself, a brilliant thought occurring to him, "and you say you will let us take arms on shore with us?"

"To be sure I will, to protect the ladies."

The mate immediately dived down to the major, who was in the cabin with his daughters, and proposed to him to accept the bushranger's offer.

"But that would be abandoning the vessel to the bushrangers," suggested the major.

"No matter," said the mate, "they cannot get the vessel through the narrow entrance of the bay without our help; those fellows could never do it, so that we should have them at our mercy; besides what can we do on board? They have possession of the arms, and if it came to a struggle, although we might make a fight of it, we could scarcely expect to get the better of them. But with arms in our hands, although outside of the vessel, we might do something; besides we should fight together and without being embarrassed with the fear of the women being hurt. Only let us get arms in our hands, and trust to fortune for the rest."

"But the natives?"

"We must do as well as we can with them; besides, I can't help having a suspicion that there is some sham about this threatened attack of the natives. I never read nor heard of such a large body of natives collecting together, and this is the first I have heard of their bows and arrows."

"But we saw one of their scouts on the height," said the major, "shaking his spears at us; he was a most ferocious-looking monster,

though it struck me he was shorter and fatter than the natives are represented to be in the books which I have read about them.

"It's a great point," said the mate, "to get ourselves out of the immediate power of this man and his fellows. It is not easy to fathom his plans, but it seems to me we can't be worse off than we are, and with arms in our hands we may be better. What do the young ladies say to it?"

Helen and Louisa, who were lying exhausted on their couches, rose up at this appeal, and added their entreaties that the major would take advantage of the bushranger's offer and take them on shore. It was not without some difficulty, however, that the major could bring himself to leave the vessel which contained nearly the whole of his property.

"Why," he remonstrated with the mate, "I should have thought you the last man in the world to quit the ship, and abandon it to the bushrangers."

"Will you fight it out now then," said the mate, "and take our chance of the result?"

"We are unarmed," replied the major; "we can have no chance against men with fire-arms, fighting too with halters round their necks."

"That's just it," replied the mate, "we are unarmed, and what can we do? That Mark Brandon can drive us all below when he pleases, and put to sea if his men can work the vessel, and what are we the better for that? Better have our liberty on shore, than be bound hand and foot here, to be heaved overboard whenever it may suit him to do so. If it came to that, I would rather trust to the natives than to rascally convicts."

"Agreed then," said the major; "we will go on shore, and trust to chance for the rest."

The mate lost no time in communicating the major's acceptance of the offer to Mark Brandon, who, on his side, seemed quite ready to perform his part of the treaty with good faith and sincerity. But first he desired to have an interview with the major.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW "DODGE."

"MAJOR," said the bushranger, assuming, with immeasurable impudence, the tone of the injured party, "I am sorry to find from your officer that you do not trust me!"

The major was exceedingly embarrassed; he was summoned into the presence of the man who had fraudulently taken possession of his brig, and monopolised all the arms for his own followers, having committed violence on his mate and on the crew, and found himself suddenly called on to exculpate himself from a charge of want of confidence in the very man, who with consummate duplicity had succeeded in committing an act of piracy on his own vessel. The scene would have been ludicrous from the absurdity of the accusation,

if the appearance of the six bushrangers with muskets cocked and presented had not given too serious an aspect to the affair to allow him to deal with it lightly.

"You do not trust me," repeated Mark Brandon, with an air of outraged virtue which was highly melo-dramatic; "but as I have said before, I will trust you, if you will pledge your word of honour not to take advantage of my confidence by turning your arms against me."

"What is it you propose?" demanded the astonished major.

"Your officer," continued Mark Brandon, "has expressed his suspicion that I may take advantage of your defenceless condition during the night, and endeavour to confine your crew below as they were before."

"Well," said the major.

"Now to prove to you that I have no such design, but on the contrary I am desirous to act together to resist the attack of the natives, I am ready to allow you all to go on shore immediately."

"But the arms?" said the mate.

"Just so; and not only will I do that, but I will allow your men to take arms and ammunition for their defence should they be attacked; when you can either return on board, or we will land and assist you as may be thought best."

"That sounds all fair enough," said the mate shaking his head, and trying to penetrate into the secret object of the bushranger if there was one:—"that sounds all fair enough. What do you say to it, major?"

"I have no objection to pledge myself not to make use of our arms against you for twenty-four hours," replied the major; "that is, presuming that you will allow us at the same time to supply ourselves with provisions, and that you will let us take such necessaries on shore as we require."

"And you, major, and you, Mr. Northland," said the bushranger; "now pledge your word of honour for yourselves and your crew, that for twenty-four hours you will not use your arms against us?"

"We do," said the major and the mate; "and so do we," echoed the sailors, who had gathered aft to witness the conference.

"It is agreed then," said Mark Brandon, rejoiced at the success of his scheme. "And now the first thing is to get the ladies on shore."

"We will just land a couple of men first," said the mate, "to see that the coast is clear; we don't want to be eaten up by the natives."

Two of the sailors, accordingly, after having first received arms and ammunition according to compact, stepped on shore; and the rest of the sailors being employed to convey to the land various articles of comfort from the principal cabin, together with provisions, with wine and spirits, the party was quickly transferred from the deck of the vessel to the greensward by its side, and Mark then adjusted the sails so as to propel the brig into the centre of the bay, where, by proper manœuvres, he kept it nearly stationary, praying heartily for a change of wind, which would enable him to take the vessel through the narrow entrance of the basin into the open sea. In the meantime

the party on shore prepared for their night bivouac. It was more than dusk, and they could not see far beyond the immediate spot which they occupied, but the major, not forgetful of his military habits, soon pitched upon a place where they were secured by a high rock in their rear, and having in front loose masses of stone which would serve as obstructions to an advancing enemy, and afford a shelter to the assailed party, behind which they might defend themselves with advantage. They thought it prudent not to light a fire as it might attract the observation of the savages; but the major having fortified the spaces in his front with logs and branches of trees, and disposed of his daughters behind a projecting mass of rock, sent out a scout to gain intelligence of the natives. After a short absence the scout returned with the intelligence, that to the left of the major's post, there was the reflection of a fire, which was burning brightly. This was a piece of information too serious to be neglected; and the major commissioned the mate therefore to proceed with great caution to examine into the state of affairs, and to report the numbers and the apparent intentions of the natives. This the worthy officer proceeded to do; advancing slowly and stealthily towards the fire, and surprised not to observe any appearance of the natives of whom Mark Brandon had discoursed so largely. As he got nearer to the flame he crawled on his hands and knees expecting every moment to light upon a native, and admiring the cunning with which they had contrived to conceal themselves from observation.

It happened that Mr. Silliman had volunteered, in the excess of his enthusiasm, to keep watch at that point, and although the ensign in command was too prudent to trust the safety of his men to an inexperienced person, he permitted him to occupy a position in advance of his own sentries to give notice of any distant alarm. It was while the romantic Jerry, unconscious of danger, was looking up to the stars of the southern firmament and was comparing their light with the gas-lamps of Cheapside, that he felt his leg suddenly grasped in the rough embrace of the worthy mate, who was silently groping his way round the rock near which Jerry was standing. The first thought of the affrighted Jerry was that he was seized by some ferocious animal indigenous to the country; by some immense boa-constrictor perhaps, or by the native hyæna, of whose fierceness and voracity he had read frightful accounts in books of travels. Too much terrified to cry out, he stood for some seconds paralysed; while the mate, on his side, finding that he had got hold of a man's naked leg, did not doubt that he had clutched a native, and waited, it must be confessed, not without some anxiety, for the yell which he expected would bring to the spot a crowd of black fellows to the assistance of their brother.

Jerry, however, had strength of mind and strength of finger left to give a desperate pull at the trigger of his musket, which, in virtue of his quality as sentry, had been entrusted to him by the constable. The noise of the report amazed the mate, who, with a seaman's pertinacity, however, did not relinquish his grip of Jerry's leg, albeit that it overturned all his calculations to find fire-arms in the possession of a native. The major's quick ear caught the well-known sound immediately, and he redoubled his diligence to secure his fortifications

from a sudden attack ; the ensign and his soldiers stood to their arms ; while the faint echo of the musket-sound conveyed to the watchful bushranger the fatal intimation that some discovery had taken place on shore which could bode only ill to him, from the junction of the parties now united for his destruction, and which required the exercise of all his cunning and unequalled daring to guard against and to repel.

SCANDAL.

Mrs. Silvertongue (to Mrs. Bitewell, entering).

Do pray, Ma'am, be seated : of course you'll take tea : —
 We were talking of Bella, and that Mr. G. —
 It's a sad thing to say, Ma'am, but really I fear
 That a — certain disclosure will shortly appear !
 There are rumours — like shadows *some* things cast before 'em —
 Of a something that's worse than a mere indecorum !

Mrs. Bitewell.

Indeed, Ma'am, it's shocking ! but people do say —

Footman.

Miss Bella !

Mrs. Silvertongue.

My dear, you look charming to-day !
 It's only this moment Miss Daw and Miss Jay
 Were talking, and wondering what could the matter be
 To keep you away, love !

Bella (courtseying low).

Oh ! dear Ma'am ! you flatter me !

Scandal : a satire.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF LISTON.

I ONCE saw Liston, and he even made an impression which I never forgot. No wonder, for in his own way Liston exhibits as decided a character as even John Kemble himself.

He seemed to me a living sarcasm, an impersonified irony and satire upon the then existing state of popular taste in England; and I don't know that it has been much improved since. Grave, gloomy and thoughtful by nature, he would, for aught I know, have even composed tragedies, and perhaps deep metaphysical essays or sermons! That his innate character most decidedly inclined to the sombre, the cast of his features, perpetuated by the sculptor, sufficiently indicates.

But this was their expression in a state of rest. When that wide mouth moved, and the nostrils dilated, and the eyes stared, there was an effect so extremely ludicrous that his fate thereby became decided. All the combined force of a Dante, a Shakspeare, or a Milton, if he could have possessed it, would not have enabled Liston *with that visage* to maintain the ground at which he originally aimed as a tragic actor. And yet, a skilful artist might surely have painted, bearded, and wigged the head and features so as to pass muster for certain grave and solemn characters. But the public had once caught the hint, and were not afterwards to be misled or driven out of their way. They had roared with laughter at his Richard or Othello, till, with that *naïveté* which always belongs to genius, after making one of his best hits in vain, he came forward to the lamps, assumed for a moment that look of droll discomfiture and blank amazement, which afterwards assisted more than aught else to establish his fame.

The audience did not merely laugh *then*; they roared with applause. Seriously, this *was* a hit; 'twas something *new*; they had never in their lives seen any thing half so good! The actor was a man of talent. He had sense enough to catch the hint also; he perceived clearly what they were willing to accept of him if only he were willing to give it. That which he had sincerely aimed at, they would not for a moment encourage or admit; but if he would henceforth consent to wear the fool's cap and be laughed at, they would applaud him to the echo.

Liston, as I have just now said, had good sense enough to understand all this, and at once to accept the public's offer. There was from that night a convention established betwixt them. He might be, when alone, as grave and solemn as he chose; he might love tragedy and detest farce; but as a professional man he *must* play the buffoon, and above all, he must *make himself ridiculous*. There was considerable thought of mind required for this. For it was not the droll character in this or that farce that made people roar and go into

fits of laughter. The same droll character might be played with the most exquisite correctness by another artist, and 'twould be comparatively insipid. It was absolutely with Liston *himself*, as the ugliest, most awkward, most unlucky and ridiculous of men, that the public were enchanted. To an inferior mind this would have been galling. He knew it, however, and endured it with the fortitude of a hero. Yet his magnanimity did not hinder him from feeling. And it was exactly this feeling, as it were of his own degradation, the droll discomfiture and amazement not merely at cross occurrences in the scene, but that he himself should have turned into a mere buffoon, which, when expressed by Liston, delighted the audience beyond all bounds.

So then, having once thoroughly understood what was the predominant taste of the English public, henceforth he never looked to the right or the left, but with the most indomitable perseverance clung to downright absurdity as his safeguard and sheet-anchor. Thoroughly and unaffectedly amazed he no doubt was, that this alone should "take the town" so comprehensively and effectually. And it would be difficult to imagine that he entertained any very profound sentiments of respect for his compatriots, who crowded night after night to witness such an exhibition. It was on this account, that having seen him (and *once only*) in one of his most grotesque and absurd characters, I considered him as an impersonised sarcasm upon the age.

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So much for a *one-sided* view of the matter. But there is a deeply-rooted principle in all this, if one had patience to trace it out. How many of those who laughed the most uproariously at Liston, were themselves also grave enough and sad enough at heart, if the truth were known? On the contrary, such people as have usually nothing to do, and at the same time are amply provided with health and wealth, are the better, morally speaking, for occasional penance. And such people have strength enough to spare for tragic interest, even for sermons and metaphysics; they can well afford to be miserable one while. But for every ten of such idle people, there are perhaps one hundred or more, who, having more work on hand than they are able to accomplish, and no little anxiety of mind besides, are very sadly in need of recreation, and who therefore *cotton with* a joke just as naturally, as the weary man seeks repose, or covets a beaker of *Bishop*.

The philosophical principle of the matter is, like other principles, extremely simple when found out. "We live in a *Wale*," as Mrs. Gamp sagely observes. People, somehow or another, are not overhappy in the world, and the man who (like Liston) is so fortunate in his misfortunes that he can turn them to good account, transmuting his own blunders and mishaps into amusement or solace for others, approaches, perhaps, the nearest to the discovery of the philosopher's stone of any one who *never* tried it. As a tragic actor, Liston's failure was complete, and upon this failure he founded his fortune.

Yes, the *weak* (*i. e.* weak-minded) and the *weary* together do by their numbers make up a very important party among this world's inhabitants. 'Twould be utter madness to think of getting the weak

to appreciate the merits of profound tragedy or deep moral research. They are just as able to do this as to poise one hundred-weight upon one finger. But they could roll at Liston's absurdities as bravely as the wisest. Ay, certainly, the *wisest*; for our second class, the *weary* may, of course, include people of the very strongest intellects, who are often so thoroughly *tired*, that Liston at the theatre, or a reading of Gulliver's travels at their own fire-side, becomes to them, for one evening, a boon and a blessing, which may save them, perhaps, from a nervous attack, and enable them to return fresh and invigorated to their tasks on the morrow.

All this, it may be said, is well enough understood already. In practice, no doubt, it is exemplified; but I am not so sure that comic actors and comic writers usually meet with the profound respect and deference to which, in my humble opinion, they are entitled. For example, I am not sure that those people who went the most frequently to see Liston entertained towards him any deep sentiments of respect or gratitude. On the contrary, I think it is very possible that they laughed at his absurdities without cherishing for him *individually* any deference whatsoever! This is very wrong. The man who, at the expense of his own natural bent and feelings, does afford diversion and recreation to the feeble, the sad, and the weary, is a benefactor to the world and to the age in which he lives. He is entitled to respect as well as the divine or the physician, though not, perhaps, to an equal degree.

As I am now pleading for a principle, I shall not confine my examples to that of Liston alone. The memory of Charles Mathews, for the good he has done in society, ought to be cherished *as well*, if not as much, as that of Mathew Baillie or Father Mathew! It was only the other night that, by means of a *scintilla* derived from the genius of the former (viz. one of his comic stories recited in character), I witnessed the resuscitation of a large party from a pitiful state of ennui to uproarious hilarity and applause. Without the story they would have gone home dull and weary, and exclaimed, "What a tiresome *soirée*, to be sure!" But with such aid, they were not only exhilarated and improved at the time, but had pleasant recollections for many a day afterwards. On this occasion, too, the performer was not without a share of respect as well as mere applause, for 'twas said, "What a very good and kind-hearted man Mr. — must be, to make such a fool of himself, in order to divert those idle people!"

I remember when a celebrated *artist des illusions vocales* was first in England, he so delighted an eminent dignitary of the church by imitating the noise of a fly buzzing about the said dignitary's wig, and divers other tricks, that he was invited to dine next day at the episcopal residence; and treated with the utmost civility. Some fifteen years afterwards, the same artist, having re-assumed his proper family name, returned to London, being then engaged in a literary speculation of an important character, in favour of which he had already obtained testimonials of the highest respectability.

He *sank* the artist, and waited on the bishop as a literary man, and as a stranger. Need it be added that the reception was cold, and that the previous testimonials were inspected with great indifference? I

must add, however, that the right reverend dignitary's sanction was required for a particular purpose, in regard to a public institution of which he is president. This was humbly represented by letter; to which the bishop, in a tone of very distant politeness, answered, that "really he had no leisure to enter into such matters, and therefore begged to be excused altogether."

Now this worthy bishop is a man after my own heart. He perceived well enough that respect and deference were due to the artist, who could personate a fly buzzing about his wig; there was real merit in *that*; but upon sound principle he remained obtuse to the claims of the same visiter, and could not recognise him when he came back like a downright bore, to chatter about a grand literary project. The failure was owing to the artist's vanity and imprudence. He should have remembered, that though his own pursuits had changed, the venerable dignitary's notions would remain just the same. He ought to have gone back in his character of insect, and buzzed in the wig again, after which (or, if invited to dinner, after a bottle of old port,) he could have brought in the literary scheme, as a *bizarre* and unforeseen corollary.

Yes, the wisest of men, the chosen few in all ages, have been the first to exclaim, "*Dulce est desipere in loco!*" "*Vive la bagatelle!*" Jonathan Swift, for example, who took these last words for his motto, was naturally a deep and ingenious thinker, a bitterly acute spirit, one of those "blades that wear out the scabbard." His mortal frame, being none of the soundest, could not have held together; he would have broken down or gone staring mad thirty years before his time, if he had not found out the value of the maxim, "*dulce est desipere.*" It should, however, be amended as follows: "*dulce ac utile est, desipere in loco.*"

The deepest of politicians, the most ascetic of divines, the most profound among philosophers, have often been remarkable for manners and habits the simplest and most playful. I remember an eminent legal authority who, before his elevation to the bench, was so overloaded with business, that his naturally strong constitution was frequently on the point of giving way, but, by good luck, he was possessed of a favourite cat, who, if her master chose to lie down on the floor, would leap across him backwards and forwards till he rose again. The pertinacity of the cat, in this droll and self-taught accomplishment, afforded infinite mirth to the learned counsellor, who when quite worn out with work, sent his clerk to another room, drank a cup of tea, and then stretched himself on the carpet to be leaped over.

The reader thinks, perhaps, that I have rambled away from my subject; but it is not so. I reflect steadily on the grave importance of being diverted and made to laugh now and then, and on the gratitude which we owe to people who enable us to obtain this benefit. I am not sure whether all the didactic poems of Cowper ever did more good in this world than his ballad of John Gilpin; and be it observed that this was founded on a story previously told to the poet, and the remembrances of which saved him from despair and insanity during a sleepless night. By means of Gilpin he helped

himself in the first place, and then also contributed to the salvation (from blue devils) of other people. In this instance Cowper (like Liston) turned his own misfortunes to good account, and 'twould have been well had he done the same thing more frequently ; — better, in my opinion, than translating the Iliad and Odyssey.

Accept the following as aphorisms (or *truisms*, if you will,) where- with I shall wind up this paper. 'Twas never the *wise* man, any more than the weary, the sick or the feeble, who despises a good joke. 'Tis rather your "ignoramus conceited of knowledge," your superficial pedant, who never knew what it was to solve a *really* intricate problem, who will make a sour face when an actor like Liston appears on the stage, when Punch raps Judy or the Devil on the head, or when a kind-hearted visiter at a *soirée* puts on an old cloak and mob-cap, and revives Charles Mathews in his favourite character of an old woman.

T. F.

FIRST LOVE.

Angelique.

AND have you felt a void in your sick heart,
When he whose honeyed accents and sweet words
Have held your too enraptur'd senses tranc'd —
Wrapping your soul in blissful ecstacy ! —
Seeing no form but his — hearing no voice ! —
When he, I say, has gone — and left you chill'd,
As if the sun had shut its light from you —
Then have you felt as if the world was not —
As if your very soul had fled away
With him whose eyes are the sole orbs
That form your heaven !

Francesca.

I fear 'tis true !

Angelique.

Why, then — you love !

The Spanish Maiden : Old Play.

CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

No. III.

THE RUINED MERCHANT.

CHAPTER III.

THERE certainly is no character on the face of the earth more estimable than that of the British merchant. His enlarged intercourse with the world leads to an enlarged and liberal spirit of dealing with mankind ; his necessary avocations exercise his mind in a wholesome activity ; his daily experience of the value of character and of a good name stimulates him to preserve them, and trains him and fixes him in habits of truth and of fair-dealing. Liberality is his motto, charity his virtue, generosity his practice. He is always ready to lend a helping hand to the weak, an assisting one to the unfortunate, and to look with indulgence on the errors of the head when not accompanied by vices of the heart. His vocation, at the same time that it is one of the most honourable in itself, is also one of the most useful to society. He is one of the connecting links of nations ; he is the great agent in the interchange of the products of various lands, and of the commodities and manufactures of different and distant countries — the distributor of the wealth of the world. He is one of the prime promoters and conservators of peace on earth ; for no one feels more strongly than he how much the goodwill, and the civilisation, and the inestimable benefits which enlightened commerce brings, are marred and thrown back by the evil effects of war. He is the friend and protector of the rights of the labouring poor, because he knows that by their labour all wealth is created.

Mr. Courtney was the son of one of these merchant princes of London, and on the death of his father succeeded to a considerable fortune already realised, and to a position of influence and credit which gave him the opportunity of increasing it to a boundless extent. Well, I have often wondered why people with competent fortunes cannot be content with what they have got instead of working and striving to get more than they can ever make use of. To be sure there is a Latin proverb, which Juvenal embodied in a verse, that "the love of money increases with the acquisition of it ;" and I suppose it is some innate propensity of human nature that prompts most people to add heap to heap for the sole pleasure of the accumulation. But it never was my inclination to do so ; perhaps it was because I never had the first heap to begin with.

However, Mr. Courtney followed up his business with an energy and an ardour which was remarkable even among the assiduous and enterprising merchants of London. The seas were covered with his ships; the whole earth was embraced in his speculations. His name was familiar among merchants over all the globe; and his signature to an obligation was as current in value as the coined money of a crowned king. His income more resembled the revenue of a State than the income of a private gentleman; and by the influence of his wealth he was a power in himself, to which the governments of kingdoms paid deference, and to whom they applied in their pecuniary emergencies as to one whose decision was able to precipitate or prolong the war or peace of empires. With all this, instead of growing hard and covetous with the increase of wealth—an effect which it is sorrowful to observe riches too often produce—he became more kindly and affable; his heart grew more compassionate towards the wants and necessities of his fellow-creatures; his benevolence increased with his means of doing good; so that it is no wonder that he was as popular among the poor as he was revered by the rich, and esteemed by the wise and good.

Such was the character of Mr. Courtney. And nothing can better exemplify the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the misfortunes to which the best, and apparently the most secure in fortune, are liable, than the downfall from his high estate experienced by that most amiable gentleman. The story would be too long, nor does it enter into my plans to relate the details of the various accidents which led to Mr. Courtney's failure: my object is rather to illustrate the effect of arrest and of imprisonment for debt on those whom misfortune had already overtaken, and whom malice or mistake of judgment had condemned to waste out an unprofitable life in this living tomb. I shall pass over, therefore, the long and technical history of his gradual failure and ultimate ruin, and come to the result. I am glad to be able to state, however, for his sake, and for the affection that I bore him, that so well was he esteemed that no man could be found to make him bankrupt; and so evident was it that his failure was caused neither by profuse expenditure on his part, nor by imprudent speculations, that the whole of his creditors, as it was thought, consented to allow him to wind up his affairs and pay them by degrees, as his assets came in, the dividend which his estate would allow. I say almost all consented; but, as is almost always the case, as I have observed, on such occasions, one or two creditors of no great amounts held themselves aloof, and without manifesting any hostile intentions at the time, waited for the opportunity when they might insist on their claims at such a disadvantage to their debtor that he would be obliged to pay them or hazard total ruin; beguiling him the while into the belief, that although they did not formally agree to the arrangement signed by the other creditors, they were willing to share with the rest.

By great exertions, Mr. Courtney was enabled to fulfil all his engagements with his creditors, excepting those who had not legally given their consent to the general agreement; but he had deposited the sum sufficient to pay them an equal dividend, and was almost in a position to recommence business in a humble way, when the dissen-

tient creditors peremptorily demanded the whole of the sum due to them in virtue of the original debts. This was a thunderbolt to poor Courtney, and it was in vain that he tried to struggle against the unexpected difficulty.

I ought to say, here, that during the time of his prosperity he had married, and had one son and one daughter. The son had made a voyage to India about a year before the death of his mother. The daughter, it appeared, had unwittingly given affront to one of the creditors who now assailed her father, by refusing in a decided manner to receive his addresses, which had been pressed upon her with the importunity and rudeness of one who knew that he had the family in his power. Louisa, her father told me, would have temporised with the man, had she known the possible consequences of her slighting him; but she was ignorant of his claims; and her father took care not to allow any feelings of filial affection on her part to influence her in so important an act of her life.

"And what did this man do?" asked I, not seeing how the matter stood.

"That is the man," replied Mr. Courtney, "who arrested me at a time when he thought the suddenness of the shock, and the misery which it would cause to my daughter as well as to myself, might place her in his power as a humble suppliant for her father's release from prison.

"I see," said I; "and what does your daughter say to it?"

"She does not know it; she knows only that I have been arrested by an old creditor; I have carefully concealed from her that the man whom she refused is the one whose vindictiveness has placed me here."

"And what do the other creditors who stood out say to it?"

"There are no other creditors now; my solicitor tells me that this man has bought up their debts, so that he is now my sole creditor and master."

"It is a frightful thing," said I, "that one man should be allowed to exercise such power over another as to deprive him of his liberty! I wonder if the time will ever come when this barbarous law will be repealed?"

"I feel confident," said Mr. Courtney, "from my experience as a merchant, that not only will arrest on mesne process be abolished, but that it will be declared by the general voice of society, and by the solemn decision of the legislature, that the law of arrest is not only impolitic and useless, but cruel and barbarous. And more than that; — I feel equal confidence that imprisonment, even after judgment, will be abolished in all cases where there has been neither fraud nor culpable improvidence; and that the practice of putting a man in prison because he is unfortunate, will be universally denounced as disgraceful to a christian country!"

"How much misery," said I, "would be saved, if the legislature would condescend to lay aside party conflicts, and to examine into this matter without delay. How many broken hearts would be spared! How many suicides would be saved! How vast an amount of suffering and vice would be prevented."

As I have said before, all legislation is founded on an erroneous notion, which, until people clear their heads of it, will always infect and mar all legislation in respect to the laws of debtor and creditor. That erroneous notion is, that there is an innate disinclination in all men to pay their debts; whereas it is precisely the contrary principle that prevails. I never knew a man, except in a case here and there where the man was a rascal, and it is not on exceptions but on generalities that legislation ought to be founded,—I say, I never knew a man who was not desirous but anxious to pay his debts. But the legislature has ever proceeded on the contrary supposition; so that all the laws relating to debtor and creditor have been made with a view to force the debtor to do that which he is willing enough to do if he could. Now if the legislature, instead of racking its invention to devise all sorts of pains, and penalties, and tortures, to wrench from the debtor what he has not got, had directed its attention to devise facilities for enabling the debtor to pay as far as he can, and not to break him down so utterly and irremediably as for ever to deprive him of the power of paying his debts, all would be the gainers to an incalculable degree. For the creditor would have a chance of his money which now he has not; the debtor would have a chance of retrieving his position and of fulfilling his obligations, which every man in his heart longs to do, which now he has not; and society would not be put to the expense of all the apparatus of the law and of its huge prisons for confining unfortunate debtors; which ought to be regarded only as ingenious inventions for furthering the revengeful feelings of the vindictive creditor, and for preventing the debtor, most effectually, from ever paying him.

And don't let it be supposed, when I say so decidedly that it is an innate principle with men to be desirous of paying their debts, that I am asserting anything that is new, or strange, or unfounded, or incapable of demonstration. The proof of the truth of what I say may be deduced from the practice and feeling existing in this prison itself—this debtors' prison. Those who have not had the advantage of being confined in the Fleet Prison cannot of course have the same opportunity as myself of being acquainted with the fact to which I testify; but there are hundreds of thousands who know that in a debtors' prison nothing is considered more disgraceful than for a man not to pay his debts when he has the means; and that there is nothing that a debtor confined in prison more strives to do than to keep up his credit and to discharge his obligations with punctuality. Now it might be expected that if there was any place more than another where a man would be regardless of maintaining his credit it would be in a debtors' prison, in which he is put for the very reason of his having already failed in his pecuniary obligations. I say it might be expected that a debtor in such a place would not be scrupulous about preserving his credit, but on the contrary, regardless and reckless of what might be thought of him on that point, seeing that in that respect it might be considered that he had no character to lose. But instead of that feeling existing, the opposite one prevails; proving that the debtor does but carry with him and continue the habit of mind and the innate feeling of anxiety to stand well with

his fellows for trust and honesty, which actuates him to pay what he owes on all occasions, and even at his own inconvenience and distress.

But seeing the sure and certain progress of civilization, I am led to hope that men will be wise at last, and place the question upon its proper footing; and come, in the end, to see that it is exceedingly prejudicial to the community at large to strip one of its members of all that he possesses, and to turn him houseless, naked, and friendless into the streets! But I have dwelt on this point in another place, so I shall say no more about it here, but go on with my story.

CHAPTER IV.

It was about three weeks after Mr. Courtney's arrival in the prison that I missed him for several days in his accustomed walk; for I ought to say that about a month after his entrance he had been so fortunate as to be able to hire a room for himself, at a rate which, high as it was, could not be called immoderate for the time, for he got it for a pound a week, for the prison was very full.

I missed him, as I say, for several days; and the answer through his door always was, that he was not very well, and would not leave his room that morning. So, on the fifth day, after I had walked up and down a little while, smoking my pipe, and a little uneasy that he did not appear — for the day was fine, and the sun was shining cheerfully over the iron spikes of the wall, — I determined to ascertain the reason of his keeping in his room so closely. This time, the moment I knocked, Louisa came to the door, and, in a faint voice, said —

"Come in!"

I was grieved to find her father lying on a sort of wooden sofa, which served him for a bed at night, in a very weak condition. I had observed for some days before that he had walked languidly; but that did not particularly surprise me, as it is by no means uncommon for persons to fall into a low despairing way in this place. His daughter resumed her seat by his side, with her face to the light, and I was struck with the very thin look that she had; however it was natural, as I thought, that she should fret on account of her father's imprisonment. But there was something about her eyes which I fancied was a little wild and odd; she looked about as if she was seeking for something, and seemed to be in pain occasionally. Her father, too, was by turns excited and depressed, and lay uneasily, as it seemed to me, on his bed. I had noticed about a week before, that he had no coat, and that he wore an old coloured dressing-gown, which covered him from head to foot, and concealed whatever he had on beneath. But now I missed the dressing-gown, and on looking round the room I observed that there were no stray articles of apparel lying about; and on regarding his daughter attentively, I perceived that she was as thinly and as scantily clad as it was possible for any one to be, considering the coldness of the weather. I did not think it was so bad as it was; but I guessed from the symptoms — for I was used to the

gradual disappearance of the wearing apparel among the inmates, and knew well what that meant—that there was a lack of money in the house. Now I had received that very morning a sum which had been paid to me for an advertisement which I had written for a foreign singer, who with very kind consideration had forwarded me the seven and sixpence, which was the price agreed on, by a special messenger. I was casting over in my mind how I should introduce the subject in as delicate a way as possible, so that my offering an advance of money should not appear as if I thought them in a state of destitution, when Louisa suddenly cried out, as she caught sight of something from the window,—

“There’s a man with bread!”

The eager and famished look which she gave as she said this made her father fear that she had betrayed their secret, and he reddened up with shame and mortification; for the greatest humiliation which can befall one in the prison is to be thought poor—so ingrained is that feeling in the souls of all, even of the wretchedest and the poorest! Louisa coloured, and for a moment became crimson all over; but in an instant after her face resumed the ashy paleness which I had observed at first, save a spot of red on each cheek, which looked unnatural; her eyes too were very bright and restless. All these were signs and tokens which I could not mistake; so I said, in a careless way,—

“I came to propose that we should dine together to-day; that is, if you will allow me to bring my dinner to your room and join it to your’s; for I have bought a great piece of meat, I said, which will not keep, and if some one does not help me to get through with it, it will be a waste:” and without waiting for a reply, which I saw they were too embarrassed to give, I went out, and at once bought a half-quartern loaf, with a quarter of a pound of butter, and a large slice of cheese, at the shop in the fair.

“See,” said I, taking the things in, “how rich I am. I have brought these in first; and if Miss Courtney will lay the cloth, we shall be getting things ready.”

The poor girl, at the sight of the bread, was nearly overcome. She seized the loaf with a trembling hand, and at first tried to break a piece off, but not being able from her weakness and nervousness to do it, she pointed to the bread, and then to her father, and with a sort of scream cried out wildly,—

“He!” pointing to her father—“and I too! We have not eaten food for more than four days!” Then, bursting into an hysterical fit of tears, she fainted away from exhaustion, and from the sight of the food so unexpectedly brought to her for which she was craving.

I was in a great fright, for I never could bear to see women in that way; but I had presence of mind enough to make haste after a doctor who lived in the fair, and he, coming up, between her father and him, they contrived to restore her; though not without difficulty, for the faint was a very bad one, on account of her extreme weakness. Now that the Doctor had appeared in the matter—and I must say of him that he was one of the most benevolent old gentlemen I ever knew—it became necessary that some explanation

should be given to account for the young lady's illness. The women in the prison were very much in the habit of fainting away and going off in hysterics from all sorts of causes, the Doctor informed me—as indeed was natural enough, poor things! living in the dreadful way they did; so that when the Doctor found that there was a reserve in communicating the reason of Miss Courtney's faint, he ascribed it to some love affair, and asked no more about it, only begging them, if there should be any return of the complaint, to send for him immediately.

I was glad to see, on my return to their room after the lapse of some time, that a considerable part of the loaf had been consumed, and that my friends seemed the better for it. As the exclamation of his daughter had revealed to me the secret which both had so long concealed, I made no scruple of reproaching them both for not having made me acquainted with the fact of their condition. It was Miss Courtney who spoke, and she told me, that for some time past they had been obliged to part with every little valuable they possessed, till they had nothing left; and then, with great hesitation and reluctance, she confessed that they had sold or pledged their clothes for food, till at last they had none left that they could part with. She told me that both she and her father felt a sort of delirium from hunger, but that she felt it most on the morning when I discovered their destitute state. I felt hurt at first with Louisa and with her father for having concealed from me, their friend, the actual state of their affairs; but I had so often seen people in the prison who had fallen from affluence to poverty bear the very extremity of want and hunger without complaint rather than confess their absolute poverty, though in a prison, that I could not find it in my heart to be angry with them long: but the experience of her father's sufferings during that terrible time had the most disastrous effect on the fate of the affectionate Louisa; for, although she could bear her own agony in silence, she could not bear to witness her father's pain; and this is the way that it fell out.

The poor girl, wearied out with exhaustion, fell asleep on her father's couch. I rose to leave the room, but he motioned me to stay, thinking it did not matter, I suppose, whether an old man of threescore-and-ten was present or not; and by little and little we got into conversation: but his heart being full of his daughter and of her sufferings, which she bore with such patient fortitude, he could talk of nothing but her; and by degrees he began to talk of the creditor who had arrested him, and who, in order to revenge himself of the affront put upon him by Mr. Courtney's daughter, as he chose to consider it, had endeavoured to wound her in her tenderest point by wreaking his vengeance on her father. Mr. Courtney was so earnest, and I was so interested, that I believe, for the moment, we both forgot the sleeping girl; but, chancing to turn my head round at a little rustling which I heard behind me, for we were sitting with our backs to the sofa, I beheld her with her eyes fixed on her father with an expression which I can never forget, and in which surprise, reproach, and filial love were strangely blended, and which quickly changed to an air of desperate

determination. She put her finger to her lips, to intimate to me that I was not to notice that she was awake—an intimation which I had the thoughtlessness or the weakness to comply with; for somehow, old as I was, I felt a pleasure in being made a confidant by a young and beautiful woman. And there I did wrong—very wrong; and God knows the anguish of the bitter repentance which I have suffered from that act, unimportant as it seemed at the time, and venial as some may think it was in its commission! And it is enough, perhaps, that human beings should be responsible for the direct results of their actions without being made accountable for their indirect consequences: for who can tell what may be the effect even of his slightest acts? The smallest pebble cast into the sea, philosophers say, must affect the vibration of the whole mass of the ocean; and so it is with man's actions!

It has been with this reflection that I have endeavoured to console myself for becoming an accomplice with Louisa in concealing from her father the fact of her having overheard his conversation about her suitor and his persecutor. Alas! that apparently insignificant departure from truth cost three lives!

CHAPTER V.

I MADE Mr. Courtney take four shillings of the five that were left; and that lasted them pretty well for four days. It was leaving myself rather short; and, as ill-luck would have it, no work came in, so I was obliged to live on the remaining shilling as well as I could: but I could not bear to see that beautiful girl wanting food. It is ridiculous to talk of love at my age, but I certainly had a great affection for that girl; I felt it from the first. And she seemed to be attached to me: that was, of course, because I had done a little service to her father when he first came in here. I remember one day—but this was previous to the scene which I have described about the bread—I went into their room rather better dressed than usual, for I had on my pea-green coat with basket buttons, which had been in and out of pawn for years past, with a nice frilled shirt that I seldom wore, because of the expense of the plaiting; and I had taken a little pains with my hair,—not that I ever cared to disguise my age, but I always had a young look; and, I may say it now that all such vanities are over with me, I was considered to be not a bad-looking man in my time; and I had still a pretty good head of hair at the sides and back—white, as may be supposed; but that accorded with my complexion. Well—I don't know why I run on in this way; but old men have always had a privilege to talk, from Homer's time downwards: by the by, they will call me the Nestor of the Fleet.—I went into the room, I say, when Louisa was there, as she always was in the day-time, and she exclaimed, "How well you look to-day!" I thought I never saw her look so handsome; but she was a beautiful creature! And she had such little winning ways; and she used to fill my pipe with her delicate fingers (I always used short-cut) so daintily, and

pretended to like the smell of tobacco, that I do believe if I had been a little younger,—but this is all very foolish. But I love to linger on the remembrance of her. Poor Louisa! she was the last ray of light that shone on me in this dreary prison.—Well, I must finish my story.

I observed, during the four days following that on which I had discovered the Courtneys' conflict, that Louisa never smiled and seldom spoke, but seemed absorbed by some thought which engrossed all her faculties. I felt uneasy—I did not well know why; but I was possessed with a vague presentiment of some coming evil.

Mr. Courtney once or twice talked of the possibility of the return of his son; and I observed that Louisa caught at the idea eagerly: but when he came to consider the little probability there was of his son coming back for many years, of the uncertainty of his prospects, and of the unhealthiness of the climate, she returned again to her melancholy abstraction, and seemed plunged in the same black despair which had recently overwhelmed her. I could not help being struck, however, by her manner when her father spoke of a Captain Morton, to whom, it seemed, her brother was to go on his arrival in India. When her father dwelt on the good heart and the amiable qualities of Captain Morton, and on the kind and brotherly reception which his son was sure to receive from his old friend, I remarked that Louisa blushed and breathed thick, and that the tears rushed into her eyes. It struck me that there had been an intimate acquaintance between Miss Courtney and that Captain Morton. I left the room, and smoked my pipe up and down the gallery, a good deal discomposed by the thoughts that assailed me of the pain and disappointment to which all are exposed in this world of care and sorrow!

When I went with her father to the gate that evening, to see his daughter out of the prison, the gas-light, shining full in her face, made her paleness assume so ghastly a hue, that I was alarmed. She kissed her father most affectionately just before she went through the gate, which was unusual, as she generally wished him good night in his own room. But on this occasion she clung to him with a sort of desperate fondness; and I saw, though her features were rigid as marble, that her eyes shone with a supernatural brightness! Just as she went out she gave her hand to me; and when I pressed it in mine I thought it felt icy cold. I did not like all these appearances, although I did not know what definite cause to ascribe them to; and I went to bed in a very melancholy state; and next morning I felt very weak and low, which was owing, perhaps, to my not having had any supper, and to my not knowing how to get any breakfast. Luckily I had a little tobacco left, so I sat down and smoked, with my eyes directed towards the entrance of the yard—not expecting to see Miss Courtney, however, for it was before the gate was opened; and I always made it a rule to be ready at the entrance to accompany her to her father's room.

When the clock struck the hour for opening the gate I went to the lobby to meet her, but I did not take my pipe. I felt very dull that morning,—and the turnkey, who was a remarkably civil and polite person, remarked it; for all the officers were always very respectful

to me, in deference to my long residence in the prison and my respectability. I made some civil reply to the turnkey's remark—I forget what, and kept my eyes fixed on the door through which strangers passed to the lobby.

"You are waiting for Miss Courtney?" said the turnkey.

"Yes," said I, "I am: Miss Courtney is late this morning."

I had no idea that my attention to Miss Courtney had been remarked, which shows how careful gentlemen should be in their attentions to ladies, lest they should unthinkingly compromise their reputations, and give occasion for disparaging reports; and I was astonished when the turnkey said, with a knowing look, and lifting up the key which he held in his hand in an admonishing way:—

"Ah! Mr. Seedy, you have been a rare one in your days, I'll be bound; but you are a little too old to play the gallant now."

I declare I never felt more hurt in my life. But the vulgarity and impertinent familiarity of these people is disgusting. I said nothing, but left the lobby, and waited by the iron rails so that I could see Louisa when the door opened; but I waited and waited, and no Louisa came. Her father came down, and I expressed to him my surprise that his daughter had not come in, with her usual punctuality,—"to make breakfast," I was going to say; but I remembered that, most likely, he had nothing for breakfast that morning, like myself; so I checked myself, that I might not hurt his feelings. Well, there we stood waiting and wondering; and at last I asked one of the charwomen of the place to go to Miss Courtney's lodging, and inquire for her,—for she still lodged at the rooms of their old servant, who, by-the-way, had only just sufficient to live on. She informed us, on her return, that the young lady had gone out early that morning with another lady and a gentleman, who fetched her in a coach, that she was dressed in white, as if she was going to a wedding; but that she was in such a fainting state that they were obliged to lift her into the coach; and that then the coach drove away.

We looked at one another at this—her father and I,—for the same thought flashed on both of us on the instant. Her father took hold of my arm, and went with me into the corner of the yard; and, if he had not sat down on the long seat that went all along the side of the yard under the wall, I am sure he would have fallen.

"I have a suspicion," he said, "of the reason of Louisa not coming in this morning." And then he looked at me, as if to divine my thoughts.

I was very grave.

"That heroic girl," said he, "has by some means found out the secret of the cause of my imprisonment, and she has sacrificed herself to that man for my sake!"

I could not speak. If the whole building of the prison had been placed on my heart, I could not have felt a heavier load.

"How she has discovered the secret," he continued, "I cannot imagine; but this dressing in white, and the story of the gentleman and lady taking her away in a coach, seems to show that she has taken a desperate resolution."

I did not know what to say. I did not like her to marry at all. I

was not such an old fool as to suppose that she could marry me; but the news of her being about to marry some one else gave me a shock which I cannot well describe; it was cutting me off from her for ever: and the idea of her marrying, under such circumstances, a man whom she disliked—forcing herself to the most dreadful sacrifice which woman can offer—made me shudder. I remained silent, in a sort of whirl and confusion of thought; for the news had come so suddenly upon me that I did not know in what light to view it, or what to do. But her father looking at me with an anxious air, as if expecting me to say something, and indeed looking up to me, I believe, for consolation under such an afflicting calamity, I tried to put the best face upon the matter I could; so I said, trying to throw a little cheerfulness into my tone:—

"This may not turn out so bad at last as we both think. One thing seems to be in favour of the man: if our surmises are indeed true, he marries your daughter without fortune, and at a time when your own affairs are at the lowest possible ebb. Matters are so bad," said I, "that they cannot well be worse."

He shook his head, and replied mournfully:—

"You do not know Louisa! You have no idea of the depth of feeling and the strength of resolution which lie under that gentle exterior and modest softness. Besides,"—here he hesitated, but presently he went on,— "besides, I have reason to fear that her affections;—but all that had better be buried in oblivion now! Let us send out again, and try if we can get any further information."

There was a quiet and discreet man, about my own age, who acted as a messenger for the inmates of the prison, and whom I knew to be trustworthy. He had been confined for debt in the Fleet for more than thirty years himself; and when he was discharged—which he was from the death of his creditor, whose representatives did not care to keep a penniless debtor in prison any longer; not having any relations living, nor knowing where to go, he had remained hanging about the prison, where he did odd jobs, and went on errands; and as his integrity was so great that he could be trusted with money without counting, he got a good deal of employment, and contrived to pick up a decent livelihood. Seeing him standing by the entrance, I beckoned to him, and explaining as much as was necessary, begged him to endeavour to trace where Miss Courtney had gone, and what was the meaning of the circumstance reported by the charwoman. He agreed to do this willingly; and we walked about the yard waiting for him to come back. He was a long time gone, and I got more and more uneasy. Her father, I could see, was internally agitated by a terrible conflict; but he mastered his emotion, though the muscles of his upper lip were contracted with a quivering convulsion that was painful to see. Suddenly, I saw our messenger return. He came in at a brisk but tottering pace to the spot where we were standing. I could see in a moment that he was the bearer of some strange news, for his face was flushed and heated with the haste that he had made to get back, and he came up to us in great agitation. He looked at me as if asking for my sanction to tell his story; but I fearing the worst, without saying a word, led Mr. Courtney, who was

stricken with dread, and submissive as a child, to his own room ; and when I had shut the door, I nodded to the messenger to go on with his story. He was still reluctant, so I proceeded to question him as calmly as I could,—

“ You went to Miss Courtney’s lodging ? ”

“ She was not there.”

“ Could you trace the coach ? ”

“ I did ; but —— ”

“ Where did it take her to ? ”

“ It took her,” he replied, with a good deal of hesitation, and looking at her father, “ to a church.”

Her father turned his eyes on mine with a despairing look.

I did not know how to frame the next question ; but while I was studying it, the messenger continued :—

“ They told me there, that a lady had been brought to the church ; but that she was so ill that the clergyman at first refused to perform the ceremony. But the lady recovering a little, insisted ; and so —— she was married ! ”

Her father here groaned, and put his hands before his face.

“ And was that all ? ” I asked.

“ No ! ” replied the man, with still greater hesitation, and looking alternately at me and at her father. “ I ascertained where the coach which took them away from the church had been ordered to drive, and I followed them there.”

“ And then —— ”

“ I knocked at the door, and said, ‘ I had come from the young lady’s father.’ It was a woman-servant that opened the door ; — and there was a great bustle of running up and down stairs. While I stood at the door a lad brushed past us ; and the woman wanted to question him, but he said, ‘ Don’t stop me ; I’m going for a doctor ? ’ ”

“ Who for ? ” said I, for my heart misgave me : and Mr. Courtney gazed at the man with intense emotion, watching for his next words.

“ It was for the young lady. She had fainted away the moment she quitted the church, and nothing they could do could restore her. I waited in the hall, for nobody took much notice of me in the confusion, till the doctor came. He went up-stairs very quick, and after some time came down again slowly. An elderly-looking woman came down with him ; and I heard him say at the door, ‘ There is no hope.’ As the lady turned back from the door she noticed me, and asked me my business : I said I had come there from Mr. Courtney to inquire about his daughter. The lady mused for a moment on this, and then said, ‘ It’s a bad business ; and I told my brother he was wrong : I don’t know how you are to break it to her father,’ said she.”

He stopped here, and could not go on. All this while Mr. Courtney was gazing at him, with his hands clasped. I admired the firmness with which he received the dreadful intelligence ; but I was mistaken. I thought it better that he should know the worst while he seemed so well able to bear it ; so I urged the messenger to proceed.

“ What was it exactly,” said I, “ that the lady said to you ? ”

“ She said that the poor girl was —— dying ! ”

I saw that her poor father was choking, but he gave no outward sign of his inward suffering, except by the quivering of his lips. I whispered to the messenger to go away, and then turned my attention to my friend. He motioned to me to put my face close to his, and in a hollow voice which made me start, for I never had heard such sounds from human throat before, he said, —

"I will go to her !"

"You forget," I said, trying to soothe him, "that you cannot go to her : we are in prison."

• "I will ask the warden," he said ; "he cannot refuse me."

He got up from his chair, and, staggering out of his room, I helping him as well as I could, and others assisting as we went down stairs and across the yard, he was shown with me into the warden's room. But he was too much overpowered with his own emotion to speak ; so it was I who had to make the necessary explanations : but the officer who acted for the warden said it was quite against the rules, and totally out of the question. It would be equivalent, he said, to an escape ; and he should be saddled with the debt."

"But he will be sure to come back," said I ; "it is easy to take precautions to prevent an escape. Surely you will not refuse to let a father see his dying child, who has sacrificed herself for him, and perhaps in vain ! Such a favour would not be refused to a prisoner in a gaol accused of murder : and what terrible crime is there in being guilty of debt to place a man in a worse condition than a murderer ?" But all representations, entreaties, and expostulations were useless.

It was in vain that Mr. Courtney, recovering his voice, appealed to the feelings of the official with an eloquence and a pathos that would have softened the heart of a savage. But I do wrong to compare the customs of savages with the usages of men calling themselves civilised : there is no set of savages on the face of the earth who would practise towards each other the cruelties and barbarities which civilised men, in the name of the law, commit on their fellow-creatures. It was, I say, all in vain ; he might as well have spoken to the stone walls of the prison.

I coaxed my poor friend back to his room, but I thought he would have dashed out his brains against the walls in his mad excitement at being stopped, by the cruel severity of the law, from visiting his dying girl before she breathed her last. He stamped, and tore his hair, and cursed the law-makers and the law-executors ; arraigning even Providence in his phrenzy for permitting such abominations to exist on earth ; comparing mankind to fiends who deserved all the calamities that afflicted them, for permitting the exercise of such cruelty on one another as that which now separated him from his child. I rebuked him for this gently, saying that he must not make the many responsible for the sins of the few ; and I tried to bring his mind back to a right state, urging him to submit to the dispensations of Providence, who, doubtless, had good reasons for permitting the misery which prevails in the world to continue for a time, in order to work out some wise and benevolent ends, which, to our limited faculties, are mysterious and inscrutable. I succeeded in calming him, or rather, he was worn out with the tearing conflict of his own

grief ; and I placed him on the sofa, on which he lay moaning. I sat by the window watching him, and turning over in my mind all sorts of projects, but all wild and impracticable, when, suddenly, I saw a bustle at the entrance of the yard. The people who were sauntering about flocked to the door-way, as if something extraordinary had happened. Presently after, several men appeared bearing a sofa without a back, and resembling a stretcher, such as is used for transporting bodies which have met with sudden death or accident in the streets. As soon as the sofa was turned round, and the men began to descend the two or three steps leading into the yard, I distinguished on the sofa the body of a female dressed in white, and with her feet wrapped in shawls. I guessed in a moment who that female was : I did not doubt that the death-stricken Louisa, finding her end approaching, had insisted on being conveyed to her father in the prison. And it was so, as I learnt afterwards.

The whole prison was in a state of great excitement, as may be supposed, for Miss Courtney was known by sight to nearly all the inmates, who respected her for her reserved and modest demeanour, and for her devotion to her father. I felt that a terrible scene was approaching ; but I was at a loss at the moment how to communicate to Mr. Courtney that his daughter was being brought up-stairs. While I was deliberating, there was a tap at the door, which I opened, when I found the procession on the outside. There was no noise, although the passage was thronged with anxious faces ; but somehow the story of the poor girl's devotion — how she had sacrificed herself in the hope of obtaining her father's liberty — had got abroad, and there was a feeling of deep admiration at the act, and of solemn awe at the catastrophe. There were several of the charwomen about who were the usual attendants on the prisoners, and with their assistance I conveyed Louisa into her father's cell, after first apprising him of her arrival. We laid her on her father's couch ; — it was evident that she was dying. She had in her hand a paper which she grasped tenaciously, seeming to concentrate all her remaining powers of life in that one act. She tried to speak, but she only muttered some inarticulate words which we could not understand ; but we gathered from a feeble gesture which she made that she wished to present the paper to her father. He took it ; but all his faculties seemed paralysed, and he could neither read it nor open it : he held it forward to me.

My own hands trembled very much, and my eyes were so dim that I could hardly see, but I made a shift to read it. The paper was an undertaking on the part of her father's detaining creditor to abandon all his claims on her father on the morning of the daughter's marriage with him. My poor friend looked at the stone walls of his cell, and then at his daughter : he could not speak ; but I could see what was passing in his mind : his looks spoke as plainly as words that he would gladly have remained in prison to the end of his life, than purchase freedom at such a price ! He knelt down by his daughter's side, and took her hand in his ; he kissed it ; and then he kissed her forehead, and blessed her ! The poor girl smiled a heavenly smile of satisfaction as her father blessed her, and made an effort to speak ;

but she could not! Life was ebbing fast! She made a little motion with her hand, as I stood by crying like a child; but her father shed no tear! I took her hand, and I thought I felt a feeble pressure: it was the poor girl's thanks for the little acts of kindness I had shown to her father! I tried to summon up fortitude to speak some words of consolation, and I asked her, very gently, if she would like to see a clergyman?

She made another motion with her hand, but whether it was an assent or not I could not tell; and I was about to repeat the question, when I was stopped by a hurried knock at the door, as if given by some one in haste. I went to open it, but before I had time to place my hand on the handle, it was opened from the outside, and a young man entered hastily, followed by another gentleman, tall, and in a military frock-coat. The exclamation of Mr. Courtney as they entered revealed at once the name and relationship of the younger one.

"My son!" he exclaimed, in a voice and with an expression of mingled joy and sorrow—"my son! In such a place!—and at such a time! And you, too, Morton!" he exclaimed to the other.

"Louisa!" exclaimed Morton. "My God! how is this?"

At this cherished name, and at the sound of the long-loved voice, the dying Louisa sprang up from the couch as if she had received an electric shock, and opening her eyes, which were lit up with a brilliancy that actually seemed to shed light throughout the cell, she fixed them on Morton, and uttered a scream, so loud, so shrill, so full of agony, that it penetrated into our very souls, while the stone walls of the cell seemed to vibrate with the thrilling sound!

"Edmund!" she cried out, as she raised up her arms and stretched them towards him. It was the first word that she had spoken, and it was her last. Edmund Morton flew to her; but at his approach some dreadful recollection seemed to come over her. She hurriedly felt for the third finger of her left hand; she held it up, and pointed to the fatal ring which encircled it. With a frantic gesture she tore it off and flung it from her. I heard its faint tinkle as it struck on the stone floor. Then, placing her hand on her heart, her head slowly bent forward, like a flower drooping, and her body falling slowly back, she sank on the couch;—she was dead!

"Who has done this?" said Morton, frantically; "and what is the meaning of this ring? Has she been forced to marry? Can it be?" said he, looking at her father with a fearful look of suspicion.

I laid my hand on him and led him from the cell. The son followed us. I took him to the end of the gallery, by the window, where there was no one to overhear us, and there, in few words, I told him the truth of the case. He made no reply; but I saw that he clenched his teeth, and bit his lip till the blood started.

"George," he said, "go to your father."

George Courtney mused for a moment, and went in. I did not like to accompany him at such a time of sorrow, so I remained outside; but he had not been in the room many seconds before he opened the door hastily, and beckoning me in, pointed to his father.

His father was kneeling by the side of poor Louisa; his hands clasped, as if in prayer, and his head leaning forward and resting on

her body. I approached him reverently ; but I was alarmed at a certain air of motionless rigidity which his attitude presented. I went up to him and felt his hand ; he made no sign ! I raised up his head ; he made no resistance ! I felt his pulse ; there was no pulse ! The shock had killed him !

I cannot pretend to describe the anguish of his son ! " Mother ! father ! sister ! "—he kept on repeating—" all dead ! " It was with difficulty that I could force him away from the room to allow the necessary offices to be performed on the bodies of the father and daughter. I got him to my room, where he laid down on the bed in a state of grief which no solace could reach. I sat up with him all night. He asked repeatedly for Morton. And in the morning, when the gate was opened, his impatience to see his friend became excessive, almost to delirium. Alas ! the news of his friend came too soon. An old chum of mine called me out of my room soon after the gate was opened, and asked me if the name of the tall gentleman, whom all the prison by some means had learnt was the lover of Louisa, was not Morton, and at the same time pointed out to me an account in the newspaper headed " Fatal Duel." I could not see to read it in the dusk of the passage, so I took the paper into my room. I was afraid to look at it ; and I stood by the window, holding the paper in my hand. Young Courtney saw by my look that there was something in the paper which concerned him ; and taking it from me, his eye caught the heading of the paragraph, and he ran over it with intense anxiety.

" Thank God," he said, " he is safe ! "

" Who is safe ? " said I.

" Morton is safe ! He has shot the rascal ! He will want me now ; I must go."

Saying this he hastily left me ; and I afterwards learnt that he joined his friend and accompanied him abroad ; but he returned in time to attend the funeral of his father and his sister.

I wish that the sorrows of my tale ended here. But I grieve to tell that the suddenness and terrible nature of the shock of hearing of the death of his mother, and witnessing the death of his father and his sister, all in the same moment, produced a fatal effect on the stunned intellects of George Courtney. He lost his reason,—perhaps it was best that it should be so ; for to the last moment of his existence, if his memory had been preserved, he could not have forgotten the events of that fatal time : I am sure I never shall.

I never heard of Captain Morton afterwards. George Courtney is still living in a private asylum for the insane. I'm sure I wonder how I am still living, after all I have suffered and witnessed of the sufferings of others ! But it cannot be long now before I shall be at rest too ; and after my death, the publication of these Chronicles of the Fleet Prison may do good to my fellow-creatures, as exemplifying some of the consequences of Imprisonment for Debt !

AN INCIDENT, ON THE HIGHWAY.

It was on an autumn evening of the year 1815, less than three months after that great victory which gave peace to Europe, and reopened the Continent to the inquisitive and rambling propensities of English tourists, that a commodious travelling-chariot was seen descending a long steep hill upon the road from Lyons to Geneva. The carriage had one occupant, a gentleman between fifty and sixty years of age, of portly person, and grave but agreeable physiognomy, and whose style of dress and feature at least, as much as the build of his carriage, and the appearance of the respectable elderly servant who sat behind it, denoted him to be an Englishman. Although the wheel of the vehicle was carefully locked, the extreme steepness of the descent, and the badness of the road, which had been much cut up by the passage of artillery and baggage-waggons, compelled the jack-booted postilion to keep his horses at a slow pace. The traveller, however, showed no symptoms of impatience, but appeared rather to enjoy this trifling delay, which gave him an opportunity of contemplating at leisure the charming landscape that lay spread out before him. The road, running along the side of the hill, was bounded on the left by a high bank covered with lofty forest-trees. The oak, the ash, and the sycamore blended their foliage, of which the various hues of green were already beginning to be softened by the rich red-brown tints of autumn, and spread their large limbs across the road, along the edge of which, encouraged by the shade, a luxuriant crop of grass and wild flowers had sprung up. The ground to the right hand sloped downwards, also thickly wooded, till it terminated in an extensive plain, highly cultivated, and exhibiting an agreeable variety of vineyard, corn, and pasture land. From out of various clusters of trees, and on the banks of a river that wound its way through the level, the spires and towers of several village churches were seen rising; whilst small hamlets and detached farm-houses, surrounded by barns, hay-ricks, and the other evidences of rural prosperity, were still more numerous.

To one of these farm-houses, which the traveller was now approaching, his attention was particularly attracted by its rustic beauty and neatness. It was little more than a cottage, but yet of comfortable dimensions for a peasant's dwelling, and it stood within a few yards of the road, from which it was separated by a small garden — a perfect wilderness of flowers. The setting sun threw a golden gleam upon the whitewashed walls of the house, and upon the bright panes of the windows, which were embowered in honeysuckles; and its rays also fell upon the faces of two persons who were standing beneath the trellise porch. One of these was a young girl, apparently about twenty years of age, whose tight-fitting corsage displayed a trim

figure to the best advantage, while her petticoat of striped gingham revealed a neatly-turned foot and ankle. Her countenance, which was piquant and pretty, was now clouded by sorrow, and tears were falling from her large blue eyes over her healthy brown cheek. Her affliction, whatever its cause, seemed shared by her companion, a young man some four or five years older than herself, who stood beside her with a look of concern, almost of despondency, upon his handsome face. He was dressed as a peasant, in jacket and trowsers of coarse dark cloth, but the scrap of red riband displayed on his left breast, the old blue foraging-cap that covered his head, the moustache on his upper lip, and still more his smart erect bearing, were sufficient evidence of his having taken share, like the majority of his countrymen of the same age and class, in one or more of Napoleon's sanguinary campaigns.

To a man like our traveller, who was of a thoughtful and speculative turn of mind, there were the materials for a romance in the appearance and evident grief of this peasant girl and soldier. Whatever imaginary history of their sorrows, however, he might have been disposed to build up, he had little time allowed him wherein to construct it. His carriage had not passed the cottage more than twenty yards when one of the front wheels sank into a rut of unusual depth. By the violence of the shock the axle-tree was broken, the wheel came off, and the vehicle, the top of which was heavily laden with trunks, fell completely over on one side. Before the postilion could dismount, the traveller's servant, who had escaped with a roll in the dust, hastened to the carriage door to extricate his master, and almost at the same instant the young peasant from the cottage stood beside him with a similar intention.

"Is your lordship hurt?" inquired the servant.

"Not materially, James," was the reply of the traveller, who seemed, however, to have difficulty in raising himself. "I believe that I have sprained my ankle. 'Though," added he, as he got upon his feet, evidently with some pain, "perhaps you and that good fellow can lift me out."

The servant jumped upon the side of the carriage, and took hold with both hands of one of his master's arms. The peasant, apparently understanding what was required of him, followed the valet's example, with the exception that he only made use of his right hand. The traveller was a large and heavy man; and the awkwardness of the position in which his two bearers found themselves, standing upon the side of the carriage, and having limited space to turn in, rendered the task of his extrication no easy one.

"Take both hands to it!" said the servant, in French, and somewhat impatiently, to his assistant.

The Frenchman held out his left arm, which he had hitherto allowed to hang by his side. No hand protruded from the loose cuff; and the traveller and his servant now perceived that the limb had been severed at the wrist.

"*Un souvenir de vos compatriotes*," said the soldier, with a slight and somewhat stern smile. "*Mais n'importe!*" added he to the surprised servant, "the right will be sufficient." And by a vigorous

exertion they succeeded in lifting the traveller out of the carriage. Supported between them, he reached the cottage door, where he was received by the young girl, who with natural courtesy and winning kindness of manner ushered him into a neatly-furnished apartment, and brought him a large wicker chair, the best which the place afforded. The tears still wet upon her cheeks, she seemed, with true feminine unselfishness, to forget her own sorrows in her sympathy with the suffering stranger.

The traveller's boot was now removed by his valet, and cold applications, recommended by the latter, who pretended to some medical skill, and decided that the sprain was not a severe one, and in all probability need not delay their journey beyond the following morning. He advised his master, if the thing were possible, to remain at the cottage until then, and to pass the evening in using such remedies as might be likely to prevent inflammation from ensuing. This the traveller was at first unwilling to do; but on learning from the postilion that the nearest town, or even large village, was still nearly four leagues off, he seemed disposed to yield to his servant's persuasions.

"There is probably some country inn within a short distance, where I could get a night's lodging?" he asked of the driver, who stood waiting his orders, and looking considerably crest-fallen at the mishap that had occurred.

"*Aucun*," was the reply,—"not one that Monsieur could lodge in. Nothing better than petty auberges and wine-shops, where they would be puzzled to provide a decent bed, to say nothing of other accommodations. But if Monsieur would like to remain here," suggested the man, "I am sure Mamselle Jeannette will get him a bed as good as he could find from this to Geneva."

"*Oh, avec plaisir!*" exclaimed the young girl. "I should have offered it sooner, but feared we had no room good enough for the gentleman to occupy."

"Tut, tut, Mamselle Jeannette!" returned the postilion; "the gentleman must be very difficult if he is not satisfied with the neatest and nicest farm-house in the country, though there may be larger. He is well to do in the world, *le Père Genton*," continued he, in a sort of half confidential tone, as Jeannette left the room; "and his daughter is the best and prettiest girl for many a league round. But if I remain chattering here, Monsieur's carriage will never be mended by to-morrow. There is a wheelwright at the next post-house, and he shall do it, if he works at it all night. *Merci, Monsieur!*" concluded the garrulous fellow, pocketing the crownpiece which the Englishman handed to him. "Very sorry for the accident; but Monsieur knows it was not my fault. These cursed roads!—there has been nothing done at them since the peace."

And with a profound bow to the generous stranger who thus rewarded him for having upset him he left the room, and the next instant was heard clattering off with the horses.

Whilst his servant was bathing and bandaging his ankle, the traveller remembered the one-handed peasant who had assisted him out of his carriage, and inquired what had become of him.

"He walked away, my lord," replied the attendant, "almost as soon as he had helped your lordship into the house. He is as surly as can be about his hand. I asked him at what battle he had lost it; but he looked blacker than thunder, and I thought would not have answered. At last he muttered out something about *la dernière*; so I suppose it was at Waterloo. I told him he had better not go till your lordship had seen him; but he turned his back upon me and went down the road as stiff and as proud as if he had been Bonaparte himself."

The nobleman smiled.

"You can go, James," said he, "and unpack what may be required for us to pass the night here. And request Mademoiselle Jeannette to come to me when she is at liberty."

James left the room, and in another minute the peasant girl made her appearance.

"You can probably tell me," said the stranger, "where I can find the young man who was standing at the door of your house when this unlucky overturn happened. I should wish to see, and thank him for the assistance he so readily afforded me."

At this inquiry a slight blush suffused Jeannette's cheek, and the tears again started to her eyes.

"You wish to see Victor, sir?" she replied. "He is gone home, and will not be here again. I expect each moment to see my father return; and he is not well pleased when he finds Victor at the house."

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "Monsieur Victor's presence, then, is less agreeable to your father than to yourself?"

"It is, sir, *now*," replied Jeanette, with a sigh, "but it was not always so;—only since Victor lost his hand."

"And when did that misfortune happen to him?"

"This summer, sir, in the great battle with the English. He was a long time in hospital, and has been home but a month. When he came back he found his father dead, and the farm sold; and then my father withdrew his consent to our marriage; and Victor's heart was almost broken by all these misfortunes coming at once, though he is too proud to show how unhappy he is. *Ah, oui, Monsieur, nous sommes bien malheureux!*" said poor Jeannette, struggling vainly to restrain her tears, and turning away to conceal them.

The traveller spoke kindly and soothingly to the weeping girl, assured her of his sympathy with her sorrows, and urged her, if the repetition of them were not too painful, and if she could place so much confidence in a stranger, to inform him more exactly of their nature.

"You speak very kindly, sir," answered Jeanette Genton—"more so than anybody has spoken to me of late; for my father, although I know he loves me, has looked stern and angry because I cannot bear to give up Victor, and because, although I try to look cheerful before him, he sees that my eyes are often red with crying. The misfortunes of a poor peasant girl can have little interest to a gentleman like you, sir," continued she, trying to force a smile; "but since you are good enough to say that they have, I will tell them you, for I think it does me good to talk of them sometimes, instead of keeping them to myself till my heart is like to burst. You must know, then, sir, that

it is now four years since Victor was taken by the conscription to be a soldier. I was then sixteen, and he was twenty, but we had known and loved each other from children up; and our fathers—both our mothers were dead—had agreed to marry us when we should be a few years older. It was a sad parting between Victor Cazaux and myself, for there was fighting going on everywhere, and scarcely a week passed without our hearing of somebody we knew being killed or wounded. Victor was loath to leave me, but he had always had a fancy for a soldier's life; and he told me so much how he should distinguish himself, and come back an officer with an epaulette on his shoulder, and how I should some day find myself a colonel's lady, that he almost persuaded me that nothing but good could happen to one who was so confident in himself and his good fortune.

"The regiment of dragoons into which Victor was drafted was in Spain, and more than two years elapsed before I again saw him; and although he often wrote to me, many of his letters did not arrive. At the end of that time he returned to France, and passed with us one day, during which his regiment halted in our neighbourhood. Then came the Emperor's misfortunes, when he was sent to Elba. There was no more fighting, and Victor was trying to get his discharge, when Napoleon returned, and in the battle by which he was a second time overthrown Victor lost his hand. But this was not his only misfortune. When he was taken for a soldier he left behind him his father, and his elder brother, Louis, who were residing upon their own land, about a league from this. The father was old and infirm. After his death the property was to be divided between the two brothers, and would have enabled both of them to live in comfort. But soon after Victor's departure Louis took to bad courses, drank, and gambled, and neglected the farm. The fields remained untilled, disease spread amongst the cattle, and the riotous living and extravagance of the eldest son, added to ill-luck and mismanagement, were at last cause that house, land, and stock were seized and sold for the payment of creditors. The father died of grief, Louis Cazaux left the country and went no one knew whither; and when Victor returned, a month ago, with a red riband and a corporal's chevrons for sole recompence of his wounds and sufferings, he found himself penniless and without resource."

"And on that account your father refuses his consent to your marriage?" inquired the stranger, who had listened attentively to this simple but touching narrative.

"He does so, sir," replied Jeannette, mournfully: "and although his refusal cuts me to the heart, I cannot deny that he is perhaps in the right. Had Victor, he says, returned home unmaimed, the mere loss of his little property might have been got over. Before he went to the army he was well-skilled in farming: he might still have earned his living, and perhaps in a year or two, by economy and a little assistance, have improved his position, and rented a plot of land. But for this it would be necessary to have both his hands. A man who is beginning the world with nothing, says my father, whether it be the first time or the second, must be able to dig and labour for himself, and not look on whilst others do it for him. I have three

brothers younger than myself, sir," concluded Jeannette : " my father's farm is very small ; and I cannot expect him to take away from their inheritance to keep my husband and myself in idleness. The poor boys would be willing enough that he should do so, but he has forbidden them to talk to him about it ; neither would Victor consent to such a thing, I am sure."

" But is there no pension given," asked the traveller, " to those who suffered wounds or mutilation during the late wars ?"

" The most wretched pittance," replied the girl — " a few sous a day. Certainly no resource to marry upon," she added, with a melancholy smile. " And even that, it is said, Victor will perhaps not get, because he was one of those who declared for the Emperor as soon as he landed from Elba. So he thinks of setting out to-morrow for Paris, and trying to find his old colonel, who, he hopes, will perhaps get him some employment for which his maimed arm shall not incapacitate him. But I fear that his colonel may have too many such applications, and perhaps too little power, to do much for Victor. Nevertheless, one cannot help hoping, you know, sir."

Any further inquiries that the traveller might have wished to make concerning Jeannette's sorrows were cut short by the entrance of the Père Genton, a hale, respectable-looking peasant of sixty. He made his unexpected visitor welcome, deplored the accident that had occurred to him, and trusted that his daughter had attended to all his wants and wishes.

" We are told that we have no particular reason to love your countrymen, sir," said he : " and certainly there have been some hard knocks passing between us of late years ; but heaven forbid that Paul Genton should grudge assistance to a stranger in difficulty, whatever his nation may be. All that is here is heartily at your service."

And turning to Jeannette, he desired her to make preparations for supper, which was soon displayed upon a coarse but snow-white table-cloth.

In the course of the evening the Englishman took an opportunity, when alone with Genton, of adroitly putting him upon the subject of his daughter's interrupted marriage ; and from him he heard the same account of the affair which Jeannette had already given. The farmer deplored the necessity he was under of preventing the union of the two young people, but had no difficulty in proving, what his daughter had already admitted, that such a union would, under the circumstances, be highly imprudent, and indeed unjustifiable. Victor's unfortunate wound rendered it impossible for him to support a family unless he had sufficient capital to enable him to dispense in a great measure with his own labour. The stranger admitted the justice of the argument, and the subject was dropped.

Two wheelwrights, who had for some time been working at the carriage, now departed, saying that they would return at daybreak and complete the repairs. It was still early ; but the Englishman, fatigued by his day's journey, and desirous to repose his sprained ankle, which, however, was already considerably benefited by his servant's prescriptions, expressed a wish to retire to bed. His host led the way to a room upon the first floor, the simple fittings and

scanty furniture of which were fully redeemed by the exquisite cleanliness and order that prevailed in it.

"This is Jeannette's room," said Genton, as he ushered in the traveller. "It is the best we have; and she thought Monsieur would be most comfortable here. The bed may not be as soft as those he is used to sleep in; but I am sure Monsieur can never have had a cleaner one. The sheets are just come in from the bleaching-ground, and still smell of the thyme and rosemary they have been lying upon." And wishing his guest a good night's rest, he left the apartment.

On getting up the next morning, the Englishman experienced much less inconvenience from his ankle, which appeared to be rather bruised than sprained, and he made no doubt of being able to continue his journey without risk, at least as far as Geneva. Whilst his servant was assisting him to dress, and he himself was musing over poor Jeannette's story, which had interested him in no small degree, he had his attention attracted by a piece of painted canvass that was fastened by four nails against the wall in a recess of his bed-chamber, above a small rudely-carved slab, on which stood a crucifix and a receptacle for holy water. The picture had the appearance of having been cut out of its frame, and afterwards subjected to considerable ill-treatment. The paint was clipped in one or two places, and the corners were creased and broken, but the body of the picture remained almost uninjured, although the various colours were scarcely distinguishable through the thick coating of dirt by which they were overlaid. The subject was Christ bearing his Cross; and the painter, whoever he was, had known how to give to the countenance a remarkably beautiful, almost a painful, expression of resignation and suffering—suffering mental rather than corporeal. The physical agony endured, the thorns that pierced his brow, the grievous weight of the heavy cross, the stripes and bruises inflicted on him, seemed forgotten by the sufferer in the far greater anguish with which he mourned for the people whom God had once chosen.

Dirty and defaced though the picture was, and placed in the darkest corner of the low and imperfectly-lighted room, the stranger remained for some minutes gazing at it, apparently fascinated by the beauty of expression already referred to. His toilet being completed, he descended the stairs, and found that the farmer had been obliged to go out, but that Jeannette was busied preparing for her guest the best breakfast that dairy, poultry-yard, and orchard could supply. Whilst partaking of the meal he inquired of her whence she had got the picture that hung in the room in which he had passed the night.

"It was Victor who left it here," replied she, "when he returned from Spain. His regiment had had a deal of hardship, always fighting and marching, and some of them were terribly ragged, their uniforms faded and equipment deficient. Victor's valise was so tattered that with the least rain its contents got wetted, and to protect them he wrapped round it that old picture, which he had found in a house where he had been quartered on the other side of the Pyrenees. When he came to see us here, he got a new valise, and threw away the other; but I saved the picture, because, though old and dirty, I thought it a fitting subject to hang up over my *prie-Dieu*."

"You would probably regret parting with it," said the stranger, "as it is a present from Monsieur Victor?"

"Oh no, sir!" replied Jeannette, "it was no present. He had thrown it aside and thought no more of it,—indeed had left us before I perceived and took possession of it. And if you would like the picture, sir, pray take it. If I valued it more, I should still be glad to give it to a gentleman who has been so kind to me as you have."

"I *should* like to have it," said the stranger, "since you can give it without regret. I am fond of old pictures; and this appears to me to be a curious and interesting one."

Without another word, Jeannette ran up stairs and returned with the painting. The Englishman took it to the window, examined it for a few moments with attention, and then rolling it up, desired his servant to place it in a corner of the carriage, which was now standing at the door with post-horses harnessed to it, and sufficiently repaired to continue the journey.

"I think you said that Victor sets off for Paris to day," said the traveller to his young hostess. "Though he came last night to take leave of you, yet as his farewell was interrupted by my arrival, he will probably wish to see you again previously to his departure?"

Jeannette supposed—thought it likely—indeed was almost sure that Victor would call at the farm "*pour un seul moment*," before he commenced his journey.

"I have some friends at Paris," resumed the stranger, smiling benevolently at her embarrassment, "who I am certain have it in their power to be very useful to him in procuring the employment he wishes to obtain. If you think he would like to have a letter of recommendation to them, I shall be happy to write one, which he can take with him and present."

Jeannette's eyes sparkled at this offer; and she had no occasion to use words to express the joy with which it inspired her. The Englishman called to his servant to bring him writing materials, and sitting down at a table, wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, which he folded, sealed, and addressed to Monsieur Victor Cazaux.

"Give this to Victor," said he; "and keep this for yourself," he added, pressing upon the hesitating girl a ring of some value; "it will do for a wedding-ring," were his last words, as he got into his carriage, which the next instant rolled rapidly away.

In less than an hour after his departure Victor was seen coming down the road, with a knapsack on his shoulders and a stout stick in his hand. The expression of his face, although sad, was composed and resolute: he had nerved himself for a painful parting with his mistress; and it was with much surprise that on entering the house he saw Jeannette advance to meet him with smiles upon her pretty face, instead of the tears he had expected to find there. The grave, kind manner of the stranger had inspired her with confidence: she had faith in the efficacy of the letter he had given her, and hope had replaced despondency in her breast.

"I have a letter for you, Victor," she exclaimed, as soon as she saw her lover.

"For me!" exclaimed the astonished Victor. "And from whom?"

Without replying to his question, she handed him the Englishman's letter. He glanced at the superscription in undiminished surprise, and then hastily broke the seal. But scarcely had he cast his eyes upon the contents when he turned very pale, the paper dropped from his hand, and he sank, rather than sat down, upon a chair.

The letter contained a draft upon a well-known Paris banker, in favour of Monsieur Victor Cazaux, and for the sum of ten thousand francs.

The little history we have told is no fiction. In the small but choice collection of paintings formed by the late Earl of * * *, a nobleman known alike for his benevolence and his enthusiastic love of art, may still be seen a cabinet picture of the Saviour bearing his Cross. It is one of the scarce and beautiful productions of the Spanish painter Morales, surnamed "the Divine." During the lifetime of the Earl, who was no braggart of his good deeds, only two or three intimate friends were aware of the circumstances under which it had come into his possession. To those friends it was well known, that although he had several paintings of greater price in his gallery, there were none which he beheld with greater pleasure than the one by the purchase of which he had effected the happiness of two humble but deserving fellow-creatures.

LA REINE FORTE ET DURE.

Inquisitor.

WHERE be your thumb-screws? Set the wheel in sight; —
Heat hot your pincers; — make the furnace glow: —
If there be feeling in his stubborn flesh: —
If limbs will writhe, bones ache, or wrench'd joints crack —
If quivering nerves will shrink at bleeding eyes
Digg'd out with red-hot prong from madden'd skull —
I'll tear the secret from him!

Musk.

We'll spare no skill. — If hemp and screw will hold,
We'll squeeze his very thoughts from out their cells! —
But I have known the wretch to whom *confession*
Were worse than direst tortures of the rack!

Inquisitor.

Prepare!

The Victim: a Tragedy.

"LADY BARBARA'S WHITE ROSE."

A TALE OF THE COURT OF JAMES THE FIRST.

PROUD Whitehall was blazing with light and beauty. Cavaliers, the noblest and handsomest that England could boast, wandered through the gorgeous apartments, and ladies, the fairest the world could show, swept along in the graceful Coranto, or listlessly reclined on velvet couches, playing with the jewelled feather fan. It was the most splendid revel of the season. Inigo Jones had planned the magnificent pageant; rare Ben Jonson had composed the masque, rich with his own glorious poetry: and now masque and pageant alike over, the high and mighty James, surrounded by a chosen circle, stood speechifying, in his own inimitable manner, on jesuitism, witchcraft, puritanism, and that subject dearer than all, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;" and his son, with that melancholy brow, which to the Italian astrologer foreshadowed his fate, sate in moody silence, while the royal favourite, Buckingham, passed along — the admired and worshipped of all beholders — nodding to one, laughing with another, or leading some belle of the court a few turns through the mazes of the dance. Little interest did the king or his son awaken; but the favourite, magnificent beyond even regal splendour, and handsome beyond most of his contemporaries, was in the banqueting rooms of Whitehall — as indeed he was felt to be throughout the kingdom — the most important personage of all present.

Many an eager eye was fixed upon Buckingham, many an ear anxiously listened to catch his words, although they might be mere passing remarks, or mere passing compliments; and when he stepped beside the recess, where an aged man, and a delicately fair girl, his daughter, were sitting, every eye was fixed upon the group. The conversation between the favourite and the old man was long; and at length, taking the fair girl's passive hand, he led her forth among the circling dancers, and gracefully stepped a measure.

The maiden was very beautiful; but her beauty was of that delicate kind which half escapes cursory observation: and as she glided, with downcast eyes and mournful brow, as though her thoughts were far away, through the mazes of the dance, many wondered that from among so many more brilliant beauties, the favourite should have chosen that pale maiden. But while many wondered, and anxiously inquired who that maiden — for she was unknown at court — could be, there was one who followed her, with eyes flashing with rage, and with cheek as pale with suppressed emotion as her own — the Lady Barbara, who had for the whole winter kept the capricious and wayward favourite at her feet, and who, secure in her matchless beauty and talents, had feared not, despite of the intrigues of his politic mo-

ther, to believe him her own. Who could this maiden be, on whose downcast brow Buckingham was gazing so earnestly? Who could she be who could receive too the attention of the all-commanding favourite with such listless indifference?

The Lady Barbara, with violent effort, assumed a calm air; she began conversing again with the cavaliers who stood duteously around her, and carelessly inquired the name of the maiden who had alike attracted their attention. She was, it appeared, the daughter of an old and wealthy Leicestershire knight, one Sir Wilfred Beaumanoir, who had lately come to town respecting a lawsuit; and it was conjectured that as he came from the same county from whence the family of the favourite came, he might probably have been known to the favourite's late father, Sir George Villiers.

"A worthy old knight is Sir Wilfred," said one, "but given, 'tis said, as much to astrology, and such like studies, as my Lady Buckingham. Why, his very appearance at court, they say, hath been put off until now, through waiting for a fortunate day."

The Lady Barbara fixed her dark eyes intently on the speaker. "A fortunate day for *him*!" said she.

"No, for his darling daughter, who he verily believes is to attain high fortune in London," was the reply.

"What, is he then the country knight who hath purchased that jewel of Battista Croce, for which he asked three-score pounds, — the onyx sigil, I mean?" said the second speaker.

"I know not," replied the first; "but 'tis likely enow, seeing that he is wholly bent on such wild fancies."

"Nay, call them not wild fancies," replied the second. "I may not say, but I believe in them; and so, I well know, doth my Lady Barbara."

"Lady Barbara, thus addressed, looked up as though aroused from an anxious dream. "Who cannot but believe in them?" said she, earnestly; and again her eyes turned to the tall and graceful figure of Buckingham, winding his way through the mazes of the Coranto, and to the fair partner beside him.

The dance at length ended, Buckingham replaced the timid girl by the side of her father, and joined the circle where his "dear dad and gossip" was still edifying his admiring auditors with the outpourings of his right-royal wisdom. Still and statue-like sat Lady Barbara, heedless — indeed, not even hearing the compliments addressed to her, until the conversation of the group beside her again returned to the old Leicestershire knight and his fair daughter.

"She is truly lovely!" said one; "and methinks the name '*Venezia la Bella*' becomes her well."

"What said you of *Venezia*?" cried Lady Barbara, fixing her eyes on the speaker with a wildness that startled the whole company.

"That yonder fair maiden's name is *Venetia* — *Venetia Beaumanoir*, Lady Barbara."

The lady clasped her hands, and looked wildly upwards. "*Guarda la Venezia*," said Battista Croce to me. "O fool that I was to think of Venice. It was of a rival, of this *Venetia*, I was to beware!" Her scarcely articulate words were understood by no one, but her

deadly paleness and violent agitation were plainly marked by all : and when Lady Barbara was led away, many conjectures were made as to the cause of her sudden illness, but all were far from the truth.

It was in vain that the British Solomon fulminated his anathemas in his delectable "Demonologic" against those detestable slaves of the devil, witches and enchanters, — vain even the statutes which awarded the penalty of death to all suspected of dealing in what was certainly appropriately called the black art ; for during his reign, beyond every other period, the thirst for forbidden knowledge pervaded every rank of society, and the fearful profligacy of a court, which, though presided over by one who chose to call himself Heaven's vicegerent upon earth, far more nearly resembled a Pandemonium, encouraged the efforts of the vilest wretches, who, although they might possess little skill in reading the secrets of futurity, were assuredly adepts in the black art of poisoning. Numerous were the adventurers who at this period took up their residence in the outskirts of the metropolis, prepared to wring a precarious livelihood for themselves from the hopes and fears and superstition of others ; and perhaps the place where beyond every other the greatest number had congregated was Golden Lane, a district still the abode of deep poverty and ignorance and vice, but not, as then, the resort of the high-born cavalier, and fair but profligate court lady.

In a court leading into this disreputable locality, where the usurer plied his trade, which led his dupes to eat of the prison basket, or perhaps to end their career at Tyburn, and his fitting associate, the scrivener, sat ready to alter deeds, or forge wills, at the behest of the penniless heir or the desperate gamester, — where the "white witch" followed her silly calling of pretending to cure every disease with "herbes of marvellous efficacy, being alle pulled upwarde y^e thirde night of y^e newe moon," and the dealer in perfumes — mostly a foreigner — offered "the Countess of Suffolk's bloom," or "the most absolute liquor of perfection," to plant the roses of youth on the withered cheek, or, cautiously to the better-known customer, "powder, number six," whose deadly efficacy had often been proved, and even the more deadly "Aqua Tofana," — in this court, sit abode, and amid fitting companionship — dwelt a woman who had long been celebrated as a dealer in charms. The mystery that hung around her — for even her name was still unknown — had probably increased her fame ; for numerous were her customers ; and often, when day began to close, the cavalier, wrapt in his wide riding-cloak, his rank indicated alone by the white leather boot, soiled and grim from the miry pavement, might be seen cautiously tapping at the closely shut door, or the court lady, shrouded from view by the velvet mask and ample muffler, and followed by one muffled attendant, would steal along the unaccustomed way, fearful of notice, yet sure to obtain it, from the stateliness of bearing which neither disguise nor apprehension could wholly conceal.

Such was the lady who, in the twilight, stopped at the door, at which she tapped thrice, and was instantly admitted. The mask

was hastily laid aside, and the beautiful, but pale and care-worn features of Lady Barbara met the view of the dealer in charms.

"You are ill, my lady," said she: "and I wonder not. Last night was enow to drive the roses from your cheek. But fear not; all will still be well."

Lady Barbara looked anxiously, almost wonderingly, at the speaker; for though she believed her possessed of supernatural knowledge, she scarcely expected to find her information extending to the particulars of the last night's events. "How *can* all be well?" said she.

"Easily, Lady Barbara. This girl is but just come from the country. We must frighten her, and send her back again."

"Ah, but is she not the dreaded rival against whom I was warned? 'Beware,' said Battista Croce, 'beware of Venetia!' Alas! in his Italian phrase I believed he meant Venice; but it was at *her* he pointed."

"He did so, doubtless; for few have his knowledge. But still fear not, Lady Barbara; we must counterwork; and to that end I have caused her nurse to be sent to, and ere long she will be here."

"Her nurse! — and coming here?"

"Yes, — and to know what the good fortune of last night portended. Sir Wilfred is half wild with joy, they say; and so is my lady nurse: but the poor girl is quite woe-begone; so she thinks, perchance, she is bewitched."

"Woe-begone! — and so highly honoured by *him*: bewitched, indeed! Would that that bewitchment might continue! But how knew you this?"

"Lady Barbara, what is there *I* know not? So I caused a letter to be sent, bidding my lady nurse, who hath great power over Sir Wilfred, to come here, for that by the stars I have discovered great good fortune in store for her. The nurse was inquiring, as I thought she would, after a cunning woman even when the letter met her, so she will be here ere long."

Meanwhile an elderly personage, in a sober-coloured gown of broad cloth, with stiff ruff of lawn edged with bone lace, and a silk scarf which she wrapped about her, and looked at with no little pride, entered the court, and cautiously made her way towards the very house where the dealer in charms and the Lady Barbara were engaged in close colloquy. Her knock was the signal for the lady to conceal herself, while the "cunning woman" advanced, welcomed her new customer, and by skilful questions and suggestions soon obtained all the information Lady Barbara required, at the same time impressing the old woman so forcibly with a belief of her supernatural powers as to send her away absolutely awe-struck.

"A marvellous woman! — she knows every thing!" said the nurse, as she rejoined her companion, a fellow-servant, who, not without many misgivings, had waited at the end of the court; "she knows all about why Sir Wilfred came to London, and my young lady's good fortune last night too; and she saith great things are in store for her if we do but follow her bidding: but one thing she saith that I doubt if my worthy master will agree to, and that is, to bring her the

charm that is tied round my young lady's neck, and for which he gave so many pounds."

"Good nurse, surely you did not tell her of *that*, when the outlandish man said it was to be kept quite secret?"

"Nay, she told *me*;— for she's a marvellous woman, and said it was a charm of great power, but that if it were brought to her she could make it ten times more powerful."

"It is very strange," replied her companion; "but I fear she dealth with evil spirits. Truly I would counsel ye to have nought to do with her."

"Nay, nay, 'twere folly to throw away good luck. And if she makes this great match for my young lady, what is it to us how she doth it?"

"Look, Lady Barbara," said the dealer in charms, as, a few evenings after, the fair court lady sat in the mean room of the unprincipled adventurer, "the talisman is yours: tie it round your neck, go boldly to the masque to-morrow, and see if your wayward tassel will not again seek his broken chain."

Lady Barbara clutched the precious jewel eagerly,—precious intrinsically, but far, far more precious from the value with which superstition had invested it. That fair and perfect agate, so beautifully engraved, set so richly in purest gold—it was not its beauty, its perfection, its cost, but its power of drawing favour toward the wearer, of attracting those whom she willed to attract, that rendered it so precious in the eyes of Lady Barbara.

"Oh, how greatly am I bound to you," said she to the woman. "Take my purse: but though filled with gold, it is an inadequate guerdon."

"Many thanks, lady," replied the dealer in charms; "but such as we often run great risk. Even now there are those who seek to ruin me. Promise but that in my hour of need you will stand my friend, and my utmost services are yours."

In an age when the most abandoned women so frequently obtained the protection of noble ladies, and set justice at defiance, shall we wonder that such a payment was asked, and that the lady Barbara pledged herself to stand, if need there were, between the reputed witch and her deserved punishment? "I will,—so fear not: only serve me faithfully," was the reply. "Precious jewel!" continued she, fastening the agate round her neck. "Ay, 'Venetia la Bella,' make much of thy counterfeit: little thinkest thou that the true one is here."

Again proud Whitehall was blazing with light and beauty—again the fairest and the noblest were assembled; and, resplendent in jewels and in beauty, Lady Barbara took her place among them. But although the favour-bringing talisman hung round her neck, her tassel returned not at her call. Buckingham, changeful and wayward, had grown weary of a devotion which had lasted the whole winter, and was not unwilling to seek a newer lady-love. Again he danced with the fair Venetia, and again—the prey of the fiercest jealousy—Lady Barbara returned home.

Had the dealer in charms deceived her? No, for the jewel was

shown to Battista Croce, and he acknowledged it was his workmanship. Wherefore this change then? The stars were not sinister. And Lady Barbara pored over her horoscope, and sought again and again the dealer in charms, to endeavour to account for the caprice of the wayward favourite.

Meanwhile, the health of the fair Venetia slowly declined; she sorrowed for her native place, and the companions she had left behind: but, engaged in the furtherance of his lawsuit, and anticipating the highest fortune for his darling child, Sir Wilfred Beaumanoir resisted her earnest entreaties to return to Leicestershire.

Spring passed, summer came on, the court were about to remove to Theobald's, when one afternoon, out by the fields, then lone and unfrequented, although long since thickly covered with houses, a masked and muffled figure, attended by a servant almost as closely muffled as her mistress, stood beneath some trees at some distance from the path—scarcely traceable, for so few passed that way—apparently anxiously waiting. Ere long a third female figure, equally shrouded from view, joined them; and the servant, retiring to some distance, left the two to their colloquy. The reader need scarcely be told that these were the dealer in charms and Lady Barbara, who, now that the lengthened days no longer suffered her to visit the woman at her own house, had chosen this unfrequented spot to meet her.

"And does she *really* return forthwith to Leicestershire?" was the hurried inquiry.

"No. Sir Wilfred hath taken lodgings at Enfield, — both for the air, and that he may be near the court."

"Impossible! Said you not that you could so work on the fears of the nurse that they should all leave London,—ay, leave for ever?"

"I did so, Lady Barbara, but some mighty influence hath baffled all my plans."

"Baffled, indeed! There's some hidden charm still—some cursed talisman—at Enfield! at Enfield! Would she were in her grave!"

"And little would send her thither. Poor girl, she's far from health; and so her nurse will come to me to-morrow for a *cordial drink*, forsooth. Shall I make her one?" and the woman fixed her eyes emphatically on Lady Barbara.

"Ay, well can *you* make it. She looks pale too; she cannot live through the summer."

"I am ever ready to do my lady's bidding," replied the woman; "but mine is a dangerous calling. The risk is great; and surely Lady Barbara will bear me harmless?"

"Rely on it. Have I not promised?"

"But should I fall into trouble, some token, however small, by which I might let my lady know without risking a message?"

Lady Barbara paused, but it was not to revoke her well-understood hint; it was not that she feared putting herself farther into the power of the wretched woman, for tokens such as she asked had been given even by the favourite's mother to her agents, and had been found powerful enough to open their prison doors: but she paused, uncertain what to give her. The table-diamond that sparkled on her delicate finger was too valuable; so was the ruby carcanet that

hung on her white bosom; the bracelet had been the gift of her godfather. What should she give her? At length she took an artificial white rose, which was fastened to her bodice by a silver lace. "I once valued that rose greatly," said she, giving it; "and well shall I know it again—Be secret—be certain. Farewell!"

The woman returned to her home, Lady Barbara to her noble mansion; and with smiles on her brow she glided through the dance that night.

* * * * *

Three days passed away, and Lady Barbara, in her velvet carroch, was returning to London from a visit to her godfather, anxious, yet almost fearful, to learn that intelligence which she dared not openly seek after, when a violent storm came on; and while the dappled horses and the velvet carroch were placed for shelter beneath an out-building, the fair court lady and her waiting women were compelled to accept the accommodation which the best room of a way-side inn could afford them.

Through the thin partition and threadbare hangings, the loud and earnest conversation of the men in the kitchen might be plainly heard; and soon did Lady Barbara discover that the subject of conversation, which was the news just brought from London, was that in which she, beyond all others, was most interested.

"Ay," said a rough voice, "more poisonings,—and another Mistress Turner's business;—but I'll warrant me, some of your fine court ladies are in it."

"No doubt on't. But is the poor young creature really dead?"

"Why, 'twas the strangest chance. An old nurse goes to a vile witch in Golden Lane, thinking her a wise woman, and asketh for a cordial drink for her young lady. So this servant of the devil giveth her a bottle. The old woman takes it home, and pours it into a tall Venice glass, when, ere the poor young lady could drink it, her little dog leaps on the table, overthrows it, and begins to lap it, when, behold you, in three minutes he lies dead! There was bustle enow, I promise you; but the best part of the news is, that the witch is now safe in Newgate, for I saw her carried there."

"Nay, good man, better news an' ye had seen her at Tyburn," replied another; "for depend on't the court lady, at whose bidding she did it, will get her off after all."

"Nay, I heard nought of court ladies, though I'll warrant me there is one, as I said."

"And I'll warrant, then, that the witch holdeth some token whereby she will be saved from the gallows. Would that I knew who that court lady was. But depend on't she'll be found out after all."

Lady Barbara heard no more; she had fainted.

"No wonder," said her chief waiting woman, "no wonder, poor lady, frightened with the storm, and then put into this close, low, shabby room, and a set of noisy clowns swilling their beer just beside us;—faugh! I should not be surprised if I fainted myself."

"Only hear yonder madam, with her silk gown, forsooth," muttered the angry hostess. "Fainted! Marry come up. I've heard that these

fine waiting women ape their ladies in every thing, so I trow they take up with cast-off fainting fits, as well as with cast-off gowns."

Lady Barbara returned sick in body, but far more sick at heart; her deadly plan had failed: and, oh, on the brink of what awful danger she stood! Mere country clowns had talked of some court lady having instigated the wretched woman to her deadly work. Would not wiser men say the same? Many, many were the anxious hours she passed in forming the wildest schemes. At length, when the dreaded message came that a person wished to see her, — *her alone*, — she took her stern determination. "Bid the woman meet me when I ride out in the Park to-morrow," said she to her favourite waiting woman, "I can then speak to her without suspicion."

Morning came, and in richest attire, beaming with beauty, radiant with smiles, Lady Barbara, on her milk-white jennet, followed by her serving men, rode to the Park, while one highly-honoured cavalier kept close beside her bridle rein. Erelong a woman, carefully muffled, was seen approaching them; but even when she came near, Lady Barbara's smile forsook not her brow. Waving her hand to her companion, she urged her palfrey a short distance onward, and commenced, as it seemed, an earnest conversation with this woman, who carried somewhat in her hand. There was nothing to awaken suspicion in this, for women with trinkets or perfumes for sale were often to be found in the Park at this period; nor did her companion apprehend danger, until a loud shriek startled him, and he hastened to the lady just in time to save her from falling. "Cause her to be seized," said Lady Barbara, in a faint whisper; "she hath sought to poison me with a *white rose*."

Too occupied with his fainting charge was the cavalier to give the order, nor, when Lady Barbara heard that the woman had escaped — for she felt that her fatal secret was safe — was she displeased. The belief — perhaps a correct one — that artificial flowers could be poisoned so as to produce instant death to the person smelling them, was general at this period, and this had suggested to Lady Barbara the scheme of pretending that the woman who was charged with the token flower had been sent to take away her life. That the fairest of the court ladies should be in danger of such murderous attempts, seemed likely enough; and so the high and mighty James edified a select circle that very evening with a dissertation on the fearful abounding of poisoners, as well as of witches, and on the singular chance that the lives of two court ladies should have been attempted, but, happily, attempted in vain; adding, that the vile witch who was then in Newgate should be put on her trial on the morrow, and hanged forthwith.

And so it was. The confession that she made was disbelieved: for had not all London heard of the story of Lady Barbara and the poisoned white rose? And while the preparer of the deadly draught swang at Tyburn, she who had directed its making, surrounded by sympathising friends, received their congratulations on her wondrous escape, and heard with scarcely suppressed joy the intelligence that Sir Wilfred Beaumanoir and his darling daughter had quitted London, fearful of a longer stay, and had returned, determined never again to seek court favour, to Leicestershire.

Many years passed away. The wayward favourite was married; and Lady Barbara, who had also married, now resided in Northamptonshire. A splendid entertainment was about to be given by Lord Sondes, and invitations were sent to all the neighbouring nobility and gentry, and among them to the Lady Barbara and her husband.

The bright summer's day passed pleasantly; and as evening drew on, the company in separate groups paced along the terraced walks of the garden, or wandered in the Park, where a succession of masques and pageants had already amused the guests, and where the performers in their quaint apparel still lingered. It was now clear twilight; many of the guests were preparing to depart, when a female figure, closely masked, but bearing the attributes of Flora, her head flower-crowned, and her lap filled with flowers, advanced with stately step from among the neighbouring trees, and with courteous obeisance passed along, gliding from one group to another, and presenting a beautiful flower to each lady. The Lady Barbara was sitting at a short distance from her companions; and it was observed that as the masked figure drew near to her she started. The figure approached quite close,—it was thought she whispered some words,—when a faint cry was heard, and a convulsive shudder was observed to pass over her; but ere a moment passed, the mask had vanished, and Lady Barbara lay lifeless on the green sward, a white rose fastened with a silver lace close beside her.

Swift pursuit was made after the mask, but nought could be discovered, either who she was, or from whence; but when the white rose was seen by the Lady Barbara's favourite attendant, too well did she recognise it; and then she confessed how her lady had given that very rose to the witch of Golden Lane, and how she had refused to acknowledge that pledge, when it was brought to her by the woman's sister, and who now had doubtless poisoned her.

The Lady Barbara was buried privately; for the story had flown far and wide: but for many generations the neighbouring peasantry firmly believed that in the summer twilight, just under the clump of elms beneath which her last breath was drawn, Lady Barbara, fair and stately, but with horror-struck features, might be dimly seen gazing intently on the fatal white rose which she held in her hand.

EPIGRAM.

Of all pursuits which stir up men's suspicion,
The sorriest is "a trading politician."

The Patriot.

CORN LAWS AND FREE TRADE.

BY THE SON OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT.

IN the last number of the Magazine appeared a curious correspondence between the "Society for the Emancipation of Industry" and the Anti-Corn League, in which the Society invited the League to discuss the question of a Free-Trade in Gold, and on the effect of the present system of the Currency on the question of Free-Trade in Corn, and of Free-Trade generally. To this invitation the League returned a reply, declining to enter into the discussion!

The League, however, although it thus repudiates "free-trade" in discussion, continues to put forward with all the influence which talent, money, and energy can command, its war-cry of "Cheap Bread." It is to this point that we think it may be useful to direct the public attention by a few brief observations.

It cannot be denied, that of all popular watchwords, the cry of "Cheap Bread" is likely to be most popular, and to enlist under its banner the largest number of persons. Every one desires to buy cheap; and of all cheap articles bread seems to be the one most desirable to buy cheapest; the proposition seems to be self-evident; it requires more than ordinary boldness to assure a starving multitude that bread may be cheap, but not, therefore, more easy of attainment; — unhappily, it is difficult to reach with argument and logic those classes who are most susceptible of popular excitement, and whose prejudices are the most readily to be enlisted in favour of this popular outcry.

There is one specious plea put forward by the advocates for the abolition of the Corn Laws, which deserves special consideration, and that is, their argument for placing the price of corn on what they call its "natural level." By this phrase "natural level," we presume, is meant that the price of corn ought to be abandoned to the operation of those natural causes, which would determine its price in this country according to the general quantity of corn produced in other countries, and the cost of such production. Now, if this country was in a natural state, and if all the employments of industry in this country were in a natural state, instead of being, as they are, a complicated system of political, commercial, and social policy, we can easily understand that it would be fair to leave the price of corn to that natural level which such a state of things would allow. But the advocates for the support of the agricultural interest contend, that as the whole system of this country is artificial, you cannot forcibly introduce this "natural level" system into the unnatural system which exists without disturbing detrimentally the whole artificial fabric. "What then," say the abolitionists, "is it wise to raise artificially the price of corn, the staff of life, the principal article of food for the labouring classes?" To this we reply, that the supporters of the agriculturists say no such thing. They say that the price of corn is artificially raised by taxation; not by the farmers for their own benefit, but by the

State for its own uses; and that it would be unwise, as it would be unfair, so long as that taxation exists, to refuse to the agriculture of the country some protection from the competition of those countries in which the same taxation does not exist. They say likewise, that the whole of the monetary arrangements of this country are artificial; that the National Debt is an extraordinary piece of artificial contrivance, of great curiosity and perhaps of great utility; but that its effect is to increase the price of all articles of production, and of corn among the rest; and they say that to expect that a natural price can result from an artificial cost, is not only unwise but absurd. It is unfair to say that the Corn Laws increase the price of corn, meaning by that price the necessary cost and the not less necessary profit of its production; they do not add to this price; their only operation is to support it, in order to ensure to the whole community a steady and a certain supply of so important a commodity, and to obviate the danger of relying on the production, and on the will and caprice of foreign countries, in times of war as well as of peace, for a principal article of food. We contend that the Corn Laws do not cause the high price; that high price is produced mainly by high taxation; in the same way that other restrictive laws on the importation of foreign articles of produce or manufacture do not *cause* the like articles of domestic production to be high in price, but they support the prices which have been made high by other causes; or, in other words, they prevent the injustice of admitting the manufacture of the foreigner, who is taxed little, from competing with the home manufacturer, who is taxed much.

Let us take another view of the question. In the winter of 1821-2 the price of wheat was forty shillings a quarter. Now is it not the fact, that while the corn was thus low the agricultural labourer was in a condition of extreme distress, and that, deprived of employment, nothing but the humane interposition of the Poor Laws — when the Poor Laws still preserved the character of humanity with which the ancient statute of Elizabeth invested them — saved him from positive starvation? But was nobody benefited by this cheap corn? Were the manufacturers benefited? Surely, if cheap corn is to be of advantage to any one, it must be most of advantage to them. What is the fact? The extreme distress of the manufacturing districts at that time surpassed even the distress of the present year. Notwithstanding the cheapness of bread, the unemployed artisan could not buy it. He ate it as charity, not as the remuneration for labour. And why was this? The cheap bread so delusively held out as the greatest of benefits which the labouring population could attain — this cheapening of bread by making it not worth while for the farmer to carry on his tillage and to give employment to agricultural labourers — deprived the manufacturer of his most valuable class of customers, the home consumer. Thus, in 1822, on one side was cheap bread, which the manufacturing artisan wanted; and on the other side was cheap manufactures, which the agricultural labourer craved for, while neither was able to purchase the production of the other. The cheapness of each, in fact, put an end to the production of either, and the cessation of production causing a cessation of employment, the,

working-man's commodity, labour, became cheaper than manufactures or corn, and consequently there could be obtained less in exchange for it than before.

But who, then, is benefited by cheap corn, and a general corresponding cheapness of all the produce of labour? All those who live on fixed incomes; all those who live on the interest of the National Debt, and on the produce of the taxes. It is to these classes that low prices are a positive gain; for they receive in proportion to the depreciation of the value of labour more than they have a right to receive, and more than the nation in its capacity of debtor contracted to pay. When corn was eighty shillings a quarter, the money of individuals was borrowed by the State, and the nation agreed to mortgage its labour on the calculation of such a system of prices; when corn is forty shillings a quarter, it is as clear as the sun at noonday that it costs the national debtor two quarters instead of one to pay so much of the interest of the National Debt. And if the wages of labour fall, as they uniformly do, to the level of the low price of bread and other commodities, it is equally clear that it costs the labourer double the quantity of his property—that is, his labour—to pay his quota to the national creditor. So that it would appear of low prices generally, that they operate against the interests of the poor, and in favour of the interests of the rich; for as the interest of the National Debt must be paid, whatever may be the state of prices, high or low, the receiver of that interest is enabled to purchase more of low-priced commodities than of high-priced; and the producer of those commodities must give more of those commodities, whether of corn or of anything else, or of labour, in discharge of his individual obligation to the national creditor.

The subject of free trade in corn, and of free trade generally, is so bound up with other important considerations, that it is useless to attempt to discuss it as an isolated question. The main argument of the advocates for free trade seems to be, that "Every nation should be at liberty to purchase at the cheapest market." This as an abstract proposition is plausible enough; but, like any other abstract proposition, the practical question for consideration is, how far it is applicable to the actual circumstances of this country. This "liberty of purchasing at the cheapest market," say the philosophical advocates of free trade, "is the plain and natural system of trade." "That may be," reply practical men, "but the whole system of our trade, of our finance, and of our monetary arrangements, is not natural, but artificial." How are we to dovetail your natural theories with our artificial and complicated system as it exists? The selling value of a manufactured article is its cost of production; the cost of its production mainly depends on the cost of the food of the producer. Now, if the cost of the food of the producer is artificially raised, by excessive taxation, much higher in this country than in a foreign country, how is the heavily taxed commodity to compete in the market with the same lightly taxed commodity? Corn is this commodity; let it be proved that it matters nothing whether corn be produced in this country or not; that it matters nothing whether this country shall be dependent on a foreign supply of food or not; that it matters nothing whether the large mass of agricultural labourers be thrown

out of employment or not ; and that it matters nothing whether the agricultural interest be or be not destroyed ; and then we will admit that much of the objection to a free trade in corn is removed. But until all this be proved, we must hold firm to the decided opinion that nothing would be more prejudicial to the general interest of the country than a free trade in corn ; and that this truth would soon be found out by the manufacturers themselves, who are now led away by the delusive temptation of cheap bread, which would warrant their paying less wages, and thereby diminish their cost of production, to their apparent present profit, but to their eventual total ruin. The truth is, that the fabric of our social edifice is so artificially constructed, that one stone of it cannot be disturbed without affecting the stability of the whole building. Farmers, manufacturers, the receivers and the payers of the taxes—mortgagors and mortgagees, are all bound up together in a community of interest ; and it is in vain for one class to endeavour to ameliorate its own condition at the expense of another. If the manufacturer does buy high-priced bread, the farmer, on the other hand, buys the other's high-priced manufactures, and both sustain high-priced taxes. We support the agricultural interest on higher grounds than on the mere question of price ; we regard it as a great national question, of the highest national importance, that this country should not be dependent on foreign countries for a main article of its subsistence ; but if we could persuade foreign nations so far to practise a sort of universal philanthropy as to participate in our national debt, and to assist our national expenditure, we should then be in a condition to listen more favourably to the question of the competition of foreign labour in our own market. Till then, it seems to us, we must be content to preserve, with our monopoly of debt, our monopoly of trade, and our prudent protection to the growth of our own corn.

C. R.

• WOMAN'S LOVE.

FOR a woman's heart is possest
 With love, and love alone : —
 The grave is her only rest
 When that sweet hope is gone !

Old Ballad.

A CHAPTER ABOUT BROKERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SERIOUS REFLECTIONS."

THE Broker is almost invariably a *respectable* man. This may seem a rash assertion; but though there are exceptions to all rules, I insist on the general validity of this.

There are captious censors who have found fault with the manner in which the word *respectable* is usually applied in England. And we have had frequent repetitions of an insipid passage from the works of Mr. Joseph Miller, respecting a witness, who, being interrogated by the magistrate, "What do you mean by a *respectable* man?" replied, "Vy, I means to say, as he always kep a oss and gig." At this, forsooth, the magistrate laughed, and the audience laughed, — but very unwisely, in my opinion.

The witness had a more logical head than they. He perceived plainly, that in order always to keep the "oss and gig," his friend must have had money or credit. The argument, then, stands thus: 'To have money or credit is equivalent to being respectable: this man had money or credit; therefore he was respectable.' And the said argument is quite irrefragable.

Now the Broker, as long as he exercises his profession, is scarcely ever without money, whether his own or other people's, matters not much. Some share of it is legally assured to him, at all events, and he almost invariably contrives to secure more than the law ever intended to allow him, which is extremely convenient. But there are other reasons why the Broker always seems to me, par excellence, a *respectable* man, and why, if I were obliged to seek a profession, I would prefer his to any other.

He is perpetually surrounded by ruin and misfortune, yet, in his own person and pursuits, remains unscathed and unmoved. Nay, not exactly unmoved, because the more of misery and confusion that is around him the better he is contented, and the more do his own gains increase. Supposing the Broker to have a feeling heart for the distresses of others (a weakness with which he is not usually troubled), then his profits come in, to the effect of gently assuaging his grief, and diverting his attention. Supposing him to have no heart at all, he is never blamed for the want of it, because all the world is ready (or *ought* to be ready) to say that such distresses are none of his business, and that he has enough to do with his own peculiar duties.

But what rivets my preference for the Broker's profession is, that he seems actually to realise Horace's dream of the man "*integer vita, scelerisque purus*." If the world around him be ever so terribly smashed and crashed, he always remains tranquil and placid. If not tranquil, he is only roused to pleasurable excitement. The more of destruction, as I have said above, the better. — A "*smash*" is his delight; he prays for it.

He himself never can be smashed. He is arrow proof and bomb proof against adversity, nay, he is in league with her in all her evil tricks, and knows her ways so well, that she cannot upset or circumvent him. — To wish that a Broker may be unfortunate, seems as nonsensical as to wish that the devil may go to — his own proper dominions! The Broker may fall sick and die, 'tis true, (which cannot happen to the devil,) or he may find his way, if he chooses, to Botany Bay or the gallows. But I deny that any of the *ordinary* so called mishaps of life can overpower him. He has means to triumph over them all; he is so accustomed to look misfortune in the face, and to walk about with her arm in arm, that she has no terrors for him: or if he should sink in the world, 'twill be but a momentary immersion, and he will rise again brisk and buoyant as ever.

Having referred to Horace for his "*integer vite*" &c., I need scarcely remind the classical reader of Lucretius with his "*suave mari magno*," &c., for the one will naturally suggest the other. The latter, as all the world knows, commences his second book with an observation (rather *apropos des bottes* by the bye), How delightful it is to stand upon *terra firma*, and witness the struggles of some poor unfortunates who have been mad enough to venture upon the water, and are now beaten and buffeted by the merciless winds and waves!

The Roman poet and philosopher gives the sentiment *con gusto*, and there is no doubt that he was perfectly in the right. Nothing can be more charming than to witness the perplexity and miseries of others, whilst we ourselves are quite safe and sound. Besides, we can enjoy *ad libitum* the pleasures of sympathy, (respecting which I wrote in a previous chapter,) and can exclaim in a melodious tone: "Poor creatures, I really pity them very much!"

It seems to me most probable that it was from the universality of the sentiment that Lucretius wisely chose it for the commencement of his book. He might have shrewd suspicions that the philosophical doctrines in the chapter which he then began would not meet with universal approval, and that he ought therefore to bespeak a fair hearing at all events, by a *dictum* so pleasant and acceptable, that *for this much* he would be quite sure of getting unqualified applause.

Now the Broker is almost perpetually in that peculiar state of enjoyment which is held up to admiration and envy by the Roman poet. "*Suave est*," says Lucretius, and no doubt it is doubly sweet to the Broker, who, though unharmed, is yet not a *mere* looker-on, but has himself, to a considerable degree, the power of increasing or diminishing the tempest around him. — "*Suave est*," no doubt, and he can also in a beautiful manner exemplify the grace of "*suaviter in modo*," he can smile if he will, and speak pleasantly, when he bundles out the sick man, in order to sell the bed whereon the poor devil had lain down in hopes to die unmolested.

The Broker gets beyond Lucretius's notion of enjoyment. He has the additional diversion of standing on deck amidst the winds and waves, without even the risque of being upset by a lurch, or wetting his jacket. Nay more, he is like a man wearing enchanted armour, moving apparently in a sphere of wretchedness and woe, but all the while protected within a sphere of his own. One might also say, as

if he were in a diving bell, only that, as aforesaid, he never sinks in the world, but is always buoyant.

I have been especially struck by the phasis of character which the broker exhibits at his own house in his hours of relaxation. He there pre-eminently realises Horace's notion of the "*integer vitz*," &c.; for whilst he sits at his desk, or has his plate of turtle soup sent in for dinner, he is actually and visibly surrounded by the wreck and fragments not only of one but of many worlds. Yes, indeed! for every poor man has his own little world (a great matter to him). The Broker comes to smash, crash, and disperse this; [but I beg his pardon, 'tis not *his* doing; the storm is raised by the sheriff and laws of the land]. Then also the bailiff comes, and shuts up the poor man within prison walls, so that he has no chance of retrieving his little world, or obtaining any other under the sun. The very sun-light and the blessed sun itself are henceforth lost to him.

Thereafter, as I have said, the Broker may be found sitting calmly and placidly amidst multifarious fragments of the wreck. Old household things are there on which the hearts of the inmates loved to dwell. Objects from which they never thought to separate;—cumbering old house clocks, for example, that stood in hall or corridor, warning them without cessation, and too often in vain, how frail and fleeting was their tenure of this world's wealth. Yes, the clocks were too often neglected. But objects of special affection are there,—trifles of *bijouterie*, and curious works of art—pledges of love and friendship, from which the possessors thought of parting just as little as from life itself,—objects which had rested for many a year on chimney shelves of boudoirs and libraries, or which were carefully locked up in secretaires and other repositories of the family domicile.

But the Broker came, and the separation was effected in a trice. The *ci-devant* proprietors are still alive, — perhaps, because my worthy respectable friend had no direct power over their lives; but their hold over the so-called realities, or the "real properties" of this world, is utterly broken. Only the old household remembrances are left, and these may possibly endure for ever, wakening up with tenfold strength after the sleep of death — who can tell? Certainly not the Broker. His investigations do not extend that length, and he is far too much occupied with the present to trouble himself about the future.

'Tis a stirring and industrious life, his; he is up early and late. Go out betimes in the cold fog of a gray March morning, and though many doors and windows are yet barred and closed in, yet not so are the Broker's. You will meet him perhaps walking briskly along the street, by half-past seven o'clock. He moves with the alert and determined manner of one who knows that he has important business in hand, and is sure to succeed therein. He does not give himself airs of importance without special authority, not he; and this is another reason why I admire the Broker's profession. He is, for all immediate intents and purposes, as absolute as any king. This is still better than the "*suaave est*" of Lucretius, and I ought to have remarked upon it sooner.

But kings, however absolute they may be, do sometimes look

out for an auxiliary; and this is exactly what our worthy friend, if you meet him right early in the morning, has come forth to do. He wonders whether, in this cold weather, his neighbour Knabbs the bailiff will be equally *matinal* and true to his appointment; for Knabbs is a gay young man, who spends whole nights at fashionable places, and sometimes talks as if he despised business, and would not be troubled with it any more. He is punctual this morning, however, and comes swaggering along attired in a style which he intends shall be *ultra-captivating* and effective. He has revived the old fashion of shirt-frills; and he proves his respectability by an enormously massive gold neck-chain, whereby he supports his watch, and by certain rings of portentous form, which he sports upon each hand.

Pleasant and jocose is the salutation betwixt these two early risers. One asks t'other, "What's o'clock, and what *is it to be*, then?" and his friend answers, "A regular smash, and no mistake." So they move on together, this *par nobile fratrum*—both respectable men—*arcades ambo*; and as the matter is not quite without interest, I shall add a brief notice respecting the family whose little domestic world they are now proceeding to demolish.

* * * * *

There was some doubt upon my mind *whither* the steps of the *par nobile* were about to tend, and where the storm would break; but now 'tis clear. The "smash" is to take place at the house of poor half-crazy Rainbeau, the artist, who 'only the winter before last was fêted and eulogised among the best circles of the West-end, and who still enjoys a good reputation as *un homme de mérite*. The Broker and his friend have a special predilection for breaking up *nobbs*, as they call them, of which word the briefest definition is, that it means the reverse of *snobs*. Now Rainbeau is a sort of *nobb*; he has always moved in good society, and possesses an excellent house, crammed full of knickknacks, which will make a profitable job for the Broker.

Moreover, he is an irritable person, this artist; one with Welsh or Irish blood in his veins, who will *show fight* perhaps, which is extremely diverting. And up to the present hour, although no longer young, he remains as ignorant as a child of the real character of the world in which he moves. He has been the spoiled child of Fortune, and now she begins to wheel about, and turn viciously against her once-petted favourite. For he was well born and well bred, this Rainbeau, and had some patrimony in his own right, wherewith to begin his career. But he would absolutely do nothing, from his very boyhood, but paint or model, and no sooner found himself independent, than he walked away to Italy, where, or in other parts of the Continent, he staid five years, working industriously all the time.

Meanwhile his relations, who were plain country people, thought that he was entirely mad. They had not a doubt upon this point, and only wondered from what remote and unheard-of branch of the family tree such a strange *mania* had been derived. At last, when he became more and more obstinate, and showed method in his madness, they detested him, and *una voce* declared that he "never would do no

good." But now be it observed that *malgré* such prophecies, this man has been immensely successful in London, which, as every body knows, is the *hot-bed and conservatory* of genius. There are instances however of the said conservatory becoming rather too hot for the occupant, and we consequently hear such exclamations as the following: "This is indeed hot work!" or, "Would to Heaven I had never breathed the air of London!" and so forth.

And the artist to whom our *arcades ambo* are about to pay their morning visit is exactly one of that class for whom the "hot-bed of genius" has, with mistaken zeal, been overheated. Impatience of temper, and the propensity to jump at conclusions without adequate premises, are common enough in all parts of the world. He was not without friends, this man, as long as his patrimony lasted; and after the five years spent abroad, 'twas thought that he could not do better than set up at once in London:—"he was already able to cope with the best artists, and might soon outstrip them all."

So said his friends and advisers. They were (though perhaps they did not know it) like gamblers, who used him like a die to be cast from the dice-box upon the *arena* of "Life in London," with the presentiment that he would win. Well, at the outset the chances seemed indeed to be in their favour. He had good introductions; he had evidently very considerable talents; and in consequence, as I have said before, was *fêted*, eulogised, and encouraged, in all quarters, as every new comer in London is almost sure to be, *for a time*.

But he worked hard, and got orders for pictures and statutes, this man! He was destined, forsooth, to be a second Michael Angelo, and like the said Michael, he would no doubt become rich as well as independent. So he must needs have a wife also, and then a commodious and creditable house for the said wife as her future home, wherein she could receive decorously and creditably her own and his friends. Thereafter a family in due time followed of course.

'Twas costly, all this. But then the patronage of Lord * * * * alone was well worth at least one thousand pounds per annum, and that of the rich Mr. * * * * might average at five hundred more; and though the expenses of life in London were great, there was no need to despond. But although the patronage of his Lordship had been very liberal at first, and though his demeanour and conduct continued to be very kind and condescending, yet, somehow or another, his orders for works *to be* completed did not fall in so rapidly as had been wished and expected. Possible enough that other *soi-disant* Michael Angelos had come in the way, and that at last our promising friend would be cut out and left in the lurch. Moreover he happened to be, and still is, a nervous irritable subject.

"My husband hath been ill—is irritable," says the wife of (Ochlauschläger's) Corregio; (who also would have received visits from the Broker, if he had possessed any movables worth seizing). By slow but sure degrees, our acquaintance discovered that his money was all gone, that credit was almost expiring, and that though he cherished expectations of Peruvian wealth to flow in, yet he had become imperceptibly surrounded and watched by troublesome acquaint-

ances, who did not care a rush about mere expectations, but required an absolutely fixed day and date for payment.

But he had got into his brain some sadly original notions, this painter. He really believed that, for the most part, the world was made up of good, pious, clever and intelligent people, (and so it is, no doubt). However, he drew a most awkward and illicit inference from these premises. He fancied that such a good, pious, intelligent world surely would not allow him and his family to starve, unless by some fault of his own he had deserved this harsh treatment. So by degrees he quite cherished the notion that if there were any defalcation, (and too surely there was) of the requisite income this must be all his own fault, and he therefore commenced working at such a rate, that no mortal constitution could stand it.

To be able to conceive a powerful and effective work of art may seem very easy and very natural; and so it is, no doubt, to certain minds. Even this, however, is not to be accomplished if the mind is disturbed and the nerves are all out of tune. But to carry out one's conception upon the blank dead canvass, or to bring it into life in the cold clammy obstinate clay, obedient and plastic as it seems, but perverse too often, *hic labor, hoc opus est?* Now this poor devil of an artist had once or twice done such things with great effect, and believed that he could always achieve equal merit in his productions, and thus at all events *deserve* a continuance of ample remuneration.

So he laboured on, as I have already said, never finding any fault with the good pious world, in whom he wished to retain entire confidence, but rather taking all the blame upon himself. Now the enthusiasm of the patrons of art is too apt to resemble sometimes a fire kindled from mere straw. It blazes nobly at first, giving thereby an unequivocal demonstration of light, and a considerable promise of heat; but most ingloriously it expires when most needed, and those who hoped for the warmth may freeze to death.

There is, be it observed, a sadly intimate connection betwixt the very best moods of so-called creative genius and the deepest despondency. Painful exertion naturally excites brilliant hopes for a time, because exertion in itself is exciting. He who has sufficient strength to make an effort will also have strength enough to hope. But the excitement is short-lived. I speak of artists and their labours; and if the work remains, firstly, unpaid for, and, secondly, without intelligent admirers, there is then a double cause for disappointment and sorrow. An intelligent admirer, who strongly states that the work *deserves* to gain a prize, may at least afford a lambent gleam of consolation to the man who sees the broker and the bailiff looming like thunder clouds in the distance.

And if the rich lord or squire were to come with a full purse to purchase the work, this no doubt would tend to heal the wounds and wear and tear of the nervous system which the said labours had caused. But to have neither one nor the other, to receive neither praise nor pelf, to be left quite alone in his own little world, which he is unable to make hold together, — that is to say, with wife and children, whom he no longer can adequately support, and in his own house too, with his poor household gods about him, which by a sort of devildom have

become *not* his, but the property of the sheriff, and are now under the sovereign sway of the Broker, — this is rather too trying for any temper under the sun, unless perhaps it were for that of Mark Tapley!

So this poor crazy Rainbeau went down hill, every day and hour bringing him some new mishap, adding to his involvements, and accelerating his fall. And what was worst of all, his health failed, and then he could not try expedients to avert impending fate, nor even make excuses for being unable to meet his engagements. And now the Broker and his *fidus Achates* are going to break him up; in their own words, " 'twill be a regular smash, and no mistake." On such occasions, our worthy and respectable friend makes use of the bailiff as a sort of pioneer to clear the way. The ostensible owner and master of the house is at such times a troublesome incumbrance, which must be got rid of. Thereafter the Broker can exert his authority without the slightest interruption.

No sooner then has the bailiff fulfilled *his* duty by executing a *capias ad satisfaciendum* (thereby no doubt affording vast "satisfaction" to some highly respectable creditors), than a thundering knock at the door announces the arrival of a new visitor, namely, our *ultra*-respectable "*integer vite*," who has come to witness the demolition of another little world. He will not allow the poor wife much quiet to indulge in needless grief at her deserted and friendless state, not he. He is "quite the gentleman," our exemplary "*integer*;" but then, his time is too valuable to admit of his wasting it in any needless compliments or ceremonies. Besides, the writ which empowers him to act is for a large sum, more, he is very sure, than the whole property will cover. Were it not so, he would have been vastly glad, no doubt to show every indulgence, but now 'tis of no use mincing matters. The inventory must be made out forthwith. To prevent mistakes he will stay to see it done, even if it should cost him the entire day. And also, to prevent mistakes, he will have his vans ready by three o'clock in the afternoon to remove the property.

Stupified and powerless, the poor woman offers neither objection nor expostulation. All the world has for her become so dark and miserable within and without, that our worthy friend may say what he likes without receiving one word in reply. His voice produces an effect on her *sensorium* no doubt, but none whatever on her *thoughts*. Only one incident, a very trifling childish incident, rouses the poor creature to a momentary feeling of increased bitterness. 'Tis when our active friend, the Broker, invades the private study of the absent (I might now almost say *deceased*) artist; a little room which he had fitted up for his library, to which no stranger or servant was allowed entrance, and where he kept his private letters and other manuscripts. When, I say, our "*integer vite*," on entering this room, is attacked furiously by the artist's affectionate little pet spaniel, who has taken possession of his absent master's chair, guarding it for his return, and when the good man, in revenge for this assault, deals the poor animal a merciless blow with his gold-headed switch cane, the expression of anguish, despair, and deep consciousness of wrong wherewith Fido retires to a distant corner, thence with his large eyes glaring reproach on our said placid and immaculate *integer*, — this proves — I don't

know why — somewhat too much for the poor deserted woman's nerves, and she weeps bitterly.

'Tis well for our friend that Knabbs carried off the artist, for had this little incident taken place in *his* presence, 'tis extremely probable that a blow of the poker would have repaid that of the cane, and revenged Fido in such manner as would not soon have been forgotten. But the most attractive of all points in the Broker's professional character and station is that, so long as he holds a duly authenticated writ from the sheriff, and acts according thereto, he need not trouble himself about etiquette or minor morals. In fact, like the King (or Queen) the Broker, in the exercise of his vocation, "can do no wrong."

"*Quid multis morar?*" — In vain need the deserted wife think of applying to the rich earl or esquire. The former is at his country seat; the latter is on full speed pursuing the pleasures of life in London, and could not stop his own career for five minutes, were it to save the lives of twenty poor artists. The house is cleared out, and left desolate. Of this family, and their future fate, I have no room to write in this article.

Rainbeau is of course under the kind care of Knabbs, who finding that he has no money, and that his creditors are obdurate, takes him at once to the prison in Whitecross Street, which at this time happens to be extremely crowded. An eminent solicitor is sent for to carry out and realise Lord Brougham's boasted improvements in this law of debtor and creditor; but the solicitor is far too eminent and respectable to act without ready money, and this not being supplied, he does nothing.

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Some weeks afterwards, we have in the newspapers a paragraph beginning with small capitals as follows:

"THE LATE — RAINBEAU, ESQUIRE. — It appears that the family of this very *talented* artist and amiable man have been left in a state of great embarrassment by his untimely fate. The following noblemen and gentlemen have benevolently consented to form a committee for receiving and applying a fund to be raised by subscription, such as may be adequate to the future support of Mrs. Rainbeau and her children."

The never-tiring generosity of the English nation is then called into action; and after incredible efforts and perpetual advertisements, to the great contentment and advantage of the periodical press, a few hundreds are at length scraped together. 'Tis astounding how death opens the eyes of an enlightened public to talents and other amiable qualities, which they could not see when the man was alive. — Or is it not, perhaps, that they saw those talents too clearly, and thought that a being so *spiritual* ought to live upon air, or was too good for this world?

It is remarkable, also, that in the subscription list we find the names of poor artists contributing a *quantum* of value, which for them is a thousand fold as much as the largest sums that are given by rich *noblesse*. You will find an entry of 5*l.* 5*s.* from Joshua Esel, Esq., R.A., whose whole income is not more than 500*l.* per annum; and what is worse, this is only a life-rent and *health-rent*. You will then

find exactly the same amount from the Earl of A. B., a great patron of the arts, whose lowest income is 100,000*l.* per annum, which annual rent would go on accruing even if the said earl should do nothing but eat and sleep for the rest of his days.

But this apparent parsimony no doubt happens because the earl discovers such an immense number of "talented" artists and amiable men. 'Tis quite amazing how the multitudes of such people increase, and consequently what a prolific hot-bed of genius Great Britain has become! Were it not for this, the earl might have spared 1000*l.* to Rainbeau in his lifetime just as well as contribute 5*l.* 5*s.* to his widow. But, as I have explained, the number of clever and amiable men becomes far too great, and the good earl is quite overloaded and bewildered.

This reminds one of the nonsense which has been talked about the cruel neglect experienced by Burns, the poetical ploughman, during his life, contrasted with the pother made about his memory. Such remarks would be all very well, were it not for the probability that there *must have been so many* poetical ploughmen of equal merit in Burns's days, that the dukes and earls of his country were quite dazzled, and knew not how to act!—It is queer enough, no doubt, that the memories of those other contemporaneous *genii* have perished, and that of Burns now remains quite a lone one. But this is merely one of the numberless conventional mysteries that are constantly occurring in the social state, and which we cannot in the present chapter pretend to explain or unravel.

T. F.

THE EXILE.

AND when the wandering exile — bless'd with wealth —
 Full of fond hopes, and soft remembrances
 Of early scenes, remember'd playmates, friends,
 And all that makes life sweet — returns at last,
 He finds all chang'd! Gray-hair'd old men
 Scarce can recall his features! and the child
 That used to prattle on his knee, is grown
 To man's estate. A new race has risen,
 Who know him not — regard him not! He sinks,
 A solitary being, to his grave,
 Glad to find refuge, in that resting place,
 From the cold world, where all is vanity!

Old Play.

COLONISATION AND EMIGRATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE discussion in the House of Commons on the subject of the New Zealand Company, is one of the most interesting debates that has occurred for many years past, and cannot fail to have most beneficial effects. The important subject of colonisation is now the great political and administrative question of the day; not as to whether colonisation shall be encouraged or not; but how it can be best carried into effect.

The principle may be said to be now established, that colonisation is of incalculable benefit to the mother country; that the establishment of colonies adds as much to the general wealth of the nation as it improves the condition of the individual. How colonisation may be best effected, is a question which admits of different opinions; but on this point we must keep in mind the great distinction between indiscriminate emigration and systematic colonisation. Labourers without capital are almost as useless in a new colony as capital without labourers; and it is the adjustment of the one to the other that calls for the interference and protection of the Government. The great difficulty of the emigrant to a new country is to get over the first two years;—we speak of an agricultural emigrant: after that time he is able to support himself from the produce of his land; it is during these two years that the help of the mother country is wanted; and we have not the slightest doubt that if this aid could be afforded by the Government, on a large and comprehensive plan of colonisation, that not only would those general and ultimate advantages be secured to the mother country of creating consumers for her manufactures and markets for her productions, but the return of the money advanced would be secured, and its interest amply repaid. The mere sum which would be saved by a systematic plan from the waste of individual emigration, would form a material item in the advantages to be gained.

All parties, and almost all men are agreed, that, in the present circumstances of the country, with a redundant and rapidly increasing population pressing on the resources of the small extent of soil comprised within the narrow limits of these two islands, something must be done to meet the difficulty. Fortunately for Great Britain, in the case of a redundancy of population in this part of her dominions, there is an obvious and easy remedy in the almost boundless lands of her magnificent colonies. Here the people want land to work on; there the land wants people to work it. What remedy more obvious and more simple than that of removing the surplus population to the unappropriated and useless land, and of enabling them by their

wealth-producing labour to exchange their present state of abject pauperism and rancorous discontent for abundance and satisfaction? We are aware of the objection to a national and large and systematic plan of colonisation, on the score of its cost to the mother country; but we contend that experience proves that, although the immediate cost may be great in the first instance, that the return of wealth indirectly to the mother country is, at no great distance of time, far more than the outlay; nay, more, we are prepared to show as a matter of present profit—putting aside for the moment the general gain to a country by the removal of a surplus and discontented population, and putting aside also the moral obligation of society to provide for its members—this country would gain, as upon a mercantile transaction, by advancing a sum of money for the establishment of colonies abroad. The quit-rent of colonial lands would pay an ample interest for money advanced to bring them into cultivation; and that quit-rent, redeemable on certain conditions, would be more convenient for the colonists to pay, and more profitable for the mother country to receive, than a sum of money paid down, which must necessarily be a small one, for the purchase of the land free of quit-rent. For it is the capital which is now exacted for payment of the land, that the colonist wants, to bring that land into profitable use; and it is the necessity of paying for land that acts, in distant colonies especially, as a check to emigration. By taking from the colonist his capital by his preliminary purchase of his land, you take from him the means of bringing that land into cultivation; you deprive him of his seed which, if you would allow him to sow it, would by its produce enable him to pay you in a short time, with ease, tenfold the sum which he is able to pay you now. In the sales of land in the colonies from one colonist to another, the truth of this principle is acknowledged, and is always acted on. In their dealing with each other, credit is always given for two or three years at least; because it is known from experience that the buyer, by being allowed to expend his capital in the clearing and cultivation of the land, instead of its immediate purchase, is enabled to increase that capital to an amount which allows him to pay *from the produce of the soil, which is new wealth created*, two or three times the sum which he would otherwise have been able to give for the land. Take, also, the frequent case of the purchase of cattle and sheep in the Australian colonies. If the seller insists on immediate payment for his sheep, he gets, say 10*s.* a head; if he gives three years' credit, he gets 20*s.* or 30*s.*, and interest at the rate of 8 per cent. for his money besides. And why? Because the seller allows to the buyer the opportunity of creating wealth, out of which he can easily afford to pay a much higher price of purchase-money.

Applying this principle to the case of the sale of colonial lands, we think it will be seen that the sale of colonial lands is an erroneous system, on the grounds and for the reasons which we have stated. We grant, that by the sale of lands the mother country may obtain a larger supply of money for her immediate uses; but we may say that, in doing so, she is killing the goose for the sake of the egg; and experience proves the truth of this assertion. For, taking the instance of

the Australian colonies — before the sale of lands there was much emigration to those colonies; but since the sale of lands there has been very little emigration to them. In speaking of the sale of lands, which we think in principle bad, we cannot neglect to observe on the mode in which sales are effected; and we must say that, of all modes that could possibly be devised, the present mode, by auction, is the very worst. Let us trace the proceedings of an emigrant on arriving in one of our Australian colonies.

His first object is to find a desirable spot of land on which to fix himself; to accomplish this object he must travel over many hundred miles of country, and consume many weeks, perhaps many months, in the search. When he has at last found a desirable tract of land unappropriated, he must give notice to the Government surveyor, who, after a certain lapse of time, often considerable, causes it to be surveyed, for the purpose of having it put up to auction. By the Government regulations, three months' notice must be given of the sale of public lands, and at the end of that further lapse of time, making the whole delay six months or more, the emigrant has the opportunity of bidding for the land which he has ferreted out, in competition with large capitalists and land jobbers. Now the reasoning of the capitalists and land jobbers is this—"If this man, after a long search and comparison of various localities, thinks well of this land, it must be a valuable lot, and therefore it must be worth our while to purchase it over his head." The land is put up to such competition at the minimum price of twelve shillings an acre: and what chance, we ask, has the emigrant, of limited means, of getting possession of this bit of land? So little, that emigrants have ceased to emigrate to those colonies; and the old colonists themselves are beginning to perceive the mischievous effects of the system which they cried out for. And why did they cry out for it? Because so long as lands were to be obtained at an easy rate from the Government, the lands of the old colonists were less saleable, and therefore in a money sense less valuable. By the sale of Government lands, they thought to raise the value of their own lands; and so they did; but then the effect has been to stop emigration and to check the increase of population, so that in the end they have gained nothing. It would have been better for them to have trusted to the general increase in value of colonial lands, from the increase of immigration and the rise which would have taken place in the value of lands first appropriated to the old settlers near the great towns and in the vicinity of water carriage. But it is not with reference to the individual interests of the land-owners in the colonies that we would discuss this question, but with reference to the general-national interests, considering the colonies as part and parcel of the British empire. And with this view, we have no hesitation in condemning the sale of lands as at present in practice, as most unwise and impolitic, as regards the general welfare of the colonies, and the desirable object of a large system of emigration.

We are aware that there is at present a popular objection to a legislative or Government plan of emigration on a large scale, on the ground of its being a forced expatriation from the place of their birth of those who claim an imprescriptible right to a share of the land.

But we have no doubt, if proper means shall be taken, that, instead of there being any objection to emigration on the part of the labouring classes, there will be a cheerful inclination, or rather a hearty enthusiasm, to exchange the mean and sordid condition of poverty and the workhouse of this country, for abundance and independence in those other parts of the national dominions which form its colonies. In Great Britain the evil complained of is, that there are too many inhabitants to find employment on the land; and in the colonies the evil complained of is, that there is too much land to allow of its being worked by their scanty population. The obvious remedy in this case appears to be, for a population which is starving for want of land to work on, to remove to those lands which are lying useless for want of labour to work them.

Land, by occupation and cultivation, is a mine of wealth. There it lies; ready to return for the labour of man that abundance which nature never refuses to her industrious children. And here stands the labourer; the power of his labour being his capital, which he is eager to apply for the production of the wealth which the land is ready to afford. Here he stands; starvation on one side of him, and the workhouse on the other; and day after day, and night after night, the Legislature toils on to devise for the wretched creature new means of coercion and of punishment. To this effect a vast expenditure is incurred, and an unspeakable amount of human misery is inflicted; philosophers and political economists, and theorists, and visionaries and Utopians, rack their brains to discover some remedy for the evil, while the burthen of their discourse to the starving and discontented is ever "patience, patience; bear starvation with patience and Christian fortitude;" and all the time the fertile lands, which invite the hand of man to cultivate their exhaustless riches, lie idle, unclaimed, and unused; and some of the fairest and largest portions of the earth remain almost without inhabitants, while men complain of redundancy of population!

But we urge the expediency of a plan of systematic colonisation on other grounds than those of the general and contingent national advantages which would result from its adoption; were there no other argument to be advanced in favour of the plan, we contend that the general national advantage consequentially to arise is reason enough; but we go farther; and we are prepared to show, that even on the ground of commercial speculation, it would be worth while for the State to engage in colonising its own lands; for we contend that the colonists would return an ample interest for the national capital invested. We will lay aside, for the moment, all consideration of the sufferings of the people; we will lay aside all calculations of the ultimate advantages to the mother country of creating populations of customers for her goods and manufactures; we will lay aside all expectations of the savings which would arise from the diminution of the poor's-rates, by the removal of the poor; and we will confine ourselves to the single and simple consideration of laying out so much national capital, and of receiving for the outlay so much interest for the money; and we contend that, on this ground alone, it would be a profitable speculation for the nation.

But we are ashamed to view such a high-minded operation in so sordid a light. On the high ground of national justice to the labouring masses of this country, who are willing to work, but cannot find employment, and whose exemplary patience and forbearance during a period of unprecedented privation and suffering have elicited the admiration of both branches of the Legislature, and of all classes throughout the country, the policy of a systematic plan of national colonisation demands the immediate and most serious consideration of the Government and of Parliament.

The colonies of the empire present the opportunity of advantageously employing ten times and a hundred times the amount of our present population with comfort, and plenty, and happiness to the individual, and with an immeasurable increase of wealth to the entire nation. The seas which intervene, instead of being a barrier, are really a facility to intercourse; and, independently of all other considerations, the encouragement to our mercantile marine which extended commerce with our colonies would produce is a matter of the deepest importance to the prosperity of a commercial and insular country.

C. R.

ADVICE TO NOVELISTS.

“ Now sit thee down, and tell me all this story :
And tell it not, I pray thee, as some do,
Who prate conceitedly more of themselves
Than of the subject matter of their tale,
But tell thy tale straight on ; and bear in mind,
It is not of thyself that I would hear,
But of this child.”—

The Lord and the Serving-man.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Note Book of a Naturalist. By E. P. THOMPSON. London : Smith, Elder, & Co. 65. Cornhill.

THESE books are always welcome. Curiosity is never tired of hearing of the instincts and habits of the lower animals of the earth ; of their passions, their affections, their intelligence, their memories ; and of their deductive acts so closely resembling man's reasoning, as to make it difficult to fix the line which separates instinct from reason. "Durham's Astronomy" was the first book in which were collected numerous facts relating to the animal and vegetable world, for the purpose of exhibiting the DESIGN of the Author of Nature in his various works. Paley followed out the object of "Durham's Astronomy ;" but he improved it. He reduced the illustrations to a more compassable form ; and presented the loose and unconnected arguments of his predecessor in the shape of a series of logical deductions. Since then many naturalists have contributed their store of information to the general stock ; but they have confined themselves generally to the mere narration of anecdotes. Kirby and Spence presented some years ago an admirable work on the economy of insects. Their "Entomology" has been in every one's hands ; and no one has perused the results of their long and patient labours, and dwelt on the moral and deeply philosophical thoughts which run through their pages, without being desirous to read more. The entertaining work of Huber on the Economy of the Bee, is still fresh in our recollections ; and although that most persevering naturalist confined himself to the study of that single insect, he showed that in its history there were abundant materials to engage attention. Nor must those indefatigable naturalists, Audubon and Wilson, be forgotten, from whom the author quotes freely, with White, Jesse, and many others.

The present volume is a valuable addition to the general stock ; and we like it the more as it adopts the plan of "Durham's Astronomy," and of Paley in writing the entertainment of anecdote and description, with the object of illustrating the design of a far-seeing Providence in the admirable adaptations of means to ends, as exhibited in animal and vegetable creation.

The author says in his introduction : —

"The consequences of this pursuit, when not even carried to the length of a study, are self-evident, and the day has happily passed away in which the votaries of nature were taunted with ridicule, and as addicted to childish fancies. There is a kind of freemasonry in the study or pursuit of Natural History ; it operates on our kindly affections, and in many instances opens the communication to the most pleasing acquaintances, which, from congeniality of disposition, ripen into the warmest friendships. Our walks cease to be solitary, something there is always to observe, something to note down, to verify, or compare. The effect on the mind,

too, is not one of its least advantages: we look round on the creation, and exclaim with Stillingfleet:—

‘How wondrous is this scene! where all is form’d
With number, weight, and measure! all design’d
For some great end!’

We admire with astonishment the Providence which has assigned to each thing its place, forming an harmonious whole, through such innumerable and inseparable links; and feel, with deep humility, how richly we are endowed, and how great is our debt of gratitude and praise to nature's God. From casual observance in the first instance, we are led on to serious contemplation, and higher feelings are awakened, which operate most influentially on the mind and conduct. I have ever noticed as a sequence, that kindness of disposition, consideration for others, and a greater calmness of mind, become the portion of the admirer and observer of the works of Providence: he rises from the perusal of the book of nature a better man."

Can any one explain the difference between the reasoning of the rook contained in the following extract, and the reasoning of the human being?

"Domestication certainly affects most materially the tempers of both animals and birds; the hare, for instance, timid, watchful, and ready to fly at the least approach of danger in its wild state, becomes obtrusive and petulant, and resents any too great familiarity, by striking, cat-like, with its fore-feet. The rook, with a kind of intuitive notion of the range of a gun-shot, keeps ever without its limits, and, even when apparently most engaged, has an eye to danger; and with its beak on its shoulder, to use a very significant Spanish proverb, is ever watchful of its safety, and exercises the most profound vigilance; but rear him in the presence of man, and he is at once daring, insolent, and a bully: the love of mischief and fun becomes also a predominant feature, and the roguish leer of the eye, with the head askance, can leave no doubt but he is richly enjoying himself.

"For many years a white rook was kept in the yard of the Ship Inn at Fever-sham, where I often saw him, but he was a dull bird. In the course of time I found him replaced by one of the ordinary colour, whose drolleries I often witnessed. The inn in question was much frequented by commercial travellers, whose chaises, if their stay was a brief one, were allowed to remain in the yard. This rook, in a listless manner, and as if he had no object in view, would hop about one, and, at last, disappear under the driving seat. In a short time the horse was put to, and the traveller drove on to the next stage, when the rook issued from his concealment, and, by the most impressive croaks, signified his delight at his escapade. This was of constant occurrence, and, as the bird was well known, he was invariably sent back, and the landlord assured me, that these jaunts cost him many shillings for the return carriage.

"Another bird, on the same road, either at Dartford or Welling, was in the habit of accompanying a coach, which changed horses at his master's house on its way to London, till it met the down coach, when it transferred itself to that vehicle and returned home.

"But the eccentricities of poor Jack, which I took as a mere squab from its nest, were not a little remarkable. From accustoming him to the sound of a partridge call when I fed him, I could always command his presence, although, when hungry, he invariably found me out, croaking and fluttering his wings in the manner peculiar to young rooks, even in his mature age. With the full power of flight, he never abused his freedom, although his vagaries often carried him to some distance from home. The terror of the dogs and cats in the neighbourhood, he at last carried his persecutions to the pigeons, which he would attempt to join in their flights. My Newfoundland dog, whose bushy tail he was delighted with hammering at, slunk away from him, and the very cats were not allowed to approach their plate of meat till some fresh object caught his attention. He would invade my room, and if I were writing, he would contest the ownership of the pen. Pilferer and thief;

he stole any thing within his reach, and to that circumstance I ascribe his loss. Numerous were the complaints of the neighbours, whose rest he would disturb, by tapping, in the early morning, at their windows, and if, by chance, he found one open, some object was sure to be missing. The alleged loss of a diamond ring sealed his fate, as its owner, as I was informed, put him beyond the power of further mischief. The most singular proof of its attachment was shown in the following circumstance. I was standing on the top of the high cliff by the western heights in Dover, and had whistled him up from below to his accustomed place on my arm, when a salute was fired from the citadel, in honour of the arrival of some personage of distinction. The poor bird's terror was extreme, and he flew off in a straight direction over the sea, till he became a mere speck, and I gave him up for lost. Presently, when the firing ceased, and all was again still, I saw him, to my great joy, returning, and he again settled on the extended arm."

Natural history abounds in instances of the winter provision made by many animals, but the following we believe is not generally known :—

"The bobac, a species of marmot, is gifted with a singular instinct, on account of which it might be called the *Haymaker*, since man may or might have learned that part of the business of the agriculturist, which consists in providing a store of winter provender for his cattle, from that industrious animal. Professor Pallas was the first who described the quadruped exercising this remarkable function, and gave an account of it. These animals make their abode between the rocks, and during the summer months employ themselves in making hay for a winter store. Inhabiting the most northern districts of the old world, the chain of the Altaic mountains, extending from Siberia to the confines of Asia and Kamschatka, they never appear in plains or in places exposed to observation, but always select the rudest and most elevated spots, and often the centre of the most gloomy and at the same time humid forests, where the herbage is fresh and abundant. They generally hollow out their burrows between the stones and in the clefts of the rocks, and sometimes in the holes of trees. About the middle of August they collect with admirable precaution their winter provender, which is formed of select herbs, which they bring near their habitation, and spread out like hay. In September they form heaps or stacks of the fodder they have collected under the rocks, or in other places sheltered from the rain and snow. Where many of them have laboured together, their stacks are sometimes as high as a man and more than eight feet in diameter. A subterranean gallery leads from the burrow below the mass of hay, so that neither frost nor snow can intercept their communication with it. Pallas had the curiosity to examine this provision of hay, piece by piece, and found it to consist chiefly of the choicest grasses and the sweetest herbs, all cut when most vigorous, and dried so slowly as to form a green and succulent fodder; he found in it scarcely any ears or blossom, or hard and woody stems, but some mixture of bitter herbs, probably useful to render the rest more wholesome. These stacks of excellent forage are sought out by the sable hunters to feed their harassed horses, and the natives of that part of Siberia pilfer them for the subsistence of their cattle. Instead of imitating the foresight and industry of the bobac they rob it of its means of support, and so devote the animal, which set them so good an example, to famine and death."

We cannot resist making the following extract respecting our old friends, the beavers :—

"But no animals in this, or indeed any other order of Mammalia, are so admirable for their instincts and their results as the beavers. From the breaking up of the frost to the fall of the leaf, they desert their lodges and roam about unhouseed and unoccupied by their usual labours, except that they have the foresight to begin felling their timber early in the summer, for the buildings which they begin some time in August. Those that erect their habitations in small rivers or creeks, in which the water is liable to be drained off, provide against that evil with wonderful

sagacity, by forming a dike across the stream in almost a straight line where the current is weak, but curving more or less, with the convex side exposed to the stream, where it is more rapid. They construct these dikes or dams of the same material as they do their lodges, namely of pieces of wood of any kind, of stones, mud, and sand. These causeways oppose a sufficient barrier to the force both of water and of ice; and as the willows, poplars, &c. employed in constructing them often strike root, they become in time a green compact hedge. Cartwright says, that he occasionally used them as bridges, but not without wetting his feet, as they are level with the water. By means of these erections the water is kept at a sufficient height, for it is absolutely necessary that there should be at least three feet of water above the extremity of the entry into their lodges, which otherwise would be entirely closed in the hard frosts. The entry is not on the land side, because such an opening might let in the wolverine and other fierce beasts, but towards the water. The number inhabiting one lodge seldom exceeds four old and six or eight young ones; the size of their houses therefore is regulated by the number of the family. Though built of the same materials, they are of much ruder structure than their causeways, and the only object of their erection appears to be a dry apartment to repose in, and where they can eat the food they occasionally get out of the water. It frequently happens, says Hearn, that some of the large houses have one or more partitions, but these are merely part of the building left to support the roof. He had seen one beaver lodge, that had nearly a dozen apartments under the same roof, and, two or three excepted, none of them had any communication except by water. Cartwright says, that when they build, their first step is to make choice of a natural basin, of a certain depth, where there is no rock; they then begin to excavate under water at the base of the bank, which they enlarge upwards gradually, and so as to form a declivity till they reach the surface; and of the earth which comes out of this cavity they form a hillock, with which they mix small pieces of wood and even stones: they give this hillock the form of a dome from four to seven feet high, from ten to twelve long and from eight to nine wide. As they proceed in heightening, they hollow it out below, so as to form the lodges which are to receive the family. At the anterior part of this dwelling, they form a gentle declivity terminating at the water, so that they enter and go out under water. The hunters name this contrivance the *angle*. The interior forms only a single chamber resembling an oven, and at a little distance is the magazine for provisions. Here they keep in store the roots of the yellow water-lily and the branches of the black spruce, the aspen, and birch, which they are careful to plant in the mud, and these form their subsistence. Their magazine sometimes contains a cart-load of these articles, and the animals are so industrious that they are always adding to their store."

With respect to "Instinct in Dogs," the author gives the following anecdotes:—

"When coursing on the heath commons in Surrey, I have often noticed a favourite greyhound take its stand on the top of the highest ground it could find, with its ears erect and its eyes gleaming with animation, watching every movement, and ready for immediate pursuit, availing itself thus of its almost only chance of seeing the hare among the high heath and fern. Other dogs watch on the outside of the copse or shaw for the same purpose. This is a high order of instinct, and sufficiently proves that the animal justly calculates on its own powers, and places itself exactly in the position where they will be available.

"A black retriever I possessed, one of the almost extinct race, was endowed with more than ordinary sagacity. I directed him on one occasion to fetch me a small billet of wood, which was floating on the sea about twenty yards from the shore, as a buoy to the anchor of a small boat. He tugged and dragged, in vain of course, when suddenly he dived to remove the obstacle, and continued doing so for so long a time that I saw he was exhausted by his efforts, and not being able to make him hear me from the noise of the waves, I was forced to launch a small boat and take him in, literally to prevent his becoming a victim to his courage and staunchness.

“ I was on a visit some years since at the country-house of a friend near Fontainebleau, and on our return to Paris we brought up with us a useless hound, which we turned loose on the Pont Neuf. When the family rose the next morning the keeper reported the return of the dog, which had threaded the mazes of the streets, having certainly never been in Paris before, and had jogged quietly home.

“ A small shopkeeper of Adisham, in Kent, went out with his dog without any thing being apparently the matter. Some time afterwards the dog returned, but not its master, and made a whining noise, and barked very violently, looking towards the door, and in its dumb language asking the poor woman to accompany it. This she, being alarmed, immediately did; when the faithful and sagacious animal led her to a wood, where she found her husband suspended from the branch of a tree, dead!

“ While on the subject of dogs the following trait of a fox, which was mentioned in the ‘ Chester Chronicle,’ will not be out of place: — ‘ The late Earl of Thanet was in the habit of removing every year with his hunters and hounds from Hothfield, near Ashford in Kent, to another seat he had in Westmoreland. A short time previous to one of these removals a fox had been run to earth near Hothfield, and, upon being dug out, he proved to be so extraordinarily large and fine a one that Lord Thanet directed it to be conveyed to Westmoreland. In the course of next season a fox was run to earth again at Hothfield, and, upon being dug out, the huntsman, whipper-in, and earth-stopper, all declared that it was the same fox which had been taken into Westmoreland, as it had an unusually large white blaze on the forehead. Lord Thanet was exceedingly energetic in his expressions of disbelief of the statement of his people, but they persisted in their assertion; and having ear-marked the fox he was again taken into Westmoreland, and turned loose in the neighbourhood of Appleby Castle. In hunting the next season at Hothfield, a fox was killed at that place, which proved to be the one in question, and which had thus found its way from Westmoreland into Kent. By what instinct or exertion of its faculties the animal was enabled to do this (the distance from one place to the other being above 320 miles), it is not easy to form an idea. Its well-known cunning would, one might suppose, be of little avail in such an emergency, except in enabling it to procure food.’ ”

We have our misgivings as to the fairness of giving increased publicity to the author's mode of “ bonneting a crow : ”

“ I have found, on the observation of many years, that these birds arrive with us, in or about the 9th of October, and leave on the same day of March. I do not remember where I first saw or heard of the following way of catching rooks. A few small cones of paper, such as are used by grocers for trifling articles, smeared with bird lime in the inside, and with a small piece of flesh dropped in it by way of bait, should be thrust with the point downwards, in dung heaps, or other places frequented by rooks. The birds plunge their heads in to extract the flesh, and the cone, attaching itself by means of the bird-lime, the bird is completely “ bonneted.” It immediately towers upwards, in a spiral direction, till exhausted, and then drops to the earth, when it may be easily caught.”

On the subject of “ Migration of Birds,” he says :

“ Of all the phenomena connected with migration, one of the most astonishing is, that certain land birds leave us in the spring to nidificate in other countries, — a fact to be accounted for only, as I have before stated, by looking to higher causes. The regions of the East would, doubtless, supply the swallow with food inexhaustible throughout the year; the nightingale, and other warblers, would equally experience no difficulty in supplying their wants in those genial climes, and yet, urged by an irresistible and regularly recurring impulse, they launch forth on a wearisome and perilous voyage to fulfil their high mission. The same principle

must apply to those birds which hybernate with us. The cone of the fir-tree is nearly as abundant as in the north, and yet the cross-bill, hawfinch, and chatterer leave us; berries are as plentiful, and still the fieldfare and redwing return in flocks. As regards the insectivores, I believe them to be commissioned by an all-wise and beneficent Providence to free us from the clouds of insects, which would otherwise infest our dwellings, and destroy the labours of the field; and how greatly do they add to our enjoyments and feelings of cheerfulness, by their beauty, motions, and melody! May not the return of the migrating birds to the north be designed for the same purpose, for how vast would be the abstraction from our enjoyments were our woods and hedge-rows silent and tenantless. If our more southern winter is gladdened and enlivened by these sportive and happy beings, the vernal and summer delights of the inhabitants of the less genial regions of the north are increased, and the privations of winter, in a manner, compensated for by their return."

The pugnacity of the robin :

" Another incident of a more singular nature occurred to myself at the close of September, 1835. I am particular in the date, as I have never noticed this pugnacity otherwise than in the autumn. In the case in point I heard a robin warbling in a tree in a small garden adjoining my house, and wishing to excite its attention, I placed on the window-sill a beautifully stuffed specimen of the bird, which was soon perceived. The song became louder and at longer strains as if sounding a challenge. Presently he made a flight of inspection as far as the window, which after an interval was repeated, but in the shape of an attack. So violent was it that he threw the stuffed bird to the ground from the height of two stories, pursuing it as it fell and attacking it violently when down. I then perched it on an empty box standing in the yard, the live bird remaining within a yard of me while I was doing so, and the moment I withdrew a few paces, he renewed the charge with redoubled vigour, and with such obstinacy that I could easily have caught him, and on my removing the stuffed bird he resumed his place on the box, strutting about with an expanded tail and an erect attitude, as if claiming and pronouncing a victory. Shortly after, on noticing the bird to be still hovering about the neighbourhood, I replaced my specimen on the window-sill, securing the stand by a brad-awl, and hardly had I done so before the robin resumed the war by settling on the head of his unconscious foe, digging and pecking at it with the utmost rage and violence. I then interfered and removed the object of strife, but the robin kept watch in the neighbourhood during the rest of the day, and was singing his triumph even in the shades of the evening."

Remarkable provision of the rook and crow in respect to their nests :

" The rook and crow do not begin to build their nests in Russia till the end of March—and even there, as with us, they are the first in the field. With the exception of the martin and the stork, it is perhaps the only bird which retains a predilection for its old nest, which it revisits at intervals during the autumn to fortify and repair against the future season. Instinct in general is not prescient, but immediate; it is not acted on by calculations of events, but there is some exciting cause which calls it forth. In this economy of the rook, instinct assumes the character of forethought, common in some hybernating animals as regards their collection of food, but excelling them in this remarkable attention to the future wants of their progeny."

Power of animals and plants to resist the effects of cold, and the

suspension of their germinating powers during a long series of ages :

" Fishes and other cold-blooded animals will survive an intense torpidity. 'The fish froze,' says Captain, now Sir John Franklin, in the Narrative of his Journey to the Polar Sea, 'as fast as they were taken out of the nets, and in a short time became a solid mass of ice, and by a blow or two of a hatchet were easily split open, when the intestines might be removed in one lump. If in this completely frozen state they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation. We have seen a carp recover so far as to leap about with much vigour after it had been frozen for thirty-six hours.' The celebrated Isaac Walton quotes Gesner for the fact of some large breams being put into a pond, which was frozen the next winter into one mass of ice, so that not one could be found, and they were all swimming about again when the pond thawed in the spring,—a thing 'almost as incredible,' says the sentimental sinner, as Lord Byron calls him, 'as the resurrection to an Atheist.'

" Insects easily bear torpidity from cold. In Newfoundland, Capt. Buchan saw a frozen lake, which in the evening was all still and frozen over, but as soon as the sun had dissolved the surface in the morning, it was in a state of animation, owing, as appeared by close inspection, to myriads of flies let loose, while many still remained infixed and frozen round. Ellis also mentions that a large black mass, like coal or peat, dissolved when thrown upon the fire into a cloud of musquitoes. Those insects which hybernate, are not thought to prepare for and enter into that state solely from cold, as they do so when the season comes round, although the weather be as warm previously, and they show no disposition before this period, though the temperature chance to be as low as it usually is in the season of hybernation.

" Some animals become torpid on being deprived of moisture; the most simple infusoria, rotifera, and vibrones, for instance. A common garden snail becomes torpid if put in a dry place, and may be revived at any time by the application of a little water. Moisture has revived some animalcules after a torpidity of twenty-seven years. The same is true of some of the most simple vegetables, as mosses. The microscopic wheel animal, after remaining three or four years as a shrivelled point, capable of being broken to pieces like a crystal of salt, is still recoverable by a drop of water, and the vibrio or eel of blighted corn after twenty or thirty years. Yet electricity destroys their capability of resuscitation. Most vegetables become torpid in winter. Many lichens and mosses, dried in herbaria, have been restored to life by moisture after the lapse of very many years. Seeds and bulbs, which have remained for centuries in the bowels of the earth, have sprung into life on being thrown into a more congenial soil*: this was shown recently in trenching for a plantation in part of Bushy Park, which had probably been undisturbed by the spade or plough since, and perhaps long before, the time of Charles the First. The ground was turned up in the winter, and in the following summer it was covered with a profusion of the tree mignonette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, plants which are nowhere found in a wild state in the neighbourhood; 'and in a plantation subsequently made in Richmond Park, a great quantity of the fox-glove came up after some deep trenching. The *Hyssopus procumbens* was lost in the Upsal gardens for forty years, but was accidentally resuscitated, by digging the ground it had formerly occupied; and a species of *lobelia*, which had been missing for twenty years in the Amsterdam garden, was unexpectedly recovered in the same manner."

With respect to the productive powers of fish, the author says :

" The smaller birds multiply to an extraordinary extent, many rearing from ten to fifteen young at a time, and others having two broods a year; among the former the

granivorous birds may be placed, and to the latter the insectivores and migratory birds especially belong. The one by its numbers provides for the continuance of its race beyond what is required for human food; and the other keeps within due bounds the myriads of insects which would otherwise infest the earth like an Egyptian plague. The aquatic birds which prey on fish lay seldom more than two eggs, because the labour to supply their young would be beyond their powers; but the other species which dabble in the mud, and feed on worms and frogs, and whose young readily assist themselves, have always large broods, first, because the food is easily procured, and secondly, because in its abundance it would soon overrun the land were its increase not kept within bounds.

"With fish this danger is not to be apprehended, as their numbers can neither act prejudicially to other parts of the creation, nor dangerously to themselves, and, therefore, we see an increase permitted to them beyond either the power of language to express, or the fertility of the imagination to conceive. They have many natural enemies to contend with in their own element; and the Divine mandate, that 'man should have dominion over the fish of the sea,' implied the importance they should be to him as food; and as God is lavish in his bounties to all creatures, can we refuse to acknowledge the goodness which made 'the waters to bring forth abundantly,' or to shut our eyes to the causes which render this prodigious increase subservient to his benevolent care!"

We have quoted enough to show the entertaining character of the book, as well as its religious and moral utility. It contains abundance of anecdotes, and of traits of character, not less interesting than those which we have extracted; and we conclude by heartily recommending it to public patronage and approbation.

Lectures delivered at Literary and Mechanics' Institutions. By WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

We think our readers will agree with us, that these Lectures were worthy of being printed for a more wide circulation, than they could receive from oral delivery. They are decidedly good, well adapted for popular instruction, and containing much useful information, well condensed and expressed in an agreeable style. They comprise Lectures, 1. On the Human Form: 2. On Imitative Sounds: 3. The Life and Character of Cromwell: 4. The Life and Character of Cortes: 5. Five of our Poets (Wordsworth, Montgomery, Campbell, Southey, and Moore): 6. Macaulay's Works: and 7. The History of Wakefield.

We give the following extract as a specimen of the author's style and matter, from his Lecture on the Human Figure:

"The scale of proportion which the Greeks adopted, is acknowledged to be correct at the present day; and it must remain so as long as the world is in existence. The proportions relate to the length of the limbs and height of the whole figure, and are all deduced from the size of one single feature. But though the rules are invariable with respect to the length of the limbs, they are not so determined with respect to their width, which varies according to the idea of muscular strength intended to be conveyed. Nature displays an infinite modification of beauty, from

the first dawn of childhood to the full vigour of riper age. Infancy is characterised by a roundness and delicacy of form, where hardly a muscle is perceptible; youth is marked by a slender and elegant make, bespeaking activity and dexterity; manhood exhibits the union of symmetry, strength, and dignity; and womanhood displays a delicacy of feature and a combination of graces, which are the true characteristics of the female form. We might, indeed, go further, even to the confines of the grave, and speak of the venerable beauty which belongs to old age, in man resembling an oak, which, though shattered and hoary, is still majestic; and in woman, retracing the idea of a flower, still fragrant, still lovely, even in decay. There is a placidness, and tranquillity of features, a cheerful expression of peace and resignation; and, may we not say, a heavenly brightness, often accompanying those who have attained to a good old age. Yet all these stages and varieties of beauty are subservient to one and the same invariable rule, with an exception as regards childhood, when the head usurps more than its subsequent proportion to the rest of the body.

"We mentioned before that all the parts of the body are deduced, according to the standard of the Greeks, from one feature alone,—this is the *nose*. The face is divided into three nose-lengths, viz., one-nose length for the forehead; then the nose itself; one nose-length from the base of the nose to the bottom of the chin. Add one-nose length to these for the hair, and we shall have four nose-lengths the length of the head. The whole length of the body is seven and a half heads, which are more conveniently expressed as ten face-lengths. The body is equally divided into upper and lower. The upper contains the head, neck, and trunk; the lower, the legs. Each half of the body is, of course, five face-lengths. The neck is two nose-lengths; therefore, the head and neck together are two face-lengths. The trunk is divided into three divisions, each one face-length; therefore, the head, neck, and trunk together, are five face-lengths. The legs are divided equally at the knees. The upper and lower portion, being each two and a half face-lengths. The distance from the ankle to the sole of the foot is half a face-length. The arms can be stretched out horizontally to a length equal to the height of the whole body. The arms, when hanging at the sides, or rather the tips of the fingers, reach to the middle of the thigh. The elbows reach almost to the hips. Rob Roy presented an exception to this proportion; his fingers reached to his knees when hanging at his sides. Though this was the case, we dare say, that his clansmen, when they admired his great length of arm, never dreamed their hero was, in this respect, completely analogous to the long-armed apes of the East Indies. There is no standard of beauty (though there may be of convenience) for the stature of the body, inasmuch as the proportions we have enumerated would be as productive of symmetry in the inhabitants of Lilliput, as in those of Brobdingnag. As we have previously remarked, there are invariable rules for the length of the limbs, but none so definite for their width, which varies according as the figure is slight or muscular. However, the width across the chest to the armpits may be measured two face-lengths; and the whole width, including the shoulders, two heads; but this is much increased when the idea of great strength is intended to be conveyed. With regard to the face, an oval is the form most allied to perfect beauty. The distance between the eyes is the width of an eye. The nose is the width of an eye. The mouth is placed rather nearer the nose than the bottom of the chin, and is rather wider than the nose. The ear is the same length as the nose. With respect to the hands and feet, the feet have been proportioned to nearly one-sixth of the height of the body; but this is a large size. The hand is the length of the face. The thumb is one nose-length.

"Having now gone through the general proportions of the body, we will allude to a few instances in which they have been departed from by the ancients. As a great genius, who is perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, chooses, notwithstanding, to depart from them on extraordinary occasions; so the most celebrated sculptors and painters, both ancient and modern, have thought fit to deviate, on some occasions, from the known rules of art; and have thus produced a much nobler effect than a mere servile compliance with these acknowledged regulations could have done. Two examples from the antique will suffice. The celebrated statue, commonly called the Apollo Belvidere, which is so justly admired for its exquisite combination of symmetry and strength, affords an exception to one of the

rules we have already mentioned. We stated that the body was equally divided into head, neck, and trunk, for the upper, and legs for the lower division. But the legs of the Apollo are one nose-length longer than the upper division of his body, which extra length of limb was intended to give the 'God of the Silver Bow' the appearance of possessing extraordinary swiftness of foot. The celebrated statue called the Hercules Farnese, presents another exception. His body is eight and a half heads high, instead of seven and a half, which was the proportion laid down for perfect beauty. This gigantic statue is designed to give him the appearance of possessing prodigious strength, and the immense width of his shoulders and muscular limbs have an additional tendency to cause the head to seem out of proportion. The beautiful statue of the Venus de Medicis, on the contrary, is all in exact proportion, according to the rules we have specified; and, therefore, having her height given (which we believe to be five feet two inches), it would be very easy to calculate the length of her limbs, and tell the exact length of her nose, without having a peep at her."

The Flight of Armida. A Poem in one thousand prospective Cantos. By one of the surviving whims of Ludovico Ariosto. Canto the First. Recently discovered by an Archæologist in an urn supposed to contain several important relics. London: James Cochrane, 128. Chancery Lane.

WE are sorry that we cannot say much in praise of this, but in fairness to the author we give the following extracts from the opening :

THOU Muse, Celestial Inspiration ! thou
 Who art Eternal, — in all time, all space, —
 Th' Almighty's Ever-living Child, that now
 Dost in THAT winning form instil the grace
 Of native loveliness, dost clothe THAT brow
 In all its fascination, and dost trace
 Thy radiant aspect in the sparkling eye,
 Or curling lip, and breath'st upon a sigh : —

If I do call thee from thy sacred cell
 To give shape to my fancy, or to guide
 My mind to trace the image which did dwell
 In Nature's bosom, when thy form I spied
 Glass'd on the waters, or upon the swell
 Of Ocean, big with young convulsion, ride : —
 If I disturb thy rest in vain, forgive
 Th' advent'rous name that sought with thine to live.

The following stanza, however, at the close (stanza cxiii.) is good :

Adversity is sent us from above,
 To wean us from self-love and selfishness ;
 Our kind and kindred sympathies to move ;
 To teach us not to mock at weak distress, —

To win for fellow-sufferers our love ;
 To wake the torpid sense of Hopelessness ; —
 'Tis Charity that doth these accents swell,
 The gentle Minister of woe : — Farewell !

A little Book has been sent to us under the following title : —

The Cold Water Cure, its Use and Misuse, examined. By
 HERBERT MAYO, M.D. F.R.S., formerly Surgeon of Middlesex
 Hospital. London : Henry Renshaw, 356. Strand. 1845.

THE name of "Herbert Mayo" attracted our attention to this treatise on a Curative Process which forms an epoch in the science of Medicine ; and it is only doing justice to Mr. Mayo to say that it is the best on the subject which has come under our notice. It is at once clear, concise, candid, and impartial.

We have many books lying on our library table, which we should have been glad to notice had they been sent in time ; but we take the opportunity to inform those who are in the habit of sending works for review, that as it is the custom of the Reviewer attached to this Magazine to read the works submitted to his notice before speaking of them, it is necessary that he should have time for their careful perusal.

Several new pieces of Music call for the same remark. We are happy to be able to speak of one, however, entitled "Vernal Influence:" the poetry from "Songs of Spring," by Mrs. Elde Darby, to whom the music is dedicated by Charles Oberthür. Published by W. Goodwin, 4. Upper Wellington Street, Covent Garden.

This music by Herr Oberthür of the Royal Chapel of Munich, and incontestably one of the first Harpists now in London, is a sweet melody, quite appropriate to the sentiments of which it is the interpreter. The animated, joyous *crescendo* passage to the two last lines reminds us of Mendelssohn by its fervour and beauty, though it is perfectly original. The graceful accompaniment is equally adapted to the harp or piano. The words of the song are so superior to the usual common-place productions appended to musical compositions, and are

so strongly indicative of poetical powers of no ordinary cast, that we give the song entire :—

Who hath not felt the heart's lightness,
 The buoyant delight of Spring ;
 Touching the spirit with brightness,
 Like the touch of an Angel's wing ?
 Something too sweet for expression,
 Transport that from the lip flies,
 Too thrilling, too deep for confession,
 Flows from the heart to the eyes !
 Each sensitive bosom must know it,
 E'en the coldest its charm must inspire !
 Then what must it be to the poet,
 The creature of feeling and fire !
 His soul that in Nature rejoices,
 Pours out all its rapture in song
 Unbidden and sweet as the voices
 Of the birds, the new leafage among.
 'Tis his and their language, and both alike feel
 A bliss that e'en song can but faintly reveal !

GRIEF.

Physician.

Restrain her not ; let sorrow find its vent
 In tears, a woman's solace. Rather help
 The bland restorative which Nature gives
 To over-bursting hearts !

Countess.

Oh ! tell me not to ease my heart with tears :—
 Tears cannot reach a grief so deep as mine !
 Let others weep ! and with their tears wash out
 Their lesser sorrows : mine are all dried up !

Old Play.

MAYNOOTH.

THE Bill for increasing and making permanent the grant to Maynooth College was read a first time in the House of Lords, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, on the 23d of May. It may be remarked, that it is the privilege of a peer in the House of Lords, that any bill introduced by him shall be read a first time as a matter of course. The bill, in this case, therefore, was read a first time without opposition. On the 2d of June, the Duke of Wellington moved, "that the bill be read a second time;" to which the Earl of Roden moved as an amendment, that

"A select committee be appointed to inquire into the class-books used, and the general course of instruction imparted, at the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, and that this bill be referred to a select committee."

After considerable opposition the debate was adjourned.

On the 3d of June the debate was resumed and again adjourned. On the 4th of June the debate was resumed and concluded by a division, when the numbers for and against the amendment were,—

For the amendment	-	-	-	-	-	59
Against it	-	-	-	-	-	155

Majority against the amendment	96
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The house then divided on the original motion; that is, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, "that this bill be read a second time;"—when the numbers appeared as follows:—

For the motion,—	
Peers present	- - - - - 144
Proxies	- - - - - 82
	<hr/> 226

Against the motion,—	
Peers present	- - - - - 55
Proxies	- - - - - 14

Majority in favour of the second reading	69
	<hr/> 157

On the 10th of June the bill went through committee after very little opposition and a very short discussion.

On the 16th of June, the order of the day having been formed for the third reading of the bill, an amendment was moved by the

Bishop of Llandaff, "that the bill be read a third time that day six months ;"—for which the votes were :—

For the third reading,—							
Peers present	-	-	-	-	-	-	104
Proxies	-	-	-	-	-	-	77
							181
Against it,—							
Peers present	-	-	-	-	-	-	34
Proxies	-	-	-	-	-	-	16

Majority for the third reading

On the motion, "that the bill do pass" —

The Earl of Winchelsea moved as an amendment, "that the operation of the bill should be limited to three years."

This amendment was negatived without a division, and the bill passed.

ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A MONEYED RELATION.

THE visionary alchymists of old
Tortur'd their lives to turn base lead to gold ;
But all in vain ! for after all their pains,
The only thing they turn'd was their own brains !
But now the meanest wretch that wears a rag,
Without the aid of alchymy, can brag
That he can turn to gold e'en an old coat !
Thus, what brings with it its own antidote ;
And a poor devil needs not fear starvation
So long as he can go to ONE relation,
Who only asks, as proof of the connection,
That he will leave some PLEDGE of his affection !

My Uncle : a poem.

VIRGIL FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

BY AN ETONIAN.

ÆNEID. BOOK THE FIRST.

I, who the squeaking bagpipes lov'd to blow ; —
Who taught clodthumpers how to dig and sow ;
And fill their maws with onions and fat pork,
Their only joy, — now aim at higher work ; —

The man I sing, who first from Paddy Land,
Impell'd by whiskey, sought Londinum's Strand ;
Much incommoded both by land and sea,
Much interrupted by the Powers that be,
And Juno's memorable wrath was he :
And many a battle fought he against odds
Until he took a house, and brought his gods
Near to the Fives Court ; whence the Fistic Race
Whose manly deeds its glorious annals grace.

Tell me, O Muse, what Great Unpaid, and why,
Forc'd such a man, so great in fight, to fly,
And gave his heart so violent a wrench ; —
Say, can such ire exasperate the Bench ?
An antient city stood, Paris by name,
Opposite England, far from silver Thame,
Rich, and much skill'd in all the arts of mirth,
Which Juno lov'd beyond all spots on earth ;
Here were enshrin'd her fan and ridicule ;
This town, the Goddess was resolv'd, should rule .
All other nations, should the Fates permit : —
For this she summon'd all a woman's wit .
For she had heard from Irish blood should spring
One who dismay to her lov'd town would bring
And floor all foes, the hero of the Ring !
Thence a victorious people should arise
By Gallia's ruin — so the Fates surmise.
This fearing — mindful of the fight of yore
She stirr'd in Scotia 'gainst Hibernia's shore,

Nor unforgetful of the cause of strife,
 Fix'd, in the angry soul of Jove's cross wife
 Remains the anger of insulted beauty,
 The hated race and Ganymede's lost duty.
 At this incens'd, the wandering Paddies she
 Drove far from Albion o'er many a sea :—
 And long they toil'd, nor found of rest a place ;—
 So vast the work to found the Fancy Race.

Scarce had they sail'd from green Hibernia's steep,
 Cutting with brazen beaks the foaming deep,
 When Juno, fost'ring in her injur'd breast
 Her spite, thus cogitated : " Shall I rest ?
 Quit my resolve ? Seek sweet revenge no more ?
 Nor drive this Paddy far from Albion's shore ?
 Next to my husband, now my greatest bore !
 Because the Fates forbid ? Shall Pallas then
 Burn Scotian vessels and drow'n all the men,
 For spite of Ajax ? From the clouds above
 That Pallas hurl'd the lightnings of dread Jove,
 Scatter'd the ships, while waves with billows strove,
 And in her rage—more furious than the storm—
 Transfix'd on pointed rocks his quiv'ring form !
 But I, Heaven's Queen—with Jove in Heaven rear'd,
 Who dare to take *him* even by the beard,
 As wives have right, against one race I war
 So many years, nor yet their purpose mar !
 And who, meantime, for me grows warm and frisky,
 Or on my altars pours the sacred whiskey ?"

The Goddess then her plan of vengeance forms,
 And seeks the regions of the clouds and storms,
 Where, in a spacious cave, the blust'ring god
 Holds the fierce winds, and rules them by his nod.
 While they, impatient of their king's decree,
 Rebellious fage, and struggle to be free ;
 Æolus—perch'd upon a lofty stand,
 Sits, with a mighty bellows in his hand,
 And stills their squalls, and calms the angry band.
 Did he not so, the whirlwinds, rising fast,
 Would whirl earth, sky, and sea in one destructive blast.
 But Jove, the Gov'nor, fearing such a lark,
 Hath shut them up in caverns deep and dark ;

Pil'd mountains o'er to press the blust'ring rout,
 And giv'n a king who knows what he's about,
 When to hold close, and when to let them out.
 Juno, the God thus coaxingly beseeches :—
 " Æolus—you know I hate long speeches ;
 My husband Jupiter, the King of Heaven,
 To you, my excellent good friend, has given
 Dominion o'er winds, tempests, clouds, and all,
 To calm the waves, or raise them by a squall.
 Now, on the sea there sails the man I hate,
 Bearing away his furniture and plate :
 Summon your fiercest whirlwinds, work your bellows,
 Sink all his ships, and drown me all those fellows.
 Twice seven prime casks of Meux's XX ale
 Lie in my cellar, mellow, fat, and pale :
 The strongest, fullest of these casks will I
 Bestow on thee to whet thy lips when dry ;
 Such beer—so rich—so unctuous—sure will please,
 And give a relish to thy bread and cheese."
 To whom thus Æolus replies :— "'Tis thine,
 O Queen, to order,—to obey is mine ;
 Thou didst my kingdom and my pow'r bestow,
 'Twas thou who first didst teach me how to blow ;
 To thee my bellows and my crown I owe."

Thus having spoke, he struck the mountain's side ;
 Swiftly the winds in overwhelming tide,
 The stormy East, the West, the South, the North,
 Whistling through every vent, with joy burst forth ;
 O'er frighted earth, uncheck'd, they raging roam,
 And lash the angry billows into foam.

Then creak'd the helm, masts bent, ships heel'd, and then
 Was heard the damns and curses of the men :—
 O'er the swoll'n sea the murky clouds hung close ;
 So dark—the pilot could not see his nose :—
 Flash'd the fork'd lightnings, and the thunder's roar
 Shook the spent ship, while wave on wave broke o'er.
 The screaming sea-gulls seem'd in scorn to mock her ;
 All hands now turn'd their eyes to Davy's locker.
 This hubbub! puts our hero in a funk :—
 Quickly he bolts a piece of unchew'd junk—
 " Oh, thrice and four times is he bless'd," he cries,
 " Who in his bed-room comfortably dies !

Whom neither rain, nor wind, nor storm offends,
 Regretted by his creditors and friends ;
 Why cannot I, since die I must, die so ?
 This venture, I'm afraid, will prove no go.
 O for a gas-light to dispel this dark !
 What has put up the winds to such a lark ?"
 While he yet spoke, a Boreastic puff
 Takes him aback, before the helm can luff ;
 The vessel broaches to — snap go the oars —
 And a tremendous breaker downwards roars ;
 Then, in despair, each frightened tar begins
 To bend his knees, and reckon up his sins ;
 Thinking by scraps of prayer great Jove to hum,
 Some seek for Bibles — others seek for rum ;
 Some try to save their goods, and some their souls, —
 But all in vain ; three ships are urg'd on shoals,
 Three are on hidden rocks, the Altars, driven,
 A name by the Hibernian pilots given ;
 And one, which bore Orontes, by ill-luck,
 Before our hero's eyes was rudely struck
 By a vast wave, much higher than St. Paul's, —
 The pilot had no time to cry out "Squalls !"
 But in a trice, head over heels, was cast
 Into the sea ; the ship dash'd wildly past :
 Waves clos'd around ; — the pilot swore his last.

Now on the bosom of the boist'rous deep
 A few stout swimmers scarce their courage keep :
 Kegs of prime whiskey, casks of beef and pork,
 Show, by their wreck, the winds had done their work.
 Achates' ship, Ilioneus's cutter,
 Abas's, with a cargo of salt butter,
 That which Alethes, an old tar, commanded,
 With many others, were engulf'd or stranded.
 To face the tempest all were found too weak ;
 Some were capsiz'd, and others sprung a leak.
 But now this uproar and strange hurly-burly
 Awoke old Neptune, who, with looks most surly,
 Popp'd up his head above the troubled ocean : —
 He sees the elements in wild commotion ;
 Our hero's fleet wide scatter'd o'er the main ;
 The sailors struggling 'gainst the storm in vain :
 Knowing at once 'twas one of Juno's freaks,
 He calls the East and West winds, and thus speaks : —

"Is it your birth that leads you thus to dare
 My pow'r, presumptuous blackguards that you are,
 To veil the skies with your damn'd clouds and fogs,
 And without 'by your leave,' rain cats and dogs?
 By Jingo, I — but first we'll stop this fun,
 Then you shall dearly pay for what you've done. —
 Be off! — and tell your windy-bellied king,
 The sea's not his, nor trident — no such thing;
 But mine; — let Æolus give up this tone,
 Put by his bellows, and leave me alone;
 Tell him to be contented with his rocks,
 And shut his winds up under patent locks."

He spoke; and bade the ocean cease from riot,
 Restor'd the sun, and made the clouds be quiet.
 Cimotheü and Triton, striving, cast
 From off the rocks, the ships that had stuck fast:
 Neptune himself, with his potato fork,
 Lends them a hand, and so they make short work;
 He makes all right; — then o'er the tranquil stream
 Glides in his easy car propell'd by steam.
 As when two fishfags fierce contention wage,
 On either side, while shouting mobs engage,
 And mud and compliments are freely flung;
 Rage supplies weapons from the vulgar tongue: —
 Then on a sudden, if the mob behold
 The parish-constable, their zeal grows cold; —
 They look — stop short — and greet him with a laugh!
 He calms their minds, and soothes them with his staff. —
 So the contentions of the billows ceas'd: —
 The Father of the Waves beholds, well pleas'd,
 The calm; and in his car of ten-horse pow'r
 Glides o'er the waves at twenty knots an hour.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following Contributions are respectfully declined with the Editor's thanks :—

"Childe Wilkins," and "The Rightful Glory." "A Love Tale." "Love of Friends." "The Old Clerk, or the Whipper-in Death." "The Pensioner." "Greek Song, A. D. 1824." "The Evening Bells." "The Grey Goose Quill." "Child of my Hope," "Brave Bolivar," &c. "Miss Betty O'Rooke, by W. B." "The Sea before and after a Storm." "Paris Churches." "A Divine in an unpleasant Position." "Address to Tweed." "The Egg Phantom." "Lady Alice." "The Street Singer. K." "The Sea King." "The Shooting Star." "The River Lady." "The Claims of the Poor." "A Christmas Carol." "The Poor Law Commissioner's Dream. A. Z." "Canzonet, by H. G. A." "Sport in the West." "The Rival Broom Men." "Verses written on leaving India." "Evergreen Bower." "The De'il in Love." "To My Husband." "The Outcast at the Grave of his Wife." "Alstadt and the Sorcerer." "The Witch of Caithness." "The Last of the Cribbage Players." "The Beggar's Dinner." "The Logarithms." "A Few Remarks on the Word 'But.'" "Erato." "The Friar Ass." "A Short Chapter from a Play-goer's Note Book." "The Furies, the Return of Theseus, &c." "The Garret Captive." "Death and Heaven." "The Simple-hearted Swain." "Vive la Bagatelle. C. II. W." "Bell Ringing." "The Homer of Spain." "Zuleika's Adventure in search of Varalaki." "A Freak of Fortune." "Pencilings at Gravesend." "De Lancy." "The Damn'd Bailiff." "A Roland for an Oliver." "Abraham Gowan." "Cupboard Love." "History for the Million." "A. D. 147." "Sketch of Social Life in the Provinces." "Rose Brydges." "Louis Philippe's Visit. M. D." "Fragments from a Poet's Diary." "A Tale of Days gone by." "Mourant, the Monk." "A Romance in Reality, &c. W. P. B." "Neddy Brooke, the Blind Orphan Boy." "Clifford Morley." "The Lawyer and his Client." "Tales of our Atelier." "A Dirge." "Sketches of Parisian Character." "The Panic." "Poem, by C. M. S." "The Last Battle of the Hero." "Z. Y. A." "Pastoral Song: an Irish Scene, &c." "Lines on the Death of Mr. Thomas Hood, by W. M." "Traits of the Troutbeck and Borrowdale Worthies of former Days." "The Wrecker: a Sketch of the West." "The Thunder Storm." "Epigrams, by L. M. S."

*The Index to the Third Volume will be appended
to the next Number.*

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

~ TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SILLIMAN INSISTS THAT HE WAS NOT DROWNED.

THE mate, astonished to find a native, as he supposed, in the possession of firearms, was a little at a loss for a few seconds to know how to act; for there seemed to be as much danger in retreating as in remaining where he was. But as the report of the musket was not followed as he expected by a yell from the other savages, and as the ensign's party was too far off for their movements to be heard, the sturdy seaman quickly recovered his presence of mind, and with professional audacity conceived the design of carrying in the native as a prisoner to the major's encampment. He still kept a firm grip of Jerry's leg, and that astounded individual, persuaded that his limb was clutched either by a real native or by some ferocious animal of the woods, was too terrified for some time to give vent to his fright by vocal exclamations. Nor did his enemy give him time; for the mate starting on his legs, suddenly clasped him in his arms, and before Jerry could cry out, threw his prisoner on the ground, and ramming his handkerchief into his mouth, in a moment with a bit of lanyard which, sailor-like, he always carried about him, he tied Jerry's elbows together, and so had him hard and fast.

Poor Jerry finding himself trussed up after this fashion, with his face to the earth and his antagonist's knee in his back keeping him down, immediately concluded from the celerity and dexterity of the operation, that by some horrid mischance he had again fallen into the clutches of the dreadful bushranger, and he gave vent to his anguish in a doleful groan. But the mate, who had possessed himself of the musket and bayonet of the captured sentinel, immediately endeavoured to make the native sensible that any noise would be promptly pun-

ished; and unshipping the bayonet, as he mentally expressed it, that it might form a handier instrument for his purpose, he applied it gently but decidedly to the fleshy part of his prisoner's person, which caused the party afflicted to perform an undulatory contortion of his body, wriggling it snakelike, and digging his toes into the ground with a quick and convulsive motion strongly expressive of his sense of the obligation. Several attempts at crying out were repressed in the same way; but the mate could not help being exceedingly surprised to find a native of Van Diemen's Land clothed like an European; which was altogether at variance with all that he had heard on the subject. But his astonishment was increased when Jerry, not being able any longer to bear the arguments *à posteriori* repeatedly applied by the mate to keep his prisoner quiet, with a convulsive effort contrived to disengage the handkerchief from his mouth, and in the extremity of his despair roared out "murder!"

Sailors are proverbially superstitious. The voice was the voice of Mr. Silliman, whom the bushrangers had chucked into the sea, and whom the mate had supposed long since to have become food for the Australian fishes! Utterly unable to account for the resurrection of the drowned Jeremiah at such a time and in such a place, the amazed mate—his faculties wearied and confused with the events of the day, and the strangeness of an unknown country, and the darkness, helping, as he afterwards explained, "to flabbergast him entirely"—was struck with the notion that he was the sport of the Evil One!—or else that it was with the spirit of the murdered passenger that he was now contending!

For a moment the courage of the hardy mate was at fault. As to bushrangers, or natives, or anything living, howsoever dangerous, he snapped his fingers at them; but to have to do with an unreal thing! the ghost of one who had met with a violent death! that was more than his nautical philosophy could bear; and he meditated a hasty retreat, when his prisoner, who had recovered his breath, set up a second shout:

"Murder! help! Here are the bushrangers on us! Help! murder!"

It was certainly the voice of the deceased Jerry! But the sincerity of his terror as exhibited in the energy of his cries, and the plump substantiality of his person so indicative of a real living body, struck the worthy mate, and dispelled the superstitious feeling of ghostly apparitions or supernatural agency. Wishing to test still further the fact of the body under his knee being that of a real living man, he applied the bayonet in a manner calculated to elicit that fact by some further demonstration.

"Don't," beseeched Jerry; "pray, sir, don't; good bushranger, Mr. Mark Brandon; I'll do what you please; but don't—don't keep sticking that ugly bayonet into me every instant"

"Why!" exclaimed the mate, "who the devil are you?"

"Mr. Northland! By George, it's all right after all! What! don't you know me? Don't you know Mr. Silliman, the passenger on board your ship?"

"But that Mr. Silliman was drowned," returned the mate, still keeping his knee stuck into Jerry's back, as a precautionary and

preventive measure against sudden retaliation, "I saw him go down myself."

"I know I went down," replied Jerry; "but I came up again:—I wasn't drowned. The boat that we thought was full of bushrangers, contained a party of soldiers and constables, who were in pursuit of Mark Brandon and his gang, and they saved me."

"And where are they?" asked the mate. But before Jeremiah had time to answer the question, the mate uttered a peremptory "Hush! I hear footsteps approaching."

"Who comes there?" said a voice, which Jerry recognised as that of the ensign; "Mr. Silliman, is that you?"

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Silliman, getting on his legs, to which the mate assisted him; "it's me, and more than me. Here's the mate of the brig, Mr. Northland. He caught hold of my leg in the dark, and I fired off my musket."

"Are you sure it is the mate of the brig?"

"Sure! Haven't I made all the voyage with him? and do you think I don't know his voice as well as I do my own?"

"Where are the bushrangers?" enquired the ensign.

"On board the brig," replied the mate. "They offered to let us go on shore with arms to protect us from the natives; and as they had us completely in their power, the major thought it best to agree to it. When I gripped Mr. Silliman's leg, I thought I had got hold of a native."

"There are no natives in this part of the island," said the constable; "what put that in your head?"

"Why, Mark Brandon declared there was a mob of at least three hundred natives preparing to attack us! And I saw one myself, a most ferocious-looking rascal, brandishing his spears at us from the top of the hill"

"That was me!" said Jerry. "It was that confounded bushranger who made me paint myself like a native with his filthy black mud, and stuck me at the top of the hill to frighten you."

"By Jupiter," exclaimed the mate, "I see it all now! And that confounded bushranger, with his jaw, has been persuading us all the time that you were a party of natives; for we saw the smoke of your fire over the hills. That we could ever be such fools as to be so bamboozled!"

"Don't be ashamed," said the constable, availing himself of the freedom of the bush to put in his say, "Mark Brandon has bamboozled as good heads as your's; but now we must see if we can't bamboozle him."

"Come on to the fire," said the ensign, "and then you can explain more of this matter to us. There is something in it that I can't altogether comprehend. This Mark Brandon seems to have the art of the devil himself, to deceive you all in the way that he has done."

The mate, during this colloquy, had freed his prisoner from the cord, and at the invitation of the ensign, he moved on with Jerry to the spot where the fire was blazing brightly. They were duly challenged by the sentries as they approached; and having reached the light, it was with considerable curiosity that the mate surveyed the

well-known podgy person of his fellow-passenger of the brig; not without some vague lingerings of doubt, however, as to whether he could be the real Silliman after all, so strongly was his mind impressed with the remembrance of having seen him going down to the bottom of the sea in D'Entrecasteaux's channel. He was glad, however, to sit down by the side of the fire with the ensign, while Mr. Silliman endeavoured to rest himself on his knees.

The ensign, observing that he continued in that unnatural and inconvenient posture, asked him, goodnaturedly, why he did not sit down. But Jerry shook his head, and rubbing himself behind with a most lugubrious expression of countenance, intimated that the mate's vivacious hints with the bayonet had incapacitated him from enjoying that luxury for some time to come. The mate having explained the meaning of Jerry's pantomimic action, the bystanders, as is usual on such occasions, set up a hearty and simultaneous laugh, which was rendered the merrier by the comical seriousness preserved by the smarting Jerry, who didn't laugh at all; and, as he observed, "couldn't see what there was to laugh at!" How would they like it themselves?

Their merriment quickly gave way, however, to the more serious consideration of the steps to be pursued for the recovery of the brig. The major's daughters were safe; that was a great point; and George Trevor's heart beat quick as he thought that the Helen, whom he had sought over a large part of Europe in vain, was even now within a short distance from him, and that in a brief space he should have the happiness of beholding her again! In his romantic enthusiasm he was almost angry that circumstances had disappointed him of the opportunity of showing his courage by rescuing her from the power of the bushrangers! But that idea soon gave way to more sober thoughts. Her father, by the mate's account, would be ruined by the loss of the brig, in which had been embarked nearly the whole of his property; besides, it was his duty to leave no means untried of capturing the runaway convicts, who were in arms against the government, and whose escape it was important to prevent, lest it should operate as an encouragement to similar attempts. He turned his attention, therefore, firmly to the business of retaking the brig, without allowing the thought of Helen, whom he burned to see again, to distract him from his duty; but, as he considered that the major's military experience would be valuable in deciding on the proceedings to be adopted, he determined on joining him without delay.

Desiring his party to follow in Indian file, and requesting the mate to act as guide, they proceeded as rapidly as the darkness and the inequality of the ground would permit to the spot where the major, with his daughters and the crew of the vessel, held their entrenched encampment.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE IN THE BUSH.

IN the mean time the major, with the vigilance of an old soldier, had kept a good look-out. On the departure of the mate he had pushed forward a couple of scouts to give notice of anything indi-

cating danger. It was not long before one of them came back with the intelligence that footsteps were heard approaching. The major went to the outside of his fortifications a little in advance, and placing his ear to the ground was enabled to distinguish plainly the sound of the tread of many men. Giving instant directions to the crew to be on their guard, and retiring his two scouts within the breast-work, the sturdy sailors stood with their arms ready prepared to repel the attack of the natives, which they now were convinced was on the point of taking place.

The major was by no means at ease in respect to the result of the conflict; for he was aware of the power of numbers, and the advantage which a night attack, under such circumstances, gave to the attacking party. He hastily spoke a few words to re-assure his daughters' confidence, with some brief instructions as to the course they were to pursue in the case of his being overpowered by numbers. Helen, and especially Louisa, could not help feeling the alarm natural to their sex at the prospect of an encounter with savages, not only on their own account, but for their father's sake, who was not a man, as they well knew, to be backward where fighting was going on, or to shrink from danger when his presence and example were needed to encourage others. But, with the strong-minded Helen, the tremors which the first alarm had excited quickly subsided, and, arming herself with a ship's cutlass, she planted herself before the entrance of the rock to guard from harm her less courageous sister.

"Shall I fire, sir?" asked one of the sailors, who held in his brawny arms a huge blunderbuss, the threatening aspect of which was alone sufficient to scare away a whole mob of natives, had there been light to distinguish the capaciousness of its expanding muzzle:—"I can hear them coming on, and my blunderbuss covers them nicely; shall I let fly?"

"No, no," said the major, "never fire, man, till you have hailed your enemy; always give fair play; don't fire."

"Avast, there!" cried out the mate, who heard the word "fire," and was by no means desirous of receiving such a compliment from his friends. "Avast! we are friends, all of us. Here is Mr. Silliman come to life again, and a party of soldiers come to join us; and now, by Jupiter, we'll have the old brig again; and I'll take the liberty to tell Master Mark Brandon a bit of my mind. And, with your leave, major, we'll make up a fire, for we are strong enough now to defy the bushrangers, even if they were to come on shore, which they won't do, for it's not their game; they will be trying to get the vessel through the opening and out to sea; but we'll put a stopper on that, or my name's not Jack Northland."

"Major Horton," said Ensign Trevor, introducing himself by name, "I think I cannot do better than put myself under your orders; your knowledge and experience in these matters are far superior to mine." This deferential offer Mr. Trevor made by no means with the desire of propitiating the major, but entirely from the impulse of his natural modesty, so becoming in youth. But the major replied with military decision, in terms not less courteous:

- "By no means, Mr. Trevor; you are on duty, and I am retired

from the service. But I shall be happy to give you the benefit of my advice if you should think it worth having. But, your name? I had the honour to be acquainted abroad with a gentleman of the name of Trevor; is it possible that I can have the pleasure of meeting him again in this most extraordinary manner? And now, that the fire begins to burn up, I can see by the light that I am not mistaken. Helen, my dear, you may come forward; Louisa, my love, there is no danger. I have a surprise for you both; here is an old acquaintance. Mr. Trevor, my dears, whom you knew in Germany, is in command of the party that has joined us. Strange meeting this, Mr. Trevor! My poor little girl, you see, has not recovered from her alarm at the thoughts of the natives. Where is Helen, my love? She is generally foremost when there's danger; not that there's any danger now, and especially from you, Mr. Trevor. I see that the expectation of a brush has excited you a little. Oh! here comes Helen! My dear, why do you walk so slowly? Are you ill? Is anything the matter with your sister, Louisa? I am afraid, Mr. Trevor, that her spirits are too much for her! She is quite a heroine, sir; an Amazon! I believe to defend her poor father and her sister she would fight like a lioness! Helen, my dear, look up; this is Mr. Trevor; don't you remember Mr. Trevor? Surely you can't forget the long walks we used to take with him at Vienna! There—there—don't be making formal curtsies in the bush! This is not a place for ceremony, nor a time, neither. You are heated and flushed, my dear, with the excitement of our preparations for the natives. Well, upon my word, I never saw so much bowing and courtseying before! Mr. Trevor, I admire the deference due to the ladies as much as any man, but there's no need to be so very formal among gumtrees and opossums."

"I am happy to see Mr. Trevor," at last said Helen, in a low voice, which faltered slightly, and with an air of dignity which might have become a queen on her throne receiving an ambassador.

"Circumstances," began Mr. Trevor, . . .

"Major," said the mate, coming forward from the rock, by which another fire had been kindled, "we want your assistance here about the provisions: our men say they ought to have some grog."

"Excuse me," said the major, "for a moment; I must attend to my fellows. Sailors, you know, Mr. Trevor, are an unruly race wherever rum and brandy are in question." So saying, he withdrew. His daughter, Louisa, feeling, with the instinct of her sex, that George Trevor and her sister would prefer that their conference should take place without the presence of a third person, had the complaisance to accompany him; and the ensign and Helen were left alone together.

The spot on which the two found themselves in this most strange and unexpected meeting was one of the most romantic of that most beautiful island, abounding, as it does, in the most varied and romantic scenery. It was a spot worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Nothing could exceed the gloomy grandeur of the scene, and the lights and shadows cast by the fires around added to the solemn beauty of the picture.

Scattered about were huge masses of rock, interspersed with dwarfy

shrubs, among which appeared one or two umbrageous peppermint trees of enormous height, whose leaves presented towards the fire the vivid tints of their bright green, while the masses of boughs behind were involved in impenetrable shade. In the back-ground, about a hundred yards from the fire, near which George Trevor and Helen were standing, arose a lofty mass of brown and rugged rock, disclosing in its front a natural cave of gigantic proportions, the entrance of which was now revealed by the light of the fire which had been kindled by the sailors, and around which, with their arms in their hands, they were grouped in picturesque disorder. To the left, the bay, on which the moon now shed a feeble light, might be faintly traced to the base of the hills in the distance; and on its tranquil bosom the masts of the devoted brig were indistinctly visible. Still further, and to the left of the great rock, the open sea appeared, its undulating surface still crested with foam, which glistened in the white beams of the rising moon beyond. As George Trevor and Helen were standing on the side of the fire farthest from the rock, their persons could be but imperfectly seen by those in the vicinity of the sailors' fire, and the sentry in advance was removed from sight and hearing by the obstruction of the temporary fortification of timber and branches which had been thrown up for the protection of the major's party. Thus secured from the observation of eyes or ears, the two had full opportunity to make their mutual explanations; but it was some time before the ensign could muster up courage to break silence, as Helen stood, with her arms slightly folded, in an attitude of freezing rigidity.

"Miss Horton may think, perhaps," he began, "that she has reason to complain —"

"Sir," said Helen, "I make no complaints."

"I mean," resumed the gentleman, "that my seeming neglect — after what had passed — I mean, the declaration which I made —"

"Mr. Trevor," interrupted Helen, "I require no apology for the neglect that you speak of, and it is superfluous for you, therefore, to offer it. This meeting, in these wilds, is not of my seeking — nor of your's, doubtless," she added, with some degree of bitterness; "but such as it is, sir, we must be to each other as if former meetings had never been. I require from you, sir, nothing but respect — and forgetfulness of all the rest. Permit me, sir, to join my father."

"Stay, Miss Horton! Helen, for God's sake do not go away with such an erroneous notion of my feelings! When I quitted you at Vienna I was called away by the sudden and dangerous illness of my nearest and dearest relation . . ."

"And the lady, sir, who accompanied you? Was she a near and dear relation too?"

"That lady was the betrothed of one of my dearest friends. It was, to serve them both that I accompanied her to a village not five miles off, where her future husband awaited her. It was for the purpose of giving a false scent to those who might pursue her, that I consented to act the part I did, and which I have felt since might have given rise to the most fatal misconception. That lady is long since married to my friend; and as I am sure that you will not doubt my sacred word of honor, I hope I may trust that you will believe in the

truth of what I tell you, which I now sacredly affirm. I addressed a letter to you at Vienna . . ."

"I never received it!"

" . . . to which I received no reply ; but as the letter was not returned I conceived, perhaps, an erroneous opinion of you from the slight, as I felt it, of your silence ; and feared . . . but I will not dwell on that point. In short, I do not hesitate to avow, that I searched for you through a great part of Germany, and afterwards in England ; but, as you are aware, without success. My travels in pursuit of you occupied me for an entire year . . ."

"Can this be true?" said Helen, her voice faltering with emotion.

"You cannot doubt my truth, Helen. At last, wearied with a vain search, and suspecting, from your not having replied to my letter, that—that—I am ashamed even now to breathe such a suspicion—in short—that you were trifling with my affections . . ."

"Oh--no!--it was not that!" said Helen, her eyes suffused with tears.

"And wishing to fly from the misery of remembrances too bitter to be borne . . ."

Helen sobbed . . .

"I determined to try if a total change of scene and new occupations would have the effect of making me forget one whom I had loved so tenderly—and who had treated me, as I thought, so capriciously—but whom I was determined to forget!"

"George—George—you have done me wrong! I never was capricious. I thought you had wronged me;—and it was the thought of that neglect that reconciled me to exile—to this distant part of the world—where I might bury my grief and disappointment far away from the eyes of all observers. And I, too, have tried to forget—but I could not. No! a woman cannot forget! How often have I wished that she could!"

"Then—at this spot—" exclaimed George Trevor—"I repeat the declaration of my love; and by this token," unbuttoning his vest and displaying a locket in which his mistress had formerly enclosed a lock of her beautiful hair, "I claim the promise which I received . . ."

"George, you have it before you ask it. There is something so strange and so romantic in this singular meeting on the other side of the globe, after so long a separation, that I think it is fated that we are to belong to each other! You know," she added, smiling, "it is said that marriages are made in heaven! There is my hand; I need not tell you that which you have made me so often tell you before: but be sure that where my hand is given, there my heart is also."

The happy ensign bent down in reverence, and kissed devoutly the proffered hand that was extended towards him in sign of reconciliation; and he was about to repeat the homage, when the voice of the major suddenly interrupted his devotions.

"Hulloa! hulloa!" said the major; "what is the meaning of all this? Kissing of hands in the bush! Why, Mr. Ensign, you make your military approaches with promptitude, at any rate! We want you to join a council of war with me, and the mate, and the constable;

as we are the four dignitaries, it seems, on whom the fate of the bushrangers depends. Well, upon my word, sir, you do me very great honour! You tuck my daughter under your arm as if she belonged to you! That's the military fashion of modern days, I suppose?"

"You forget, major, that our acquaintance is of old date: it was begun at Vienna."

"Eh! what? acquaintance! Mr. Trevor, what do you mean?"

"I mean, major, that the acquaintance and the addresses which your daughter permitted in Germany, she allows me to renew in Van Diemen's Land."

"Addresses! and, renew! Upon my word, you make quick work of it, you young fellows. This, I suppose, is a new edition of an old story! Love in the Bush! And you say that all this nonsense began at Vienna! Well, I think, Helen, you might have made me a confidant in the affair. You know I never would cross you in such a matter; but a father is something, after all! One likes to be consulted, at any rate!"

"My dear papa," said Helen, in her most winning tones, "it was our intention to ask your permission —"

"What! after you had fallen in love you intended to ask my permission to do it! Ah! that's always the way!"

"My dear papa!" interrupted Helen, in great confusion, "pray don't talk so! I assure you it was our intention — but — you forget we were more than a year in Germany with Mr. Trevor."

"Well —"

"A whole year!"

"Well — what of that?"

"Miss Horton means to say," said the soldier, gallantly coming to the rescue, "that it was impossible for me to be in her society for a whole year — short as the time was — without becoming penetrated with a sense of her many excellent qualities"

"Ah! you're both in the same tale, that's clear enough: the one keeps the other in countenance."

"Dear papa, if I had thought that you disapproved"

"Of course! If you had thought that I disapproved! Oh! then you would both have fallen out of love again, I dare say! But let me tell you, although you thought yourselves so clever, that your old father saw plainly enough what was going on; and if he had disapproved, he would not have allowed Mr. Trevor to improve his opportunities as he did: your father was too old a soldier for that"

"Oh! my dear papa!"

"Oh! my dear sir!"

"Well, let me see — some explanations are necessary, Mr. Trevor."

"Oh, papa! George has explained everything."

"But not to me, Miss. Mr. Trevor, you can do that when we have more leisure. Our first business is to get possession of the brig, and to capture these rascally convicts. Now, Mr. Ensign, you will have the opportunity of showing what mettle you are made of. Mark Brandon is a desperate fellow, and he will not be taken without bloodshed, depend on it."

"Oh, heavens! Papa, what does it matter about the brig now? we are all safe out of it, and I cannot bear to think that any lives should be sacrificed in attempting to get it back again."

"We are all safe out of it," replied her father, "but all my property is safe in it; and we must endeavour to get it again. Besides, it is the duty of Mr. Trevor to leave no means untried to take the runaway convicts. He is in the king's service now, and is not his own master."

Their further conversation was interrupted by the mate, who, at the suggestion of the constable, took the liberty to break in on the conference of the higher powers, to warn the major that it was near midnight; and that if the boats which had been left at the creek were to be brought round, no time was to be lost in effecting that desirable object, in order to intercept the brig, should a change of wind enable the convicts to attempt to force their way out through the narrow entrance of the bay. The constable was summoned to add his advice to the council; and it was resolved, that all the crew of the brig, with the two constables, should make the best of their way to the place where the boats were left, and under the direction of the mate, lose no time in bringing them round into the bay, where the military under the command of the ensign would meet them. A corporal's guard was to be left at the rock for the protection of the women; and as the corporal was a veteran whose looks inspired confidence, this arrangement was agreed to by Helen and Louisa with tolerable resignation, although Helen ventured to throw out a hint that she should like to be a spectatress of the fight; and Louisa insisted a little on the propriety of her father remaining to protect them. But, soldiers' daughters as they were, they would have been ashamed to urge the absence of their father or their lover from the dangers to which others exposed themselves.

The resolutions relating to the boats were put promptly in course of execution, by the departure of those appointed for that service; and the ensign, after having posted a single sentinel to prevent surprise, desired the rest of his men to lie down with their arms at hand, and to take such rest as they could snatch from the fleeting hours of the early morning. For himself, he determined to remain on the watch.

The major, with his daughters, returned within the cave, and soon the whole party, with the exception of the sentinel and his officer, were buried in profound sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. SILLIMAN'S STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE report of the musket discharged by Mr. Jeremiah Silliman in the excess of his fright from the sudden clutch of the iron fingers of the mate, the faint echo of which was wafted in the silence of the night over the waters of the bay where the brig was temporarily moored, was not unmarked by the watchful desperado who had possession of the vessel. The bushranger felt that the sound boded no good to him. It must have been heard, he feared, by some prying

scout from the party in the boat ; and the junction of the parties of the major and of the constable was thus certain ; but although that was an anticipation, in point of time, of a mutual discovery which could not fail to take place, it was not an event which he had left out in his calculations. But he had hoped that the junction would have been deferred until a late hour in the morning ; and, in the mean time, he trusted to his good fortune, that, at the dawn of day, a change of wind might take place, which would enable him to make his way through the narrow passage which formed the entrance of the bay ; but now it was likely that he should have the two parties to contend against instead of one, and it was possible that the boat might be made use of to intercept his passage. However, he reckoned that he should be able, from the vantage ground of the higher deck of the brig, to beat off the boat ; and he trusted that the fire of the shore party would not be sufficient to clear his decks and prevent the manœuvring of the vessel before the wind would take him out to sea and place him beyond the danger of further pursuit. He busied himself, therefore, during the night with putting the vessel into the best state of defence against boarding of which she was capable and the materials at hand afforded ; and, taking care that each sail was ready to be set to the wind, and that every rope was in order, he scanned the sky with eager gaze, and waited anxiously for the change of wind which the experience of his smuggler's life told him was preparing.

In this way the night was passed by the respective parties ; the sailors attached to the pursuing parties with the crew of the brig working vigorously at their oars to bring the boat round to the entrance of the bay before the change of wind, — which, with nautical foresight of the weather, they were aware, from the appearance of the clouds, was likely to take place in a few hours, — should come ; the convicts in the brig, with the wakefulness of the fear which accompanies crime, afraid to trust themselves to sleep lest they should be surprised they knew not when nor how, remaining in anxious watchfulness ; and the united party on shore seeking in a brief repose for the renewed strength which would be wanted on the morrow.

Their peaceful slumbers, however, were suddenly broken at the earliest dawn of day by loud cries for help from the vicinity of the encampment.

The luckless Mr. Silliman was unable to close his eyes that night, partly from his excessive joy at being restored to the presence of his divinities, Helen and Louisa, and partly from the inconvenience of the flesh-wounds which had been inflicted by the mate, when that active officer mistook him for a native. It was with extreme apprehension of the fatal consequences that he reflected, that bayonet-wounds were, of all others, the most dangerous, and the most difficult to heal, from the triangular form of the weapon, which prevented the orifices from closing and healing, as the surgeons term it, " with the first intention." Full of these thoughts, and sorely grieved with the smart, he cast about, being as he was apt to boast of, a reflecting turn of mind, for some means of relief. Fortunately, as he thought, it occurred to him that the natives of some island in the South Seas, the name of which he had forgotten, made use of chewed leaves to apply

to the wounds made by their spears and tomahawks. Much pleased with himself at this ready recollection of his reading from books of useful knowledge, he resolved to lose no time in turning it to account on the present occasion. He looked about, therefore, for a tree or shrub of an aspect sufficiently inviting for his experiment.

Seeing a noble tree at no great distance from the fire, he threaded his way cautiously to its base, and then he had the satisfaction of learning the cause of a particular sort of squealing and scratching which he had heard during the night, and for which he had been unable to account. Looking up to a projecting bough over his head, he saw that it was almost covered with some furry little animals resembling cats or squirrels, and which his knowledge of natural history enabled him at once to recognise as opossums. There was sufficient moonlight to allow him to see that the creatures devoured the leaves of the tree with much apparent relish. This was another fact in natural history which he considered was of infinite advantage to him on the present occasion; for he had learned from descriptions of foreign countries, that travellers might safely venture to eat of that which they observed animals, and especially the birds, to feed on. He was by no means inclined to carry that theory into practice in respect to thistles, but, fortified by this demonstration of the taste of the opossums, he plucked some of the leaves of the luxuriant tree, which was one of those known by the name of "peppermint trees," which abound in Australia, and whose odours perfume the air very pleasingly at a distance. Collecting a handful of these leaves, he forthwith set to at chewing them. If the opossums were as curious in studying objects of natural history as their spectator, doubtless they would have admired the extraordinary contortion of countenance exhibited by the venturesome Jerry, as he became aware of the horrible nastiness of his first experience in practical botany. But the smart of the tattocing of the bayonet at that moment becoming sharper, and acting as it were as a counter-irritation to the filth in his mouth, he recovered his surgical courage; and calling to mind that, by some curious ordinations of Providence, almost all medicines are valuable and curative in the inverse ratio of the pleasingness of their gustation, he resolutely chewed on; and having reduced the leaves to a proper state of pulp, he applied it in the form of a poultice to the part affected, and reclining himself in a convenient posture, endeavoured to compose himself to sleep.

But alas! little was he aware of the potent effects of the leaves of the fragrant peppermint tree! The acrid juices of the leaves acting on parts already vulnerised, had the same effect as cayenne pepper on an excoriation! Wild and energetic was the dance now performed by the burning Jerry under the branches of the deceitful tree! His dance of the polka with the kangaroo was not to be compared with it! In vain he hastily divested himself of his torment, and threw it in his rage at the opossums chattering above his head! The smart grew sharper and sharper! and still the opossums, as it seemed, chattered and grinned at him from the bough, and hung by their tails, and turned over head and heels as if in scorn and mockery of the intruder on their retreats.

Stung with indignation at their taunts, and furious with the pain, the angry Jerry determined to take signal revenge on the little wretches, and he looked about for the means of climbing the tree, that he might secure some of the animals as offerings to his mistresses, opossum skins, as he had heard, being also useful to make up into tippets and coverings for footstools. Presently spying out some inequalities on the bark of the tree, he climbed from knob to knob till he reached the base of the branch on which he had watched his prey, which now, however, had retreated into the interior of the decayed trunk. Nothing doubting that he should easily make prizes of some of those Australian curiosities, and balancing himself as well as he could over the interior of the cavity, he dived his arm down boldly, expecting to reach the heads or tails of some of them. In this attempt he was unhappily, for himself, too successful; for the attacked opossums, as if with one consent, instantly seized upon his arm with teeth and claws. The astonished Jerry, terrified at these unexpected assaults, and losing his presence of mind and his balance at the same time, fell into the hole among the opossums, when the enraged animals, looking at this fresh aggression as an overt act of hostility, fastened upon him with the most vehement squeaks, which were exceeded, however, by the violent shrieks of Jerry for assistance!

The horrid noise of the combined squealings and scufflings of the opossums, and the excited lamentations of Jeremiah, quickly roused up every one from his sleeping-place; and the soldiers starting from the ground, seized their ready arms and stood prepared to repel the enemy, who they supposed was close upon them.

"Now, major," said the ensign, as the former emerged from the interior of the cave, "we shall have a brush! those impudent rascals are upon us!"

"Give me a sword," said the major, seizing a ship's cutlass. "Now, Trevor, I consider that you are in command! Where is the enemy?"

"Murder!" shrieked a stifled voice from the interior of the tree, about a hundred yards from the fires. "Murder! help!"

"That's Mr. Silliman's voice," said the major, "surely; but where is he?"

"Murder!"

"It is Mr. Silliman's voice," said both the girls, who, unable to restrain their curiosity, had come to the cave's mouth. "It's impossible to mistake it!"—

"Murder!"

"It comes from that tree," said the ensign.

"Corporal, take two file to that decayed tree yonder, with the thick wide-spreading branches, and see what's the matter."

The corporal, making his military salute, immediately obeyed, and took his way rapidly but warily to the point.

At this moment, the head of the unfortunate Jerry appeared for an instant above the cavity, and as all eyes were directed to the spot, it was visible to the whole party. The head cast an imploring look at its friends, and then with another vociferous shout of—murder! instantaneously disappeared.

"Some wild beast must have got hold of him," said the ensign.

"This is a false alarm, it seems, excepting so far as it concerns that poor gentleman! It is the same person, is it not, whom your mate punctured last night to keep him quiet?"

"It is the same—poor fellow!—he was nearly drowned, too, yesterday."

"Indeed! He seems to be unlucky. But I see the corporal has extricated him from his trap. What has happened, sir? What made you cry out so loudly?"

"Oh! the little devils! They have got claws like cats, and teeth like rats! Look at me!" said Jerry, displaying his hands and face, which were scratched and bitten in a hundred places. "In trying to catch an opossum, I fell into the hollow of the tree, and a whole host of the brutes fastened on me with all their teeth and claws! and all smelling like essence of peppermint! . . ."

A general burst of laughter saluted the mortified Jerry at this pathetic account of his reception by the opossum family—so prone are people in general to treat with ridicule such comical disasters as do not harm themselves; but the general attention was suddenly turned from the spectacle of Jerry's damaged person, by the information of a sentinel posted on an adjacent eminence, which commanded a view of the bay, that "the brig was in motion!"

POETICAL EXTRACTS.

PROCRASTINATION.

O! MY dear master, let me on my knees
Beseech you, put not off the evil day,
For come it will at last; and when it comes
It takes us unprepared; and then the mind,
O'erwrought and broken down, is crush'd at once —
As when the lightning strikes the riven'd ship,
The wreck's complete!

The Faithful Steward: Old Play.

NATURE VERSUS PHILOSOPHY.

In vain does man on reason's aid rely,
And refuge seek in cold philosophy: —
Strong is the power of man's determined will: —
Strong is man's pride; — Nature is stronger still!

Unpublished Poem.

THE STAKE.

Town was empty ; it was the end of August ; the weather was sultry ; and the few people who appeared in the streets looked baked out of shape as well as colour,—with so jaded and careworn a gait did they limp along the burning pavement. Night came ; but not to cool the air. The last streak of twilight faded from the horizon ; and, in its place, rolled up a large thunder-cloud, heralding its approach by an occasional salvo, which shook the earth, and made the windows quiver again, as in a winter's gale. As Harry Vivian stepped forth from the Guards' Club, he became aware that one of the first drops of the coming storm had fallen in his face. He had lighted a cigar, and was meditating a saunter before returning to his rooms, when the increasing rain made him pause and look about him. He was within a few paces of one of the numerous play-houses abounding in that quarter of London, and thither mechanically he bent his steps. Now we would not have it for one moment supposed that Harry Vivian, (in whom we take some interest) was either addicted to play himself, or an habitual hanger-on and spectator of the gambling follies of others. He was occasionally to be found in such places ; but he never touched a card or rattled a die. He had not even the disposition to play, hating as he did all games of chance and speculation, which are, after all, the best mirrors to hold up to the mind and character. It was for this latter reason that he ever set foot in such places, unless he was led there, as on the present occasion, by the object of whiling away a vacant hour. Thus then, although the flushed cheek — haggard eye — set teeth — wrinkled brow — and clenched hands were no novelties to Vivian, he now felt his attention forcibly arrested (he scarce knew why) by a couple who were playing somewhat apart from the rest, in a corner of the room. There were a few spectators of their game, and he was thus enabled to join the group. The elder of the two players was a man of apparently eighty, although he might have been as much as ten years younger. He was plainly, even poorly dressed ; but in his air, — seared as was his whole physiognomy by the one blasting, devastating vice, — there was something, an expression perhaps of dignity belonging to other days, which lent a grace to his features, irregular in themselves, and which betokened the presence of gentle blood. As he sat there, watching with raven-like eye every turn of the game, and occasionally packing together a few pieces of gold before him, with trembling, nervous hands, he appeared no unfit emblem of the presiding demon of the place ; and no great stretch of the imagination could fancy him chained, like Tantalus of old, to the terrible appetites of his passions, and fulfilling, by his involuntary co-operation, the destiny of an ill-regulated, mis-spent life. His companion was a man some five-and-thirty years his junior ; of a roguish, dissipated appearance ; dressed in a flashy rather than distinguished style ; but in a manner no doubt, well calculated to impose upon the wretched dupes of that room the idea of a finished

gentleman. Still Harry Vivian, as he looked at the fellow, was convinced, without much difficulty, that he saw before him at the most a valet tricked out in the cast-off clothes and manners of his master. It appeared that the old man was losing; for coin after coin found its way across the table to the rapidly swelling heap of his successful antagonist. There remained to him now but a few pieces; but he paused not—hesitated not—and soon these had been staked with an enthusiasm, and lost with a devotion, worthy of a better cause.

"You are fortunate, Sir," he muttered between his clenched teeth; "I can play no more to-night; I have lost all, all!"

But Vivian watched in vain for one solitary touch of contrition in his tone; it was rather the grumbling of the famished wolf, disappointed in his prospect of play.

"Nay," said the other, as he played with the coins before him, "I may have had more luck than usual to my share to-night; but will you not play on? I am quite indifferent what be the stake, so long as we do not play for nothing. After all, sir," he added, turning to Vivian, "the excitement's the thing; I care not one fig for the winning. I can sleep just as soundly after losing a few tens, so that I have but steadied my nerves by half a dozen shakes."

The old man did not appear to be of the same opinion; he glared at the pile of gold, as though about to spring on it. His eye dilated; his withered cheek glowed; his hands closed. Vivian thought he had never looked upon so hideous a picture of disappointed avarice.

"Come, Mr. Melville," pursued the tempter, "*will* you play, or not?"

"I can stake nothing," replied the old man, shaking his head slowly, — "nothing, nothing!"

"Pooh!" rejoined the other, "*I* know better than that. I could tell you of a way to lift yourself up again. Why, you have that which is worth a fortune, at the very least. Nay, never stare so, man; I say that, if *you please*, you can lay what I am speaking of against *this*;" plunging his hand into a heap of notes and gold.

"What do you mean?" asked the old man convulsively; "*I* have no property: nothing in the world but *her*. No, no, I have lost all."

"Is it possible the old dotard can be such a fool?" muttered the man to himself. "Listen, Mr. Melville:"—and he bent forward and whispered a few words in the old man's ear. A deadly pallor overspread Melville's face; his eye fired; he drew himself up; and Vivian half hoped (just for his own private satisfaction), that he was about to fell the ruffian opposite to him to the earth. Whatever might have been his intention, however, it passed away; and he simply repeated in an under tone, — "Not quite that — not quite that!"

"Nay," replied the other, wholly unabashed, "I did but speak for your own good. For myself, I have won enough for to-night, to keep me like a gentleman for some time to come. Gad!" — he continued, as he held one of the pieces between his finger and thumb, — "your money is all new; has it been hoarded, man?"

As he spoke, whether from accident or design, he let the coin fall: it rolled across the table, and crept, snake-like, beneath the old man's fingers. Melville returned it with a wistful look.

"How much have you there?" he asked in a whisper.

"When last I counted it, it was upwards of three hundred and fifty pounds," rejoined the other carelessly.

The old man's face brightened; he put out a hand; settled himself in his chair; and cried out in a shrill croak, "Let us go on!"

"And the stake?" asked the other, with affected indifference.

"What you please — what you will: only begin."

The group round the table had dispersed, upon Melville's announcing the loss of his all; and Vivian had been obliged to retire to a greater distance. He had not, consequently, heard the conversation which had passed; although he guessed, from Melville's excited gestures, that something important was in progress. He continued, however, to watch the pair; and, in a few minutes, saw the old man push the table impetuously from him, and prepare to depart. He had lost! The valet, or whatever he was, rose with a complacent air, and passing his fingers through his hair, approached the glass. As the old man tottered from the room, there was something so wild and haggard in his appearance, that Vivian resolved to follow him to his home, partly from curiosity, and partly with the humane intention of rendering him assistance, of which he appeared likely to stand in need. They both passed out, at a sufficient distance. The storm had long ceased; but the streets were wet and dark. Melville paused, after leaving the house, and seemed to be considering in which direction to bend his steps. At length he struck up St. James' Street, and Vivian followed within a few paces. He continued his way, neither looking to the right nor to the left, until he stopped before a miserable house in South Molton Street, when Vivian, to avoid detection, was obliged to cross the road. Before Melville had time to knock, the door opened; and, by the light of a lamp, partly shaded, Vivian descried a young girl, somewhat in dishabille it is true, but, as he also remarked, gifted with a face and form, which the *négligé* of her attire served to shroud rather than conceal. All this, Vivian had leisure to observe as he sheltered himself, to the best of his power, beneath the houses opposite. The thought once struck him that he was giving himself some very unnecessary trouble, in thus enacting so romantic a part; but his curiosity was piqued, and he resolved to watch the affair, as far as possible, to its close.

"My dearest father," said a very low sweet voice, "you are later than you promised. I began to be afraid of, I know not what. You are not angry that I sat up? But you are ill,—you look pale and fatigued,—you want rest,—you overtax your strength. Let me give you my arm. How feverish is your hand. A good night's sleep will set you up again."

Melville had all this time made but a feeble resistance to the gentle violence of his daughter. An exclamation of surprise had risen to his lips, upon first seeing her; and he had afterwards remained, gazing upon her with a fixed and lustreless eye, that was most terrible to look at. As he moved to enter the house, in obedience to the repeated entreaties of his daughter, he suddenly shook in every limb; and, ere she could stay his fall, had sunk down lifeless on the steps. He had fainted. A cry burst from the young girl's lips; but a stranger, at

that moment, hurried to the spot, raised the old man in his arms, bore him up the narrow staircase, and laid him upon his bed, the door of his room being fortunately open. Vivian next turned to offer a few words of civil consolation to his fair companion; and, after summoning a servant to the aid of her young mistress, discreetly withdrew to the sitting room, whilst Melville was being put to bed. This apartment, which the landlady of the house doubtless dignified by the title of "drawing," was of the smallest in its dimensions, and poorest in its decorations. It was furnished according to the fixed tariff of lodging-house-keepers; that is to say, rather with a view to economy than comfort; and the chairs and sofas were so arranged with regard to number and convenience, as to effect the very laudable object of keeping the unhappy tenants as much as possible on their legs in the streets, and off the chintzes and carpets in the house. Still there are some things, even in furnished apartments, over which the ogress-like eye of the landlady has no control; and Vivian remarked, in the presence of a few fresh flowers, set off to advantage in every available jar and cup, the tasteful and feminine hand of Miss Melville. As he threw himself upon one of the cruel sofas above alluded to, Vivian narrowly missed impaling a guitar, by the side of which lay some music, inscribed, in fair lady-like characters, "Jucy." He had scarcely completed this discovery before Miss Melville entered the room. In reply to Vivian's inquiries, she answered that her father was in a high state of fever, and partly unconscious; but that the medical man had arrived, and pronounced that a night's rest and complete quiet would, in all probability, restore him to health.

"My chief difficulty," she added, "will be to keep my father at home. He is so used to perfect liberty of action, and is so completely in the habit of coming and going on the impulse of the moment, that I fear he will neglect the doctor's strict injunction not to leave the house for the next week at least. He certainly is not in a state to walk by himself in the streets; indeed, it was much against my desire that he insisted on going out to-night. He spoke of having some urgent business, which has, of late, been a very frequent excuse. You will wonder, Sir, that I should mention such a subject to a stranger like yourself, of whose very name I am ignorant; but your kindness and your manner encourage me to believe that you will take an interest in one so friendless and unhappy as myself. We are—very poor; and I fear—nay, I am almost certain—that my father plays nightly. Will you,—can you, prevent it?"

Vivian knew that such was very likely to be the case, and he was troubled in his mind as to what answer he should give to this moving appeal. As he looked upon Lucy, who, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, was awaiting his reply, he felt how dangerous a thing it is for a young man to listen to the entreaties of a fair weeping girl of eighteen.

"If your suspicions be correct, Miss Melville," he said, "I fear that nothing I can do or say will be of any immediate service. I would advise that, for the present, you keep strict watch over your father, and insist upon his not leaving the house. This it will be easy to do, on the plea of attention to his health. It is thus to be hoped

that a temporary abstinence from his unhappy pursuit will gradually produce that change in his habits which is so much to be desired, and which, believe me, it would afford me the greatest satisfaction to see realised. Hitherto," he added, as he laid a card upon the table, "I have but ventured to give advice; but if, at any time, my services can be of the slightest use, I entreat that you will not hesitate to employ them. I can scarcely hope to be called a friend upon so short an acquaintance; but may, perhaps, be allowed the opportunity of acting as such."

"Oh! thank you, Sir," replied the sobbing girl, "thank you a thousand times for all that you have said; nay, for all that you have *done*. May you never know what it is to have, like me, no friend in whom to confide, except," she added with some embarrassment, "my poor father, and he is very old and helpless. They say that youth is strong; but oh! untrained and unsupported, it is very weak."

"And now, Miss Melville," said Vivian at length, "I trust you will allow me to make my bow for to-night. I am convinced that your father is not the only one in this house who stands in need of rest; and, if I should have the temerity to present myself at the door to-morrow to inquire after Mr. Melville, will you promise that I shall not be warned off the steps?"

It was with a smile, — howbeit a tearful one, — that Lucy signified assent; and, as she gave him her hand, Vivian thought it was not only very small, but very white.

Will it be thought strange if we confess that Lucy, from the window, watched Vivian's retreating footsteps; and, when he was fairly out of sight, that she took up the card he had left, and read over, more than once, "*Mr. Harry Vidian, 13, D. Albany?*"

It was on the same night, and about the same hour (past one o'clock), that Lord Seafield returned to his bachelor home in Bolton Street, from a dinner at Richmond. He was out of temper with himself, the dinner that he had eaten, and the *recherché* circle of friends who had assisted at it. The belle of the party (a *danseuse* from the Academy), had shown herself wholly unsusceptible of his powers of attraction; nay, had gone so far as to hint that he was growing *passé*, and proportionably uninteresting. This was hard. Was he not a peer in his own right? Had he not thirty thousand a year? And did he not look older than he really was? He felt aggrieved: he was but five-and-forty, and he consoled himself by ringing furiously for his valet.

"Harris!" exclaimed his lordship, — when, at the third peal of the bell, that personage (the man, in truth, whom Vivian had noticed at the gaming-house as Melville's competitor) made his appearance — "Harris! how long do you intend to keep me waiting? Give me my dressing-gown, and send somebody to-morrow to mend that bell. How is it that you are never here when you are wanted?"

Mr. Harris, who usually treated his noble master with a gentlemanly indifference and independence, feigned, on this occasion, becoming horror and contrition.

"I am very sorry, my lord, that I was not in when you rang; but if your lordship did but know how I have been employed —"

"A matter of sufficient importance, certainly: I will venture to say

that you have, as usual, been losing my time and your money, at some low hell. Mark my words, Harris; I shall be forced to bow you out some of these days."

"Nay, my lord," said the valet deprecatingly, "I do but follow your lordship's noble example."

"You insolent dog!" cried Lord Seafield; "you do not mean to say that I have ever played in *your* company?"

"Not exactly, my lord," said Harris, adjusting his shirt-collar, "not exactly; but I have seen your lordship play; and, permit me to add, with great temper and discretion."

Lord Seafield looked flattered, and the man proceeded:—

"I fear I shall never profit by your lordship's good advice, if I continue to win as I have done to-night."

"Humph!" growled Lord Seafield, who always lost.

"It is not often, my lord, that one touches such a stake as fell to my luck an hour ago. I presume your lordship never had the fortune to win a woman—young, pretty, and I may say, a real lady. I have seen her, my lord. *Such* flesh and blood beat gold and silver."

"What *are* you talking about, Harris; are you mad, or drunk, or both?"

"Neither, my lord,"—replied the man, although his diction slightly implied that he had been drinking—"but, if your lordship does not object, I will explain myself."

And he proceeded to give *his* version of the affair, in which he had taken so prominent a part.

"Now, my lord," he continued, "myself and Miss Melville do not exactly hit it." (The fellow had *once seen* Lucy walking with her father in the street.) "She is too proud for my fancy—but very poor; and I think that a person of your lordship's figure and fortune would have every chance."

"More so than yourself, you think, Harris," muttered his lordship, with a grim smile.—"Well, it is possible. I will think over the affair," he added, eyeing himself in the glass; "you say you know where—Mr. Melville lives.—That will do—leave me."

The man lingered at the door, and examined the lock minutely.

"What are you at there?" said Lord Seafield, "I told you to go."

"Nay, my lord, I only thought—I wished to say—to remind your lordship that I staked a heavy sum upon the event."

"Ah! you will want money, I suppose: all that will come in good time; now go."

Lord Seafield was now alone, and canvassing the attributes of Mr. Harris, beginning by "consummate scoundrel," but ending with "clever dog." "If I succeed," said his lordship, as he stepped into bed, "it will be rather a triumph over Aimée La Reine!"

The exact hour for paying and receiving visits in South Molton Street, has, we believe, never yet been accurately determined. It could not, however, have been later than one o'clock the next day, when Vivian found himself at Melville's door. The old man had passed a tranquil night, and was somewhat better. This fact having been extracted, with great ingenuity, from the Irish maid who opened the door, Vivian, learning that Miss Melville was at home, sprang up.

stairs. The woman followed closely at his heels, seeming to entertain some scruples as to the propriety of affording so well-dressed and plausible a personage free and unopposed admission. Announced by the somewhat primitive title of "The Gentleman, Miss," Vivian advanced into the room, and was welcomed by Lucy with an unaffected cordiality, that was at once graceful and refreshing. She was arranging some flowers, apparently but just arrived, and in a curious piece of china ;—modern as to style, no doubt,—but, to judge from its many cracks, old in the service of the house.

"I am delighted to read in your brightened looks," said Vivian, "a confirmation of the favorable report they gave me of your father below."

"Oh ! yes," said Lucy, with a sunny smile, "papa is so much better, that I hope soon to be able to tell him what we owe to your kindness. At this moment, he is in a sweet sleep ; and I have just run out to put these poor panting things into water. Are they not beautiful ?—I am so fond of flowers."

"Most beautiful indeed !" replied Vivian, but, somehow, looking more at Lucy than at the dahlia on which she was expatiating. Miss Melville did not, however, detect his truant gaze ; her attention just then being fortunately occupied by her charge.

"Have you thus early made a pilgrimage to Covent Garden ?" he asked.

"Not to-day. These are a present from Lord Seafield."

"From Lord Seafield !" repeated Vivian, in some consternation.

"Yes : do you know him ? I thought, at first, that it must be some mistake ; but I recollected to have heard my father mention his name formerly, and concluded it was just possible to be intended as an act of civility to papa during his illness. Oh ! Mr. Vivian, how can you be so cruel as to pull that inoffensive carnation into so many pieces ?"

"I beg your pardon : men are by nature mischievous. Will you let me offer this geranium as an equitable exchange ? May I ask if Lord Seafield made inquiries after your father's health ?"

"Nay, Bridget has such a inventive talent for distorting messages, that the cream is abstracted on the road from the door ; and I am forced to content myself with the skimmed milk. If ever you should have anything remarkable to say, Mr. Vivian," added Lucy, laughing, "I hope you will not entrust it to Bridget's keeping ; but that you will walk up stairs, and deliver yourself of it in person."

"I promise obedience upon the spot," returned Vivian ; with a smile ; "but what, if I should remind you, at some future time, of what you have now said so lightly ?"

He spoke playfully ; but Lucy's colour varied like the rose in her hand ; and her lip arched itself the least in the world, but not with a frown. Just at the moment that she ought to have said *something*—no matter what—a well-appointed cab dashed up to the door, and the tiger inflicted upon the lowly panels such a knock as hitherto South Molton Street had but dreamt of. Bridget shortly entered the room, somewhat flushed, and delivered a card to her young mistress.

"How strange !" cried Lucy. "Lord Seafield again : really he is

very attentive. He prays an entrance, Mr. Vivian; shall I admit him?"

"Oh! by all means. I believe he is a most amusing person; and I shall prove an admirable foil."

Lucy looked at Vivian for a moment; but he had turned away; so she quietly said to Bridget, "Ask Lord Seafield to walk in."

Lord Seafield was a fine-looking man. Truth impels us to confess that he was the least in the world bald; but it became him. His face, however, bore that pinched and careworn appearance—the legacy of long years of dissipation and indulgence. His voice was melodious; his conversation well chosen; his manners irreproachable; his dress quiet, yet distinguished. All this, in society, made him irresistible: he was the very model of an aristocratic *roué*. Lord Seafield appeared surprised, not to say displeased, at finding another installed in Miss Melville's drawing-room; and it was with his coldest bow that he returned Vivian's still colder salute. The two men exchanged just that sort of look which persons, who have long known each other perfectly by sight, are apt to put on, when first thrown together in society. The one seems to say, "What *you* here!" just as plainly as the other to ask, "Is it safe to bow?" English strangers are social souls! Harry Vivian, to say the truth, had long known Lord Seafield by repute, which was not over-favorable to his lordship, who, for his part, had his own private reasons for not, at that precise moment, enjoying Vivian's society. The latter walked to the window, whilst Lord Seafield opened a successful conversation with Lucy. From his poor little offering of flowers to Chiswick; from Chiswick to Henderson's; thence, by the parks, down Bond Street, stopping at Redmayne's,—to the Opera; and from the *Danseuses Viennoises* to the Queen's fancy ball, he led Miss Melville, before she could edge in a word, or do anything else than follow, in eloquent dumb show, his carefully prepared and often repeated colloquial ramble.

"I was charmed to hear so delightful an account of Mr. Melville;" he said at length; "has he been long ill?"

Vivian turned round abruptly, and Lord Seafield applied a flower to his nostrils.

"My father was only seized last night," replied Lucy, doubtfully; "but he is better this morning; and I hope soon to have him again for my companion."

"Ah! Melville has youth on his side; and will, I dare say, puzzle many an ailment yet."

"My father would doubtless be much gratified by your lordship's compliment," returned Lucy, gravely; "but I fancy he pleads guilty himself to something like seventy-two; and few would not suppose that he were more than eighty."

Lord Seafield this time took a pinch of snuff, (Lucy hated that trick) but replied, with a bland smile,—

"It must be some time since I have seen Melville I fear," (Vivian's look was not lost upon him); "but, to judge from his daughter's appearance, I might be acquitted of indiscretion in making so venial a mistake."

His words were sufficiently common-place, but his manner was a

little too *empressé* to please Lucy, and she maintained an imperturbable silence. Vivian was by this time ashamed of his ill-humour, and he advanced to the rescue of Miss Melville, and to the exclusion of Lord Seafield from the conversation, who was forced, in spite of himself, to recollect an engagement, and bow himself gracefully from the room.

"A pretty girl, by Jove!" he thought, as he drove away. "Deuced proud, though; but none the worse for that. Let us see, Miss Melville, which of us two understands pride the best. Yes!" he muttered, as Aimée La Reine's brougham passed, "she shall be mine yet!"

Vivian stayed sufficiently long in South Molton Street to hear Lucy's burst of disapprobation of Lord Seafield, which he neither sought to heighten nor divert, feeling some sort of compunction in joining the outcry against a man whom he considered in some shape his rival.

"Nay, Mr. Vivian," said Lucy, at length, "I am sure *you* have no cause to defend Lord Seafield: his manner to yourself was anything but prepossessing."

"Can I find fault with a man who has so good a gardener?" asked Vivian, with a smile, as he wished Miss Melville good morning.

Lucy was seated, some days afterwards, alone in the little drawing-room, reflecting on the events of the past week. Her father was still confined to his bed, and had undergone a decided relapse. Symptoms of paralysis had manifested themselves, and it was gently hinted by the doctor that he might not again leave his room. Lucy felt more than ordinarily solitary and wretched. Vivian, too, who had hitherto generally called in the morning, under the pretext of inquiring after Melville's health,—even he now appeared to have deserted her, or grown weary of his attentions to the obscure inhabitants of South Molton Street. The thought, passing as it was, appeared to give her unusual pain; and she could not avoid asking herself what it was that rendered the movements of a comparative stranger so interesting and absorbing to herself. She admired Vivian's character; his pleasing conversation; his kind and gentlemanly demeanour; nay, she had even once found herself comparing his appearance with that of others whom, in happier days, she had met in society. She could not fail—woman as she was—to be at once interested and gratified by his attentions. She had observed how piqued and annoyed Vivian had appeared on the occasion of Lord Seafield's visit; and had pretty accurately interpreted the cause. She confessed, as she dwelt on all this, and, moreover, as she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the glass, that it was not impossible that Vivian might sometimes bestow upon her a thought similar to those that were now agitating her own bosom. But, again, she reflected on what an idle dream she was indulging. What could she be to the gay—the happy—the fortunate Harry Vivian? Why should he interest himself in one so insignificant and wretched as herself? She looked round upon the humble appointments of the room, and felt more than ever oppressed with a sense of the hopeless poverty of her condition. Still, with all the consciousness of her lonely wretchedness, not for one instant, save with affection and in-

dulgence, did she think of him who, by his vicious selfishness, had entailed upon her the loss of fortune, friends, and position in society. She could not shut her eyes to his character: she felt that Vivian, in spite of his well-bred watchfulness, had not succeeded in veiling his estimation of it. Still Melville was her *father*: and that word, with Lucy at least, summed up all that she had hitherto known of affection and respect. She was startled from her reverie by a knock at the door; and her cheek grew warm, as she guessed who it might be. The next moment, however, doomed her to disappointment, as Lord Seafield was introduced. Lucy had already taken a daguerreotype view of his character. Her father had not been in a condition to admit of her questioning him upon the subject of his acquaintance with Lord Seafield, whom she, notwithstanding, regarded with suspicion, and, after his last visit, with positive aversion. She received his salute with polite, but freezing coldness; and inquired to what circumstance she was indebted for a second call?

"If it were not for the interest I take in your father's health, my dear Miss Melville, I should be inclined to throw the whole blame on yourself. But how pitiless of you to wield your enchantments with such indifference! I would your arrows were less sharp, as you appear to point them with so careless a disregard for the safety of those whom you may chance to strike."

"Your lordship is pleased to be metaphorical. I am no archer; but, were I possessed of the bows and arrows you speak of, you would do well not to expose yourself to such danger by crossing my path; the more particularly as you may have observed that your intrusion is unwelcome, and but poorly appreciated."

"Never before was I so convinced of the truth of the adage, that great virtues are ever counterpoised by little vices. Miss Melville has just sufficient cruelty to act as an admirable foil to her many graces. There are those who deprecate anger in a lady; for my own part, I hold that it adds much to the contour of a well-proportioned face. Expression, complexion, feature, all have their effect heightened and enhanced by it. That appearance of repose which, permit me, is in general too prominent in Miss Melville's face, is beginning to be dissipated under the warm influence of so seasonable an excitement."

"May I ask," said poor Lucy, striving hard to speak with calmness, but her eyes flashing an indignant denial the while,—"may I ask if your lordship has thought proper to employ this species of insult because my father lies helpless in that room, and I am alone and unprotected? My lord, you are great, and rich, and powerful—a peer of the realm, and therefore, I should imagine, a gentleman. I am a poor girl, untitled and defenceless. But this room is my home, and I command you to rid it of your presence."

Lord Seafield was apparently unprepared for so much firmness in one so young. He bit his lip. But he was not so easily to be daunted; and he saw at once that he must change his mode of attack.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Melville, you do me foul injustice. Your manner—your words clearly indicate that you fancy me bent upon offering you some studied insult. You have spoken, in no very flattering terms, of my position, and of the privileges and appliances

with which it invests me. Yet all these are trifles, which I would fling to the wind to secure but the expression of your love. Render such a sacrifice superfluous; and accept all that rank and wealth and an ardent devotion can afford. Let us understand each other."

"Enough of this, my lord! I understand you but too well. You have spoken to a young girl what should, if that were possible, make your own ears tingle for very shame. For your *love*! It is an insult to me: I despise and loathe it; and, were it backed by thrice the wealth and rank you may hold at your disposal, believe me, it would but by so much the more increase the measure of my contempt. Once more, I say, begone! or you may, perchance, have reason to repent of your cowardly temerity."

The weakness of the timid girl had vanished: Lucy stood before Lord Seafield as the offended woman, strong in her virtue, and dauntless from a good conscience. He quailed beneath her look. The change in himself was not less striking. His features, which had relaxed into the most persuasive of smiles, gradually, as Lucy proceeded, stiffened with surprise and indignation. His face grew deadly pale; his hand clenched itself unconsciously; he sprang from his seat.

"It is well," he said. "You have played the game of pride with one who in its science never yet met his equal; and, for the present, you have won. Beware of your success! It is a triumph far more dangerous to you than what you have rejected with so much rashness and contempt. But you are deceived:—and so much pure innocence and simplicity deserve this explanation. Listen. I may, at this moment—nay, *I do*—claim what you have so proudly refused me; though, strange to say, the claim is not exclusively my own. Your father is fond of play:—and my *valet*—has *won the right* to call you his own. I thought—it was but a thought—you might prefer the master to the servant; but I have failed; and I now leave you, that I may send my valet to plead his own cause, perhaps with more success."

He spoke these words in a slow and painfully measured key, so that not a syllable was lost upon his hearer, and left the room. Lucy had listened to the whole of his terrible speech with firmness, if not composure; she had nerved herself to the utmost; and during the whole of that painful interview she had not betrayed the slightest symptom of weakness. But now that Lord Seafield could no longer see her succumb before his brutal cruelty, she felt her whole strength give way at once; she clasped her hands before her face, and burst into a flood of tears.

When Lucy had somewhat recovered herself, she reflected what it were best to do under the circumstances. To mention the subject to her father, in his present state, was out of the question; and, even supposing that to be feasible, if all that Lord Seafield had related were true, Mr. Melville would be precluded from affording any successful intervention. To whom, then, should she appeal? Who was there in that large city so much as aware of her very existence? At length, her eye chanced to rest upon the card which Vivian had left on the evening of his first visit; and which, by some curious accident, had been installed in her work-box ever since. She recalled to her

mind his offers of service; and, although it cost her a slight pang, resolved upon claiming his affl. In a few minutes afterwards, Lucy had despatched an irresistible little note, requesting "the favour of Mr. Vivian's immediate presence." Harry Vivian was fortunately at home, chewing the cud of some very painful ruminations. He had decided, some four-and-twenty hours, that he thought and felt far more enthusiastically than his wont, wherever Miss Melville was concerned; and he had immediately set about torturing himself with the idea that Lucy was cold, indifferent, fickle, and a long train of unpleasant things, that he fancied, under the circumstances, peculiarly unbecoming. As he, however, read and re-read Lucy's note, he could not fail to be aware of its soothing influence; and, although he had just resolved that no power on earth should ever again take him to South Molton Street, in less than a quarter of an hour he found himself in Miss Melville's drawing-room. It was with feelings of the most intense indignation that Vivian listened to Lucy's recital. With difficulty could she prevent his seeking an instant explanation from Lord Seafield, of whose plans he had, from the first, formed some indistinct idea, although he had been sufficiently unjust to fancy that Miss Melville favoured his attentions.

"Let me entreat you, Mr. Vivian," said Lucy, "not to expose yourself to any unpleasantness on my account. I am sufficiently sensible of your kindness not to wish you to run any further risk. Indeed, do you think that such a course would avail anything with a person so destitute of all feeling as Lord Seafield appears to be? I should apologise for attempting to embroil you in my troubles, conscious as I am that I have no claim upon you, beyond your generous offers of assistance; but, on occasions like these, one is prompted to act upon the impulse of the moment; and, in my utterly unprotected state, I ventured to have recourse to one who has acted so friendly a part. Oh, Mr. Vivian!" added Lucy, passionately, as she saw him gazing irresolutely out of the window, "say that I have not been deceiving myself; for, if you desert me, I shall be indeed alone!"

As she spoke these words with trembling agitation, she looked up into his face with so confiding an air, that Vivian felt his philosophy fast leaving him. For a moment he was silent, and appeared to be lost in a reverie of anxious doubt. The next seemed to solve the difficulty; and, when he again looked towards her, Lucy was struck by the serious and peculiar expression of his countenance.

"Miss Melville" he said, "will not, I trust, impute to me feelings other than those which actuate me. Believe me, in the resolution which I have taken, no undue idea of self has entered. You will, perchance, forgive me, if I own that, for some time past, dreams of a happiness I could scarcely ever hope to realise, have presented themselves with an ever-growing influence and vitality. What I have thought and felt, this is not the fitting hour to tell. If such have no responsive echo in your breast, breathe but the word, and, unspoken, it shall return where, if it cannot be forgotten, it will, at least, be hid. I find you in a position fraught with the greatest danger to you as a woman,—still more so, as unprotected and almost alone. I do not seek to take advantage of this. I would have snatched you from the

greater peril of death; no syllable of mine should remind you of the act; and, if you bade me, I would leave you. Still, that I can save you from all that now threatens you,—that I can throw around you an arm whereon no man may lightly lay his little finger,—this it is that nerves me to make an avowal of what I would have otherwise concealed, until I might have hoped to be deserving of some requital at your hands. Am I understood?"

Lucy had stirred not—spoken not. Her colour went and came; her bosom heaved; her eye sank; and a single drop fell unheeded from the overcharged lids. One moment, and Vivian felt his heart fail within him. The answer, on which he hung with such trembling earnestness, but with such feigned composure, came not. At length she spoke—

"Mr. Vivian, it were idle for me to say that the full meaning of your words has been lost upon me. Your unmerited generosity of conduct—the flattering expression of your regard—and, more than all, the delicacy with which you have conveyed it,—demand that I should not conceal the gratitude I must feel towards you; nay, the esteem in which I must ever hold you. More than this, at the present moment, in the midst of doubt and danger, whilst my father lies, perhaps, on the bed of death, I cannot say, and I am assured you will not ask of me. As, however, I cannot but feel that much depends upon the execution of your noble plan,—although circumstances prevent my being more explicit at the present time,—yet my heart bids me tell you to *hope*."

As she spoke, she stretched out her hand to Vivian, with a smile, and he pressed it to his lips in silence.

It was with a joyous and a lightened heart that Vivian proceeded to unfold the plans he had matured. In the first place, he would write to Lord Seafield (he would not trust himself with a personal interview), explaining the connexion that subsisted between Lucy and himself; and demanding, therefore, a full and complete apology for what had passed, and an instant withdrawal of his odious claim, under pain of public exposure. He had given his word to Lucy that he would not add to the intricacies of their position by the crime of premeditated murder, falsely called mutual satisfaction. He certainly would have experienced some compunction in bringing Lucy's name before the shameless court of public scandal, but that he felt that the result of the inquiry would but rebound to Lord Seafield's disgrace; and Melville he left wholly out of the question, so little sympathy could he bring himself to feel in one similarly degraded. His next step was to obtain (what he made little doubt of securing) an asylum for Lucy, under the roof of a certain aunt, rich in consols and china, who had ever looked upon him with an affectionate eye, and who, it was surmised, would leave behind her substantial proofs of her regard; for Vivian was not rich; and although the world's favourite, and most deservedly so, he was by no means that of Fortune. Mr. Melville he undertook himself to provide for—that is to say, by suggesting that he should continue in his present abode, promising that Lucy should pay him a daily visit, and that he should want for no care or attention that it might be possible to secure. He was, to say

the truth, in so reduced and feeble a state that his end might be daily apprehended ; and there was the less fear that he should miss his daughter's presence, as, even in the early days of his illness, when in full possession of his faculties, he had never breathed her name, nor inquired if she were near.

Vivian's plans prospered to the extent of his most sanguine expectations. Before that evening, Lucy had taken up her abode with Lady Barbara Saville, who was good and discerning enough to congratulate herself on the fair and amiable companion provided for her by her dutiful nephew. Vivian, too, had received a letter from Lord Seafeld, containing a most abject apology, which Mr. Harris might have dictated, but concluding with compliments and congratulations which none other than his lordship's flowing pen could have indited ; the whole of which Vivian deposited in the grate.

Here might we close, but for those (like others who always wait to see the curtain drop on a play, long after the final group) who delight in unravelling every skein of plot, and preventing the possibility of doubt on the most self-evident points. To them will we confide that, two months after her father had closed his unworthy career, Lucy rewarded Vivian by a more explicit avowal of her love ; that Lady Barbara's stock-broker was one day engaged in very important business in the city ; and that, although the hand of time smoothed, as it ever does, the rugged wrinkles of recollection, still Mrs. Vivian never met Lord Seafeld's carriage in the park, without a passing pang, as she thought on her father, and his "*Stake*."

CRIMINALITY OF POVERTY.

"Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd ;"
 So Johnson wrote long since in other rhymes ; —
 But who shall paint the griefs of those oppress'd
 With want of money in more modern times !
 I mean the miseries of genteel starvation,
 That weeps in secret, but in public mimes
 The smile of cheerfulness ! All other crimes
 May be forgiven by this most virtuous nation ; —
 But, to be poor ! That ! — that is indeed damnation !

Life : a Poem.

CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

No. III.

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

WHEN my friend had finished reading the story of "The Ruined Merchant" we both remained silent for some time, and I saw he was in no humour to talk, although it was a subject that he was fluent enough on at most times :— and I confess I was not in a condition myself to converse, for the tragic ending of the history affected me powerfully.

It was a relief to us when my man announced that dinner was ready ; and we went down stairs, I fancy, more as if we were going to a funeral than to a convivial refection. We said little at dinner, and ate less ; and when I pressed my friend to do greater honour to my poor fare, he took a piece of bread, and holding it up, replied to me in an agitated manner :

"I can't eat ; I can't help thinking of that poor girl in the Fleet Prison, to whom this piece of bread would have been a luxury ! and at this moment, the fulness of the table seems a reproach to me :— everything sticks in my throat."

I tried to change the current of his thoughts by pressing him to take wine ; but it would not do. His nerves had received a jar, as the doctors call it, and nothing but time could set them right again. But as I guessed by a few words that he let drop that he was hankering after the papers, I proposed that we should go up stairs and finish our wine there, a proposal that he readily assented to ; for he had a morbid craving after more of the same sort of reading, which, although it pained him to go through, afforded him at the same time a secret satisfaction, as it supported his opinions in respect to the impolicy and cruelty of imprisonment for debt.

"And what do you think," said I, "of the story of 'The Ruined Merchant ?' Is it a true one ; or has this Mr. Seedy invented it for his own amusement ?"

"I don't see much amusement in it," said my friend, with much seriousness, "although there is much instruction. As to the truth of the story, I have no doubt of it. If this Mr. Seedy had composed the story, he would have done it in a more artistical manner. Its genuineness is evident from the very faultiness of its construction as a mere tale of amusement. If he had invented the story, as a novelist, he would have followed the approved practice in such cases ; he would have made it end happily ; because the women, after they have had a good cry, always like to leave off with pleasurable sensations. But as he had nothing to tell but the plain truth, he

has told the thing just as it happened, without seeking to embellish it with fictitious accompaniments."

"I wish," said I, "for the honour of human nature, that it was a fiction. But I am obliged to agree with you that the narration bears on it the too evident marks of truth to allow me to doubt its authenticity. But let us see," said I, "if we cannot find something of a more enlivening character. Our peripatetic friend gave us reason to think that these Chronicles of the Fleet were not all sad like this one." And so saying, I placed the bundle of manuscripts on the table.

My friend wanted no persuasion to set him seeking among the papers for something attractive, and he turned them over to find a story to his mind; and in the mean time I snuffed the candles, and poked the fire, and tried to make the room look as cheerful as possible. In a little time my friend stopped at a paper which he looked at very earnestly, and seemed inclined to read more of it.

"What have you got there," said I, filling my glass, and with his consent which he signified by a nod of his head, his glass at the same time; "anything good?"

"I rather like the title," he replied; "but I like more than the title, the beginning. Our friend Seedy was a philosopher."

"I like a bit of philosophy now and then," I said; "but what I like most in this man Seedy is the vein of simplicity which marks his style, and his thoughts too. What have you got there?"

"It seems to be a tale; but intermingled, in the author's way, with quaint remarks and original observations. The title is the 'Turnkey's Daughter.'"

"That sounds as if our friend Seedy had perpetrated a bit of romance?"

"No place more likely to afford it than a prison," replied my friend.

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "pray read it." I saw he was anxious to begin; so, without waiting to be asked a second time, he commenced the tale of—

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

It is a curious place, this Fleet Prison! There are debtors in it of all kinds and descriptions, high and low. It is a little world in itself! All sorts of persons congregate here; and all varieties of character are to be observed—by the observing. The honest and dishonest; the unfortunate and the profligate debtor; the prudent and the imprudent; the good and the bad—are all mixed up together here without discrimination on the part of the law; all are treated alike as criminals! To those who are fond of the study of human nature it certainly is a most interesting place. Not that I do not wish to get out of it; but, being in it, I may as well make the best of the accident, and draw all the good I can out of the evil; and, as the bees extract honey from plants the most poisonous, so may I gather the good fruits of knowledge and experience from this miserable receptacle of bruised and broken hearts.

"The noblest study of mankind" the poet says, "is man." And so on the whole I ought to consider myself fortunate in having the opportunity of pursuing this "noblest study" at my leisure, and uninterrupted by the distractions of the outer world. To make the best of one's condition is the true philosophy.

Besides, every condition of life has its advantages. I sometimes compare myself to one of the philosophers of old, who shut themselves up in silent caves, in order to meditate better on the nature and destinies of man. And at other times I consider myself to be in the same position as a religious monk in a monastery, relieved from the cares of the world, and glad to devote myself unrestrained to the higher contemplations of another world—of time, and of eternity.

What have I to do with the world? What are the cares and vanities of the world to me? Ministers go in and ministers go out, and how do their party quarrels affect me? The funds fall, and I hear the echoes of the complaints of those who are ruined and lost; but the rise or fall of the funds is nothing to me! Thank Heaven! I have caught myself saying, I have no money in the funds; and I have retired to my solitary cell, and with my pennyworth of bread and halfpenny worth of radishes I have dined like a philosopher! And then the luxury of a pipe! How it soothes the mind to meditation! And how calmly and dispassionately one can contemplate mankind in all their various conditions!

I have heard a good many definitions of the animal "man." Some describe him as a *biped implumis*, to distinguish him from other creatures on two legs which are covered with feathers. A witty Frenchman describes him as a "cooking animal," man being the only one who prepares his food by fire before he eats it. The noblest definition of man is, perhaps, that of the Latin poet, who describes him as the animal on whom the Creator granted the privilege of walking erect, and of beholding the heavens without being obliged to raise his head; as he expresses it,—"*Os sublime dedit cælumque tueri.*" Lord Monboddo would have it that we were originally monkeys, and that the absence of tails is to be attributed to our having contracted the habit of a sitting posture, which in progress of time wore them out. But that was an ignoble idea; though in certain cases, perhaps, not altogether inapplicable. For my own part, I am inclined to adopt a definition of my own, and to say, that "man is an animal that contracts debts." To parody the celebrated lines of Pope—

"Of all afflictions man has suffer'd yet,
The hardest surely is to be in debt!"

But really I think my definition is the best one after all. Man is the only animal that has the idea of contracting debts. In my fanciful moments I have thought that I could trace this innate idea implanted in man to the earliest times of his creation. It has often struck me, that it was owing to that characteristic propensity that Eve borrowed the apple from the tree, which has caused such mischief ever since. In that case the serpent was the usurious discounter; Eve drew the bill; Adam endorsed it; and thence all the evil consequences which ever since have attended such transactions.

A very jocular fellow who was in here, humorously divided the inhabitants of the earth into two classes—"borrowers and lenders." He contends that it is owing to the antagonistic characters of these two classes that the world is kept in motion. What can a man do, he says, who is born into the world with nothing? He must begin by borrowing. He borrows from his cradle; he borrows through life; and, when he dies, he borrows the space of earth that he is buried in, till his body decays, and pays back its component parts which it had borrowed from the elements: and, more than that, his very soul—his ethereal and immortal part—began by borrowing his body which it dwelt in. So that the whole system of nature is one of borrowing; and to condemn a man for doing that which is his destiny is unfair in the extreme.

But my ingenious acquaintance placed the position of a man who has debts in a more exculpatory and satisfactory light still; for he contended that his state of indebtedness, as he called it, was *primâ facie* evidence of his respectability. Before a man can get into debt, he said, he must have credit; and what is credit but the practical acknowledgment of a man's good character and general respectability? It follows, therefore, that, *cæteris paribus*, the greater a man's debts the greater his credit, and, inferentially, the greater his respectability. *E principiis*, therefore, he pleasantly urged, if a man has no debts he is to be set down as a doubtful character, whom no one will trust; for, seeing that it is man's nature to get into debt, it is to be presumed that he would get into debt if he could; and if he cannot he is to be viewed as a suspicious person, with whom it behoves you to be cautious in your dealings.

It is with individuals, he continued, as with nations. Show me the country that is not in debt, and you will find that it is not in debt only because it is not in credit; for be sure it would borrow if it could. Look at our own country. It is one system of debt from beginning to end. First and foremost there's the National Debt. The Government first gets into debt with all its servants, and in all its purchases; then it borrows money to pay its debts, and it borrows more money to pay the interest of the money that it borrowed: and what is your paper currency and your bank notes but one vast system of credit? I have not a bank note by me, but if you should ever chance to see one again, observe what it says,—it promises to pay! The Government promises to pay the Bank, and the Bank promises to pay the bank notes which it lends to the Government, and every body promises to pay every body else; and, in short, it's all debt! The whole nation is always in debt. As Shakspeare would have said, if he had written on the subject, "All the world's in gage, and all the men and women merely debtors; they have their lendings and their borrowings, and one man in his time has many debts."

I remember, said he, one day, when he was dwelling on this subject, for he never allowed care to beset him if he could help it, and always looked at things on the best side, "There was a man who undertook to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours on the high road, not far out of town; and there was a placard on a pole at each end of the line where he walked backwards and forwards, on which it

was stated that the object of his task was to enable him to pay his debts. My worthy tutor, who accompanied me, took the opportunity to throw in a moral observation, and observed to me very impressively, "You see, Ned, a man *runs* into debt and *walks* out!" He further illustrated his idea by endeavouring to explain to me, Malthusically, that debts increase in a geometrical ratio, and the means of paying them in an arithmetical one. But that is not the point: what I wanted to exemplify was, the feeling of the public on the occasion; for it was agreed on all hands, that for the pedestrian to have been enabled to contract debts at all, he must have been a respectable man, and was deserving of the support of the public. The end of it was, that he realised a considerable sum by the speculation; and here, said Ned, was a proof of the advantages of being able to get into debt."

This Ned Attical was a young fellow whom I took a great liking to, for he was a good-looking cheerful fellow, and just the rogue to make his way with women; but in the present instance he succeeded by showing neglect and not attentions, so capricious are women in their natures, and so apt are they to be influenced by motives the very opposite to those on which some calculate.

Any one who was acquainted with the Fleet prison about thirty years ago, must remember the young woman who was always pointed out to strangers as "The Beauty of the Fleet." She was a most extraordinary character; of course I knew her well and her whole history. She was the daughter of one of the turnkeys, and had been born in the prison, and indeed had seldom slept out of it. She lived with her father and mother in a sort of double room in the Fair, the name given to a subterranean part of the prison, where debtors were glad to get a room when no other was to be had, although, to speak the truth, these were not to be compared, in point of ventilation and comfort, to the dens of the beasts at Exeter Change. I have described this place in another story, and a tragic affair which took place in it. — Well, — it was down in the Fair that her father and mother kept a shop: they sold almost everything that was wanted by the inmates of the prison; and as he gave credit freely to respectable persons — for in no place perhaps is credit more freely given, or more honestly returned, than in this prison for debt — his shop was much frequented, and he made a good deal of money by his business. Besides which, he had several rooms in the prison which he rented of the lower class of prisoners, and which he furnished and relet advantageously to those who could afford to pay for them. His daughter served in the shop; and although it might be supposed that such a dungeon was the last place in the world for a rose to bud and bloom in, she was always in good health and always had an air of freshness, which was quite charming for her father's customers to see. I suppose it was that, having been born underground and having been brought up in the same place, her constitution had become assimilated to the locality, and that she was enabled thereby, like a flower, to flourish and expand where others withered and died.

She was a beautiful girl; very fair, with large blue eyes, and flaxen hair; and of a most graceful figure. But what was most extraordinary was, that in the midst of all sorts of vice and immorality, she had

grown up in purity, uncontaminated and unharmed by the noxious examples around her. To be sure, she had been kept strictly, from childhood, under her mother's eye, whose side she never left; and she had not been personally exposed to the contagion of the evil example which was sadly abundant in the prison; but still it was a most remarkable thing, that she should be the virtuous girl that she was, in such a place, and in the way of so many temptations. But so it was; and her beauty, her steady conduct, and her modest demeanour made her stand out in stronger and brighter relief from the contrast of her merit with her disadvantageous position.

It was in this shop that Ned got acquainted with her. As I said before, he made his way with her in the very contrary way to what others did, who took the opportunity, when they went to the shop to buy a candle, or a morsel of cheese, or a rasher of bacon, or a screw of tobacco (for all sorts of things were sold there), to say such civil and gallant things as were naturally prompted by the sight of a pretty girl in such a hole. But Ned never spoke to her; not that he had any plan or design in taking that course, but as I judge, it was an unconscious homage on his part paid to beauty, accompanied, as it was, by a virtuous reputation.

I remember his saying to me once, in one of his serious moods, which were not very frequent, that it made his heart bleed to see such a beautiful girl in such a horrible place. Now to me there was nothing horrible in the place at all. On the contrary, I thought it one of the most pleasing sights in the prison, to see the rows of candles all so nicely arranged, and hanging in sorts from their different hooks, with here and there a flitch of bacon and a ham; and canisters of tea, and loaves of sugar looking so tidy in their blue paper night-caps, tapering to a point. And on the counter the nice fresh butter, with the capacious tub of salt, and the jars of tobacco—Virginia, short-cut, and returns, all ready to the hand; with the nice-looking eggs, and the cheese, and the soap, and the loaves of bread and pots of blacking ranged in rows, one over the other; to me the sight of all these things, though I grant, from the confined space, they were unavoidably mingled together in a little confusion sometimes, was one of the most pleasing in the Fleet; and the shop, as may be supposed, was the place of general resort with all the inmates of the prison when any thing was wanted.

Ned used to go there, of course, as well as the rest; and whether it was that his silence and seeming disregard, so different from that of the other male customers, piqued the girl, or that there was something in his manner and in his eyes which conveyed to her the existence of feelings which sympathised with her own; however that might be, the fact was, that Nancy's heart got touched; and when Ned looked at her with that commiserating gaze with which, as he more than once told me, he could not help regarding her, the girl would blush and look pensive, and make mistakes, serving out soap instead of cheese, and giving snuff instead of pepper, which made her mother scold her, and surprised the customers. The way in which her secret was betrayed was not less remarkable than the circumstance of its existence.

The intelligence of the eyes between Ned and Nancy had continued some time, and Ned did not exactly know what to make of it ; for, as I was his confidant in all his affairs, he used to talk to me about it, when he chanced to go into the shop one afternoon, when Nancy's mother was not there, for a sheet of letter-paper :

"What sort of paper will you have?" asked Nancy, blushing, as usual, with her eyes turned away ; "the best?"

"The best that you have," said Ned, in his cheerful way ; "such as you would use yourself for a love letter."

"I don't write love letters, sir," said Nancy gravely.

"Nor I, neither," said Ned ; "but if I did I know who I would write them to."

This, Ned told me, he said in a careless way, without much meaning ; but the girl flushed up at it, and as she found it difficult in her little agitation to separate the sheet that Ned asked for from the rest of the quarter quire, Ned helped her, and in the operation their hands met. This touching of hands seemed, as Ned described it, to act as an electric shock on the girl. She was not eighteen years of age, and perhaps it was the first time that she felt a sensation that was novel to her ; for she dropped the sheets of paper, and they fell flying about the floor. "I don't know why I did it," said Ned, "but I took the girl's hand and pressed it, not by any means in a disrespectful manner, but rather warmly perhaps ; and in a moment she shot off into the inner room, and I saw no more of her that day. Her mother came in a few minutes after, and, picking up the paper, handed me the sheet which I wanted ; but a thought seized me at the moment—I bought another one. The idea of the love letter ran in my head, and partly from idleness, and partly from a vague curiosity to know how she would receive it, I wrote to her a real love letter, in which I said a great many things, I confess, which I did not feel ; but I believe when lovers feel least they express themselves best, and *vice versâ*."

I told my young friend, that he ought not to trifle with the affections of a girl even in a prison, and although she was no better than a turnkey's daughter, that she was very pretty, and what was better, modest and virtuous ; and that it would be a shameful thing to bring her to any harm. He said, it was only for fun that he did it : and that it would be an amusement to them both.

Neither he nor I thought at the time of the depth of passion and disinterestness of affection which that humble girl was capable of feeling, and which she displayed in a manner which will be remembered as long as the remembrance of the Fleet shall exist.

He contrived to convey his letter to her, unperceived by her watchful mother, and he was surprised at the readiness with which the girl received the contraband article, as well as the cleverness which she showed in concealing the action from her mother ; which confirmed me in my opinion that all women are endowed by nature with peculiar talents for carrying on love intrigues, and that in that matter they require no teaching, their knowledge coming as it were by instinct.

It is to be presumed, that this first declaration of a lover in language the most fascinating and glowing, for Ned had great talents

and was a most accomplished scholar, was eagerly devoured by one who had never been addressed in such flattering and at the same time respectful terms before; and who was eager to know what an admirer could say under such circumstances. It was the day after the delivery of his epistle, that Ned went down to the shop under the pretence of buying some trifle, but really for the purpose of seeing how the girl would look after reading his letter. Never had he seen her look so pretty and so cheerful! She was all smiles for every one; and in her new happiness she was for giving over-measure and over-weight to all the customers, so as to draw down the severe rebuke of her mother, who was astonished at the exuberance of her daughter's vivacity. She did not look at Ned when he went in, but kept her eyes carefully away from him, though she blushed as red as scarlet, which made her mother open the window at the side, seeing that the place was too close for her.

While her mother's back was turned, and in a moment, she asked Ned what he wanted, and without waiting for a reply, placed in his hand a sheet of letter paper which she took from a drawer.

"Another sheet of letter paper," she said; as her mother turned round. "Why sir, what a letter writer you are!"

"What is that?" said her mother, looking sharply about.

"Only a sheet of letter paper for Mr. Attical."

"One penny, sir."

Ned perceived that there was something folded up between the leaves which felt like a letter; but laying it down for a moment on the counter, while he searched in his pockets for the penny, the mother, to Nancy's infinite dismay, laid her hand on the paper, to remove it out of the way while she served another customer. The look of terror which Nancy gave at that moment, was sufficient to convince him that within the folds of that paper was deposited her secret; and when Ned promptly seized his purchase, and in answer to her mother's usual question, "whether she could serve him with any thing else," replied, holding up the paper between his finger and thumb, that "he had got all he wanted," Nancy laughed, and blushed again, understanding, as she well did, the significance and the appositeness of his reply.

What was in that letter I never knew, for he never showed it to me. But he said that he was surprised to find that the handwriting was really beautiful, and that the letter was as well expressed as if it had been written by the best educated lady in the land. After this, I observed he never talked lightly about Nancy, nor, indeed, so much as he had been used to do; but I was aware that he continued his correspondence with her, and I observed that every day he grew more serious and thoughtful. I fancied, too, that I could tell when he was about to pay a visit to his mistress, by the little adornment of his person on such occasions. When it came to that, I saw that it was becoming serious; and I talked with him about it; asking him what were his designs and intentions; adding, that I would not allow the girl to be deceived by him; and declaring, that if I thought he would attempt to wrong the girl, I would warn her father and mother of it.

He assured me, very earnestly, that he had no such unworthy intentions; that certainly he had begun his correspondence with the girl without any particular motives, other than amusement; but he confessed, that the sentiments expressed by her in her letters, which were evidently the effusions of a sincere and innocent heart, had made a powerful impression on him, and had converted that which at first was no more than a trifling inclination, into a real passion; and that, in short, if ever he had the means, he would certainly marry her, and trust to fortune for the rest.

I remonstrated with him on this, and represented to him the difference of their stations; that he was of a good family, though a poor man, and that she was the daughter of one of the turnkeys of the prison.

He said he did not care for that; that he had no relation from whom he had any expectations, or who had any right to control him; and that, as he was his own master, he would do as he pleased.

"But how will you get out of this prison?" said I. "It is of no use disguising the fact from ourselves; you are in for a heavy debt, and there is no chance of your being let out. I do not wish to depress your spirits, but it is best that you should understand correctly your position and your prospects. I fear," I added, "that you must consider yourself as one of those destined to pass many years of your life in this wretched place. Under such circumstances, even if there were no other objections to the course which you are pursuing, it is a question for an honourable man like yourself, to consider whether it is fair to engage this girl's affections, humble as she is, and, by such cruel thoughtlessness, to disappoint her, and perhaps to blast all her happiness for life. It is an old saying outside these walls, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' it is likely to run rougher inside. And here you are," I continued, "a prisoner for debt within the walls of the Fleet. And it would be no easy matter," said I, pointing to the revolving iron spikes on the top of the high wall, "to get over those obstacles. We may say of the Fleet prison, as Virgil said of the shades below, '*Facilis descensus Averni*;' it's easy enough to get in, but to get out! that's another matter. There's only one way of doing that; and that is by paying the money; and in your case you might as well think of paying the national debt! Here you are, and here you must stay."

"I don't know that," said he. "Here I am, but here I, perhaps, shall not stay; and I shall not pay the money, neither."

"Ha!" said I, "what does that mean?"

"I know I can trust you," he replied; "besides, I shall want you, perhaps, to assist me. Before another week is over, I shall be on the outside of that wall."

I shook my head; for in my time I had known many attempts to escape, which had never succeeded.

"It is not to be done," I said. "You have no money to bribe the turnkeys, even if they were open to it. And what else have you to trust to?"

He looked round cautiously, and putting his mouth to my ear, he whispered,—

“Woman’s wit!”

I started at this intimation, for I guessed what it pointed at; but some of our fellow-prisoners interrupting us, I had no opportunity of learning more of Ned’s schemes that night; and before I went to bed I ruminated a good deal, as I smoked my pipe, on the danger of any such attempt. I waited for the morning, therefore, with much anxiety, though, I confess, not unmixed with considerable curiosity, to know what would be the end of it.

IMPERFECTION OF MAN.

LIFE is a chequer’d scene to all on earth :
Mirth follows grief, and grief succeeds to mirth :
E’en as the globe revolves in ceaseless roll,
And light or darkness cheers or chills the soul —
Man is compounded both of good and ill ;
Virtue and vice divide his fitful will :
None are so good some blemish doth not blot —
None are so bad some good redeemeth not.

Prize Essay.

THE BAR OF ENGLAND.

(FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE J—— E—— A., ESQ.)

WHEN the Portuguese, in the fourteenth century, inquired concerning the Chinese, he is reported to have received for answer, that they were a curious sort of short people, with square heads, flat noses, copper visages, and small feet; who were, moreover, characterised by having their seats of honour in tails, growing, not where tails are usually seen, but somewhere between the occipital bone and the spine; of whose institutions, customs, and manners little could be learnt, on account of their jealous exclusion of foreigners from the interior of their country. I have often thought, while reflecting on the limited information possessed by the public on the subject of the "Bar," that a parallel reply, probably, awaits any cursory inquirer concerning that unprecedented body. He might be told it consisted of individuals wearing antique wigs, white cravats, — monkish bands, and fantastic black or blue gowns, who claimed the right of monopolising the representation of suitors in our Courts of law, or the pleading of their causes, this privilege being obtained by eating a number of dinners within a specified period, at a particular spot. And that might be all.

It is true that the "Bar" have not practised so rigid a system of exclusion as our new allies; and it may be conceded that the mode of attaining the captivating degree of "Barrister-at-law," may be discovered with less difficulty than our ancestors experienced in obtaining information about the real nature and description of the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire; still, very little knowledge prevails without the circle, of the actual habits and customs of the "Bar." The few old writers (known only to the learned) who have discoursed upon it, have confined their attention to the probable origin, and the regulations of the "Inns of Court," from which it springs. Save a few remarks, (too unconnected to be perfectly intelligible) at distant intervals, in newspapers and magazines, nothing in fact has ever been published concerning the operations of the "Bar," within the popular comprehension, a circumstance, I am satisfied, many have lived to regret. It has not been thus with the other branches of the legal profession. Attorneys and solicitors are, and have been, frequent subjects of writing and conversation. Few adults are ignorant of *their* doings; but the "Bar" seems like the Eleusinian mysteries of old, which the initiated were forbidden to explain to the vulgar, whose knowledge of them was consequently derived from vague and doubtful reports, which misrepresented the facts. I will venture to assert, that the public misapprehension of the real character of the "Bar," is not a whit the less than that of the Greeks in respect of the orgies of Eleusis. The distortion of a stick in a tub of water would not be a distant illustration of

the deception under which the commonalty labour as to the *gens togata* of our judicial system. Heartily do I wish, for the comfort and happiness of many, that the deception was as innocent.

May every parent, who designs a son for the "Bar," in fond anticipation of hereafter rejoicing over his elevation to the judgment seat; may every one who aspires to the dignity conferred by a gown and wig, in hopeful prospect of being one day clothed in ermine; may all who, dazzled by the brilliance of the temple of legal fame, as it shines afar, would rush eagerly forward to climb the steep that leads to it; may all of these have an opportunity of pondering over these pages ere embarking on the trebly hazardous speculation, for they may be assured that in no other will they sooner discover that

"The ample proposition that hope makes,
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness."

I must now pause from my subject for a moment to say a few words regarding myself, that my reader may be in no uncertainty as to the accuracy of my details. I am a barrister, and none but a barrister could acquire a knowledge of them. But, as a member of the body that I am about to describe, I may naturally be supposed to be prejudiced in favour of it, and thus to write with a biassed mind. Yet such will not be the fact. Within two or three years after my "call," now nearly thirty years ago, fortune enabling me to indulge a disposition like that of Dumont, the friend of Bentham, to be an observer rather than an actor, I ceased early to perplex myself with "practice," and have since crossed the meridian of life, untroubled, throughout my journey, by the torturing ambition which is a characteristic of the profession. I have seen many juniors rise to various ranks above me without envy, malice, hatred, or uncharitableness of any kind, for I aspired not to honours. No cruel anxieties have molested me, though I have mingled with the less reflective actors on the world's stage, as well for amusement as instruction in all the ways of man. A philosophical indifference to the vanities of the world, added to a sufficient estate, enables me to form impartial opinions, to which no one is equal whose judgment is liable to be swayed by hopes or disappointments. If, then, there be any truth in the remark of Enobarbus, in "Anthony and Cleopatra," that

- men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,"

the reader need not fear, lest my pen trace not the characters of truth, while I discourse on the "Bar of England."

It is no part of my design to enter on any antiquarian disquisitions. I desire to be practically useful, according to the modes and manners of the present age. Nevertheless, as consideration tells me that some of my future observations may not be readily understood without a previous reference to the lights of other days, I shall so far allude to them as I may deem necessary to preserve the unprofessional reader from the confusion and uncertainty which might otherwise mar the pleasure of perusal.

The power of creating "barristers," or "counsel," as they are called, is vested solely in the governors of four anomalous, unincorporated societies, known as "Inns of Court." When or how they acquired an authority which, in effect, exercises an important influence over a people at large, which was no party to the conferring of it, is now more a matter of surmise than proof, though the materials for forming our opinion are such as to justify a belief of its general accuracy. In the early ages of England, there is little reason to doubt, that the ministers of religion, as they had monopolised all general learning, possessed exclusively the knowledge of the laws, which were then unwritten, and preserved only in the memory; in fact, schools of law were maintained in all ecclesiastical seminaries, the judges of the land being selected from the dignitaries of the church. While, therefore, the study of the law was thus limited, and the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas were ambulatory, that is, were held wherever the sovereign happened to reside; and while, in addition, the clergy, *i. e.* the lawyers, were necessarily spread over the kingdom by the nature of their vocation, no cause existed for the establishment of separate and independent legal institutions. The Norman Conquest, however, was the means of bringing over to this country "shoals" — to use Blackstone's expression — of foreign clergymen, who, being total strangers to the unwritten customs and maxims which compose our common law, were anxious to introduce others with which they were familiar; and, more especially, those of the civil law, which had been readily adopted by them on the discovery of a copy of Justinian's "Pandects," about 1130. The stubborn resistance of the people to the subversion of rules of justice to which they were attached in favour of others which were repugnant to them, first led, in all probability, to the study of the law by laymen; because, as the foreigners were successful in forcing the adoption of the civil law in the universities and ecclesiastical courts, where their influence was paramount, to the complete exclusion of that of the constitution, the preservation of the latter came to depend upon the people themselves. Thus we find the barons expressing their determination, from time to time, that the laws to which they were accustomed should not be changed. The consequence of this division between the clergy and the laity was, that the former soon ceased to be the legal advisers of the latter.

Who succeeded the clergy as professors of the law does not very clearly appear from concurrent testimony, but, reasoning *à posteriori*, we may safely conclude that younger members of the upper classes of society were the first to step into the vacated places. This their position readily enabled them to do, while the honour, and, no doubt, the profits, attendant on legal lore, encouraged them to persevere in acquiring it. The deep ignorance in which the commonalty was sunk was also in their favour. Two circumstances, however, seem to have threatened their eventual success in retaining their new posts; the one, their want of union, and the second, the superior learning of their clerical opponents. As the Courts still followed the sovereign, it is likely that the new lawyers had no "fixity of tenure," to borrow a phrase of the craft, but, on the contrary, were unconnectedly dispersed

over the kingdom ; while the divines, having entrenched themselves in the Universities, were enabled to act with corporate force, in pursuit of their design to compel the adoption of the civil law by the people of England, and, by this means, to recover the domination which they had lost, or rather had failed to obtain, by the rashness of their early opposition to deep-rooted prejudices. Their efforts, however, were fated to be finally unsuccessful. The declarations contained in the Charters of John and his successor Henry the Third, that the Courts of "Common Pleas should no longer follow the King's person, but be held in some certain and fixed place," Westminster being named, soon led to the institution of "Inns of Court," in London, where the hitherto scattered professors of the municipal law assembled together, and, by a timely union, ultimately preserved it. About the same time ecclesiastics were positively forbidden by their superiors to appear as advocates in Courts of law, in the vain hopes of degrading the latter by their absence.

These "Inns*," however, were not immediately established in the localities which now bear their names, as a reference to dates will prove; the charter of Henry III. being made in 1224, while Lincoln's Inn was not fixed as such until 1310, the Temple† until 1340, and Gray's Inn, the last of all, until 1357. Nor were they immediately entrusted with the privilege of appointing their members to plead as advocates before the Courts. They were in the first instance only schools of law, whose professors from time to time purchased places suitable to the teaching and study of it, the pursuit of this object occasioning the formation of various subsidiary Inns, of which no more than eight remain, viz., Clifford's Inn, Staple's Inn, Lyon's Inn, Bernard's Inn, Clement's Inn, New Inn, Thavie's Inn, and Furnival's Inn; the first named being founded in 1345, and the last in 1563.

In these "Lesser Inns," as they were termed by Fortescue, a considerable period of residence and study seems to have been once required as a condition preliminary to admission into one of the principal Inns, the former being thus made a kind of preparatory school to the latter. The course of education in each class was calculated to form, not merely efficient scholars and lawyers, but also accomplished gentlemen.‡

The students resided within the boundaries, and dined at a common table, in imitation of the schools and colleges monopolised by the clergy, a circumstance which, no doubt, induced Fortescue and Coke, (though incorrectly in point of fact) to speak of the "Inns" as forming a "university."

* The word "inn" is synonymous with the French "*hôtel*."

† An "outer" Temple is spoken of in the old books, but this has long since merged into the "Inner" and "Middle."

‡ Dugdale says (Orig. Jud. 146.) that the "inns of court were so called, because the students studied there, not only the laws, but all such other exercises as might make them more serviceable to the *King's Court*, such as dancing, singing, playing on musical instruments, and learning divinity on festival days." With great respect to his memory, I suspect the learned antiquary's fancy made him overlook the more natural and probable cause.

The simple mention of these facts will readily incline us to believe, that the expences of the "curriculum," (which Dugdale states eight years were required to complete) could not be very limited, even if Sir John Fortescue had been less precise in his information on this point. They never amounted, he states, to less than 28*l.* per annum*; "and if the student have a servant, considerably more; and therefore the expences are so great that the students are all sons to people of quality." Thus, he adds, "Merchants seldom care to lessen their stock by going to such yearly expences, so that there is scarcely to be found an eminent lawyer, who is not a gentleman by birth and fortune. Consequently, they have a greater regard for their character and honour than those who are born and bred another way."

Still, notwithstanding this consumption of time and money, so complacently described by the old judge, the principal Inns, for nearly fifty years at least after their institution, could only declare their members *qualified* to plead in court by the title of "utter," or "outer barristers." It then seems to have rested with the sovereign, or, as representing him, the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, to nominate the pleaders or advocates from the body of the "outer barristers" by the title of "serjeants," who only were competent to address the Court *alterius nomine*. Hence the reason outer barristers are called in the old law books "*apprenticii ad legem* †;" and hence we may infer, in the absence of positive evidence, that advocates were appointed at the will of the Crown solely, while the Courts were ambulatory, their subsequent selection from the Inns of Court being a royal favour granted to those places, in all probability, in consideration of their superiority of education, their adherence to the common law, and their consequent tendency to balance the influence of the clergy, who had effectually excluded it from Oxford and Cambridge. It is not until 1292, as far as I can ascertain by a comparison of dates, that outer barristers were first admitted to plead in the king's Courts, in consequence, as I humbly venture to presume, of the growing necessity, not only of counsel in the King's Bench and Exchequer, but also of assistants to the serjeants in the Common Pleas. At all events, about that time we find Edward I. ordering John de Mellingham to provide "others to transact business in the Courts;" and in the reign of Edward III., about 1345, we find barristers mentioned, as we now view them, in the demise, by Lady Clifford, of Clifford's Inn to the Inner Temple.

A longer period, however, elapsed before the Inns of Court acquired their present comparatively independent jurisdiction, if we may judge from various orders yet extant of the ministers of the sovereign to regulate their proceedings. Such for instance as the order of the Privy Council, signed by Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper to Queen

* About 250*l.* present money, according to Hume and Adam Smith.

† Two reasons are given for the designation "outer barrister." The one, that the "apprentices" sat below the bar in their respective halls, while the benchers, and those entitled to plead, sat within it at the upper part of them: the other, that the first class pleaded without the bar in the courts, while the serjeants and other counsel, having precedence, addressed the courts within it. It is not improbable that the first regulation was the precursor of the second.

Elizabeth, which directed that "none should be called to the outer bar but by the ordinary council of the House, (i. e. Inn) in term time." The names of James I. and Charles I. also are appended to other rules promulgated by the Benchers. Oliver Cromwell seems to have treated the Inns of Court with indifference, for in the time of the Commonwealth they were unmolested, and from that period, the authority as at present exercised by them has continued without interference on the part of royalty. It is suggested that the active control previously maintained over them by the judges was then tacitly relinquished, their power to "call to the Bar" being considered as a delegated trust, subject merely to those judges as "visitors."

Thus have I rudely sketched the probable establishment of "Inns of Court," the original institution of which, as Lord Mansfield once observed, "no where precisely appears." If any one of my readers desire to pry more deeply into the mystery, he will find confusion enough to justify very opposite opinions in the authorities to which I have resorted to form mine. These are, principally, Fortescue "*de Laudibus Legum Angliæ*;" Dugdale's "*Origines Judiciales*;" Herbert's "*History of the Inns of Court*;" and Blackstone's "*Commentaries*," vols. i. and iii. He will then find also cause to wonder, with me, whence it happens that these Inns have continued so long mere "voluntary societies," as they are declared to be in cases to which I shall have future occasion to refer. Considering that Henry III. so highly favoured them, as to prohibit the teaching of law in any other schools within the city of London; that they were the means of preserving the "Common Law;" that the members were all, as Fortescue says, "sons to people of quality;" that to them was ultimately allotted a privilege equal to, if not exceeding, those granted to any other body of individuals, a privilege which then tended, as it now does, to carry exclusion to the very foot of the throne,—surprise is unavoidable, that the royal favour should not have been shown, at one time or other, in charters of incorporation. I can scarcely believe that Henry III. and his successors would have dealt less generously with them than with other companies which might be enumerated; and, in fact, room is not wanting to suppose that Inns of Court were treated as corporate bodies in the earlier ages of their existence. Of this, at all events, I have little doubt,—that if, in former days, circumstances had rendered them desirous of claiming to be incorporated, instead of the contrary, the law (that is, in this case, the lawyers) would immediately have presumed in favour of the claim; and I question much whether they will not hereafter discover that their election to be considered as "voluntary associations," has placed them in a false position as regards the public at large, in respect of their exclusive privilege of creating barristers. I do not, however, thus allude to this privilege, with any view to its abrogation, because, speaking with the candour which will be seen throughout this article, I know not where it could be better lodged. In fact, I believe the liberality which, on the whole, has marked the exercise of it, is one reason why "Inns of Court" have remained untroubled, amidst the changes which other monopolies have experienced. But if, in these days of reform, inquiry should chance to be actively di-

rected to them, I fear the plea of "voluntary association" will feebly defend the anomaly of self-elected bodies, having a power of exclusion from the representation of suitors in our principal courts of judicature, and from many offices of the state, inferior and superior, without subjection to the legal tribunals to which all incorporations are responsible.

Such are the societies, of one of which every individual must become a member or "student," before he can attain the degree of "utter barrister," the lowest class of counsel at the "English bar." To follow the natural order of things, therefore, I shall now ascertain the conditions to be complied with, before he can take this preliminary step.

As a consequence of the circumstances to which I have adverted, every student for the Bar is supposed to possess an independent fortune. Indeed, a rule made in 1600, sanctioned by Elizabeth, and her successor James, provides that none shall be admitted of Inns of Court "who are not of *good parentage*, and not of *ill behaviour*;" and there is another about the same period, purporting to be made by the "judges and benchers," that "none but *gentlemen* be admitted." Hence the rank of "esquire" is always affixed to his name. No doubt, in many instances, this supposition may be classed with other pleasant deceptions with which the law and its establishments abound, for otherwise, I suspect the specimens of the *genus* would be more scarce than we see them in our days. Nevertheless, fiction though it be, something must be done, as in other cases of legal shadows, to give it the appearance of a substance. It follows, therefore, that no one who is palpably and manifestly dependent on his own labour for a livelihood, will be admitted into the brotherhood of the Inns of Court. Thus a person openly engaged in trade or commerce, in whatsoever department, is certain of refusal. If, however, he cease to be engaged in the objectionable occupation for at least two years, assuming meantime the appearance of independence (before the eyes of the Inn), though he may have it not in fact, he may be admitted. I am acquainted with two counsel, each eminent in a different branch of the profession, who were both shoemakers, the elder one having made shoes for my father. I know a barrister also, who was formerly a dancing master at Bath; and his son, who subsequently taught the saltatory art, is now keeping his terms. These are living illustrations of my remark, to which I could add others, without recurring to former times, did I think them required.

Though the term "good parentage" used in the rule of Elizabeth and James, no doubt implied that the parents of an applicant for admission should be above the operative order, this interpretation is no longer rigidly adhered to. As long as the son can make a show of gentility, little attention is paid to the occupation of his father. A barrister, whose rapid success is now astonishing his fellows, owes his birth to a butcher, a calling pursued by most of his relations, and the juvenile dancing master is another case in point. The rule as to "good parentage," therefore, is now clearly applied, as it ought to be, to the respectability of the parties in their respective spheres of life.

A person exercising a profession — except that of divinity — though strictly under the same ban, is not held to such rigid compliance with the rule as a tradesman, because he can write “gentleman” after his name without necessarily proclaiming his actual occupation, which may be hidden under this generic term. He may be admitted a member of an Inn of Court, and even “keep his terms,” though he will not be allowed to perform certain rites required of a candidate for the “Bar,” until he shall have ceased to practise in such other profession for two years at least. Thus a physician*, surgeon, or attorney, may enter, but the privilege will be confined to the entry until the other condition be complied with. I now speak of what *may* be done, but I understand an inclination prevails, at the present day, to subject medical men, of all grades, to the rule that a cessation of business shall precede even admission. Attorneys and solicitors are admissible as “students” without such a condition.

Persons in “deacon’s orders” were early excluded. The rule runs that they shall not be admitted to the “Bar,” but, in fact, they will not be admitted at all, except for the purposes of the Inns. The origin of this exclusion, which of course applies to the clergy of every rank, has been already shown.†

* Sir James Mackintosh was a physician, having taken his doctor’s degree in Edinburgh, before coming to London, and “entering” at Lincoln’s Inn. When questioned about his “practice,” he replied, that he never, in point of fact, had more than one “patient,” and that was the son of a tradesman in Inverness. This was the statement of that eminent individual to a near relation of mine.

† The celebrated John Horne Tooke was entered of the Inner Temple in 1756, and kept his terms as a master of arts, with a view to the bar. Subsequently, yielding to the solicitations of his family, who had destined him originally for the church, he consented to be ordained, and was admitted to full orders in 1760, when he obtained the living of New Brentford. About fifteen years afterwards he resigned his clerical gown, intending to assume that of the advocate, and devoted a considerable period, accordingly, to legal study. But, on applying to be called, in 1779, he was rejected on the ground “that it was doubtful whether he was not still a clergyman.” On this occasion the question whether a priest could be “secularised” was argued by the benchers with considerable fervour, and only decided in the negative, *i. e.* against Mr. Tooke, by the casting vote of Mr. Bearcroft, the Queen’s counsel. One of the majority afterwards confessed himself ashamed of the part he bore in the transaction. It has been suggested that the real obstacles to his call were the fears entertained by the senior counsel of a powerful rival, and the ill feeling of Lord Mansfield, excited by the conduct of Mr. Tooke towards him, especially on his trials. I have more doubts of the latter than the former suggestion. In 1802 he was prevented from sitting as a senator, on the ground of ordination.”—*Vide Stephens’s Life of H. Tooke*, vol. i. p. 30.

RAMBLES THROUGH BOHEMIAN VILLAGES.

BY A WANDERER.

"Praised be Jesus Christ!" Such is the universal greeting that encounters the stranger, when he has once passed the first imperial eagle. Time was when the Catholic benediction came from no Bohemian lip with the gladness of free-will and the heartiness of impulse. It was the time of persecution and bloodshed. It is the heart steeped in faith that now gives utterance to the holy salutation, and keen and angry is the fire that darts from the black Bohemian eye, if in answer to the greeting you neglect or forget to reply *"To all eternity."*

The first creature who thus greeted me was a lad, a genuine Sclavonian, with a countenance that is never to be mistaken. He was robust and thickset, very dirty and in tatters. He sat upon the half decayed pedestal of a crucifix bent by the fury of a storm. The copper figure of our Saviour, close to which a representation of the Virgin Mary in the same material knelt to receive the sacred blood in a vessel which she held, looked as if the burden of a world still rested upon him. And no wonder! The storm that riots amongst those hills makes the dead and the living, the animate and inanimate, feel the burthen of life there more than elsewhere.

"How far is to Weigsdorf?" I asked the youth.

"An hour with good legs," he answered, throwing his coarse linen pack over his shoulder, and starting down the hill, half jumping half walking, as if he would show me the rate at which I ought to proceed. I was still standing upon Saxon ground, and at the distance of a rifle shot to the right lay the boundary. There stood the guard-house, and before it two officers of the frontier, their muskets thrown over their dark cloaks, were stalking backwards and forwards like shadows in the morning mist.

In Germany men speak of "Bohemian villages," and associate with the term a notion of something utterly unknown to the rest of mankind. *"That's Bohemian villages to me"* is not only the expression of the peasant when he would announce to you his ignorance of any fact, but the saying has passed over to different races of men, and the mode of speech, like every usage and custom, has its foundation in truth. It was late in the autumn, and whilst the leaf still rested on the tree, when I left my home to explore and examine the "Bohemian villages." I started with no fixed plan, but left my road to the selection of chance and fortune, taking care, when I came to them, to resign myself to the wildest and least frequented paths. I had a companion. He was a first-rate mineralogist, and an unequalled climber of hills. It was his task to conduct me over the frontier at the most interesting point.

Weigsdorf was our first mark and resting place. It may pass for

the first Bohemian village, even in the sense of the proverb. One of the largest villages in Saxony, it is deposited as it were in several valleys, stretching along deep dales and hollows, and rising upon heights and hillocks. The inhabitants, half of whom are Protestants and half Catholics, have but *one* church, and *one* clergyman, — he being a Protestant. The church stands upon Saxon soil, the parsonage upon Bohemian, and hence it is that the village is called now Saxon, now Bohemian. One would suppose that toleration and unanimity, if anywhere, would exist among a people in the condition of the inhabitants of Weigsdorf, — that the intimate intercourse of Protestant and Catholic would remove the asperities which destroy Christian harmony between them elsewhere. But this is very far from being the case. In such villages — there are many along the frontier line — the Catholic is bigoted, gloomy, mistrustful; even when living on Saxon territory, and the Protestant is not more careful to hide the sharp and rugged corners of his faith. The latter looks upon himself as an enlightened being, and turns his back upon his neighbour for a fool. The former sees in the Protestant a heretic, one whose soul is eternally to perish, and respects him accordingly. The relations between these people may be summed up in a word. They are essentially *uncharitable*; the slightest provocation gives rise to hatred, and converts the men who have prayed at the same altar into the deadliest foes. And the pastor of this community? Clever, clear-sighted, decided in conduct, charitable, and benevolent should be the man whose duty it is to keep so much fire in subjection, to restrain so much irritability, and to mitigate so much hatred. The community have never borne a good reputation, and the pastor of the motley flock has at no time been able to work much good amongst them. There is no doubt that the character of this people is intimately bound up with the fate to which they have been doomed since the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. It was after the battle of Weissen Berge that Ferdinand II. sent his apostles of conversion with an escort of dragoons into the heart of Bohemia, that he might force into the true faith the miserable wretches who preferred apostasy to death, and the dread emissaries found their way into this neighbourhood. Within the circuit of a few leagues, eighteen Protestant ministers — there were but one-and-twenty in the district — with their wives and children, were driven from church and home, their congregations forced, at the point of the bayonet, into Roman Catholicism, or, when offering resistance, doomed to punishment such as the Lord's anointed know how to inflict in the name of God and Christianity. From this period until the present time, the frontier has continued faithful to the adopted faith; and where formerly the red jacobin cap of liberty waved as an emblem of civil and religious liberty, the sleek Franciscan now walks humbly and barefooted, counting his beads, collecting alms, and blessing the charitable passengers. Since the days of Wallenstein, in these enchanting districts there have been few events, and no advancement. Freedom of thought has slumbered beneath the usurping creed. If you behold it here and there, it is like the mummy of the pyramid, quiet, petrified, dried up, and withered in its adorned sarcophagus.

The weather was cheerless. The sky was overcast and threatening, and the ridges of the high mountains were concealed with mists. My friend, who is always disposed for conversation, and therefore the best of travelling companions, stopped a party of children whom we met in our way, and learnt from them that they were on the road to the pastor's dwelling. They were preparing for confirmation. Pastor B. was already known to my friend. We accepted the children for our guides, and were not long in reaching the minister's abode. We were received with kindness, and a few hours passed rapidly and agreeably by. The pastor is an acute and intellectual man. His determination and firmness of purpose are unquestionably of immense use in dealing with Bohemian villagers, but as I listened to him I could not but regret that he had not found a home more in harmony with his faculties. So refined a spirit, such quickness of perception, should be placed in the centre of a busy world, not altogether withdrawn from it. The minister lives in a state of seclusion amounting to exile, and in his arduous retirement, the capabilities which lie concealed within the man, and which shine forth only when rare occasions elicit them, are utterly unknown and lost. The minister is evidently conscious of his false position. A sorrow sleeps in the depth of his bright grey eye, not less evident to the observer of mankind than the smile which enlivened his lips, as he pressed our hands at leave-taking, and wished us joy and happiness on our way. As we quitted him, the tolling of a bell summoned him to a funeral.

In the immediate vicinity of Weigsdorf, there is an historical curiosity as little known as the Saxon-Bohemian village itself. I had frequently heard of the "*Sacrificial Stones*," and had resolved to visit them if chance should ever bring me near them. In this land of superstition, it is not strange that I should have heard the stones mentioned by some with ominous shakes of the head, and shrugs of the shoulders; others spoke of them with admiration and enthusiasm. The moment I beheld them, I came to the conclusion that the Druids had formerly housed here. The sacrificial stones at Weigsdorf remind an Englishman at once of his own Stonehenge; although the former are very inconsiderable when compared to our gigantic structure. Time, ignorance, and indifference, may have all combined here in the work of destruction. Ruins now are the only remains, but they are ruins which lead one to attribute to them, at a remote period, a sacred destination. Upon a height rising from cultivated plains, conically pointed and enormous masses of granite, piled one upon another—and hence, beyond all doubt, the work of men's hands—tower upwards to the sky. One group alone remains; the other groups have been disturbed by the material spirit of the age, which has fashioned them into door sills, window jambs, and water troughs. In former times, three different groups composed the *Offersteine*, or sacrificial stones. Two were situated about half a league's distance from each other upon hill summits, whilst the hind group lay in a deep valley near the bank of the Wittiche, that foams its way forth from the mountain caldron. The position of the three groups was such, that together they formed an isosceles triangle. The common people, who are so apt to unite the legendary with the inexplicable,

contrive, in their own peculiar manner, to drag the Jews into the fabulous history of these blocks, and convert the trough-like hollows still seen in them into prosaic dishes, out of which the poor Jews are said to have eaten human flesh.

In the rock adjacent to the Wittiche—a rock fast crumbling to pieces—there is still found a deep cavern, now the resort of badgers. The people hereabouts do not suppose that this rock is in any way connected with the sacrificial stones, but attach to it and its cavern a peculiar history. Old chronicles have given the rock the name of *Veenstone*, a word easily corrupted into Venus stone. According to a tradition which lays no claim to authenticity, a hermit resided in the cavern, and regularly preached from the rock to multitudes assembled on the other side of the stream.

We visited both places, and their charming sites well repaid us for our trouble. We listened with due solemnity to the many tales of the country people, who relate their traditions eagerly enough to the ear of faith, but whose desire of imparting information and loquacity become immediately and for ever extinguished upon the first appearance of the slightest expression of doubt. A steep pine-covered height opened to us a magnificent view into the wild valley of the river Wittiche, which, rushing here over broken rocks, breaks from the mountain into a broad stream. The sky, which had slightly cleared, threw golden streaks of light into the green and shady depths below.

We were indeed in Bohemia. The country, the atmosphere, the people, all were Bohemian. Yes, the atmosphere; for even this cannot gainsay its Bohemian home. Is it any wonder, where mountains crowd together as in the circumvallations of the Bohemian soil, that the winds should breathe otherwise than in the lands of softly swelling hills? The air of Bohemia is the last and only remains of its ancient freedom; and as long as the joyous breeze blows down from the mountain, we will still hope for the resurrection of its once prized liberty. The heart is still sound, and in a contest for the right, it need not fear to be overpowered.

At a time when all the world is in search of the romantic, the beautiful, and the picturesque, and when people traverse the greater part of Germany in the very footsteps of those who have preceded them, how is it that the very land is neglected where the sources of the romantic are the richest, the purest, and the most abundant? With the exception perhaps of Spain, there is no country in Europe so picturesque as Bohemia. As regards the colours of the atmosphere, Bohemia may be looked upon as the Italy of Germany; and the admirer of landscape painting, or the student of the romance of the middle ages, has but to pass the broad belt of wild and lofty mountains, to be ravished by scenery from which he shall not easily tear himself away. The beauty of the Bohemian villages, which lie concealed in the choicest and most secret spots, shall with difficulty be surpassed in the world. It is strange, that the passion for travelling, never more ardent than in the present day, should have satisfied itself with the very little that it has explored of Bohemia. Prague, although the most costly jewel in the rich and royal diadem of this land, is very far from constituting the whole of Bohemia. He who knows only Prague,

knows nothing of the rest of the country. He forms but a poor opinion of the land, and a meaner one still of its people,—a race as inflexible and rough as it is childishly naive. And how much does he lose of the purely romantic. A journey through Bohemia is a passage through a measureless and primeval church-yard, or through a pantheon, erected by History herself, in which, instead of artistic monuments of marble and alabaster, the rent battlements of a thousand strongholds shine forth in the gilding of the evening sun. Charming, however, as is the landscape, delightful to the eye the riches of nature and the industry of the people, one cannot but be impressed with deep melancholy as one beholds here, as it were, reposing upon mountain and rock, the broken pride and glory of generations passed away.

The very castles that have sternly resisted the storm of human events are half decayed, monuments of races famed in history, but whose sun has set for ever.

Who has not heard of Friedland, one of the largest and richest of the lordly castles of Bohemia? How its white walls and lofty tower mount high above the Wittiche, proudly and threateningly overlooking the small, industrious, and antiquated town which, like some shy but faithful hound, fawns and cringes at his master's feet. The lofty stronghold is at present uninhabited, and its owner will probably be the last of his name. It was whispered to me, that Count Clam Gallas intentionally suffers the ancient fortress of Wallenstein to fall into decay, that he may spare his heirs some cause for laughter.

But it is of Bohemian villages that I would speak, and not of Bohemian fortresses. Let us leave the castles of the mighty and the rich, quietly resting on their rocks, and return to the modest hut of the valley, into the midst of a singing, prayerful, pilgrimising people. The rest of Germany is pleased to connect the idea of dirt with Bohemia, and the Saxons and Silesians especially regard uncleanness as the characteristic of Bohemian villages. If there be any truth in the last remark, it must apply solely to their interior, for on the outside, at least, nothing can be smarter than their appearance. The roofs shine from afar like silver; the white stripes of chalk between the black painted planks of the walls are cheerful to the eye; there is gay wood in profusion, and the people are not niggardly in the display of it.

In passing from Friedland to the Silesian mountains, you have need of nothing so much as patience. Lovely is the prospect towards the ridge of the Vogel mountains, far as your eye can look into the green and wavy land, yet the road itself, passing over an elevated and almost level plain, skirting forest, through desert moors and naked fields, wearies by its endless and unpleasing monotony. The Bohemians have no notion of time or distance, and no information can be more terrible to the fatigued traveller than the announcement from a Bohemian lip that he has still a couple of miles between him and the point he aims at. The Bohemians are born fast walkers. Man and boy, woman and girl, old people and children, all walk, I mean run, without resting, stopping, taking refreshment, up hill, down dale, now jumping, now trotting, and never walking as men

are accustomed to understand the term elsewhere. Many a poor stranger has been reduced to a state of distraction by this utter disregard of the ordinary notions of distance. Although prepared for much annoyance in this respect, I confess that nothing gave me more distress than these never-ending, still beginning Bohemian miles.

It grew dark before we had made half the distance. The lofty ridge of the Iser mountains poured from its stormy height cold showers of rain, and we envied and cursed a hundred times these swiftfooted Slavonians. No one met us as we toiled on in the rainy twilight. Now and then a glimmer of light would fall upon the landscape from the houses and farms scattered over the forest meadows, and at length we stumbled upon what seemed to be a ghost in the low underwood. It was a Prussian boundary post, and close to it was an Austrian frontier officer on the watch for booty. The tired vulture suffered us to pass unmolested. The forest became clearer, and the dim light of Meffersdorf in the fruitful plain beyond it, shone to us through the falling rain. We descended into the Wiesen valley, over broken masses of stone, and dismal enough it looked in the murky night.

In my observations upon the Teutonic character, I have remarked as a peculiar weakness of the Germans, that they hold fast by customs and manners which have been once transmitted them, although in doing so none speak with more virtuous indignation against the practice than themselves. In travelling, this weakness is very manifest. These people rival our own countrymen in their determined adherence to the high and dusty roads, and in their sovereign contempt of all objects to the right and to the left, the instant that impassable mountains place themselves in opposition to their phlegm. The German follows in the footsteps of the Englishman on all known and celebrated tours. Woe be to the German, having the slightest claim to the rank of a man of education, who has not visited the Switzerland of Saxony, the Harz and the Giant Mountains. Saxon Switzerland boasts a European fame; and wherefore? I know not, unless it be *the fashion* to extol its beauties; or unless its reputation rests upon the proximity of Dresden, the miserable inns upon the mountain summits, and the frightfully expensive and bad imitations of champagne to be obtained in them. Scenery not less romantic, and far grander, is neglected as if in another world. Mountains rising high above the ridges and summits of the Giant chain are not mentioned. It is not to be wondered at, under these circumstances, that such a district as the Iser Mountains has remained, even up to the present day, a *terra incognita*. It is a fault of my nature to leave undone that which the many do, and to set about that which they neglect. In travelling, too, I follow the bent of my humour. Thus, when I find the highly educated pilgrimising to imperial and regal cities, and uttering their choice and well-turned phrases on ancient art and modern for the especial delight of the artist, no less than for the astonishment of the ignorant, I turn away instinctively from their paths, and, smiling at their factitious enthusiasm, seek to acquaint myself with the manners of men, and the secrets of nature.

It was the old demon of opposition, no doubt, that carried me, almost against my will, across the comb of the Iser, into a world of scenery that for centuries has preserved its beauty in undisturbed virginity. My companion, however, had his hand in the business as well as the demon. It was early in the morning when he discovered the lofty ridge free from the thinnest mists, and the horizon shining in surpassing splendour. His desire for locomotion immediately rivalled that of the Bohemians. The spirits of geology and mineralogy inspired him, and the gnomes of the mountains, who boose in streams and chasms, allured him to their mysterious homes. "We must scale the Iser," he cried to me from the open window, from which the steep rampart of the mountain was to be seen, bathed in purple tints, and rising to the height of between three and four thousand feet; "the glorious Iser; birth-place of the river that bears the name, that winds her silver way like a fairy serpent through the heart of Bohemia." The prospect was alluring, the weather had become brightened and gayer, and the sparkling eyes of my companion acted like a double magnet upon me. We did not take long to consider; as the sun rose we entered the first forest path that we came to, and it conducted us towards Flinsberg, the most solitary and peaceful watering-place that perhaps this world affords. Shut up in a mountain cleft, and placed in a valley enclosed on all sides by steep ridges, it looks out upon the fruitful Lower Silesia. Could I command sunshine and a bright sky, here in this magnificent mountain solitude would I choose to live for ever; but with rain and mist—and these prevail in the retired dell for more than two thirds of the year—existence would be intolerable to the stranger, as it is now, I am told, burthensome enough to the inhabitants. Fearful storms, in the winter, rage through the valley of the Queiss, which leaps madly from the precipitous Hochstein, whose quiet and blue summits, as we gazed upon it, seemed to mingle with the sky at the horizon.

The watering-place, which belongs to the wealthy Count Schaffgotsch, was already deserted. The springs were shut up; the newly-erected bath-house—a palace in itself—was empty; and around the numerous shops, besieged in the summer months by gay purchasers, nothing now was visible but the rustling dry leaves, which a piercingly cold wind from the height of the stony ridge whirled continually about. There is a feeling of desolation which comes over us in a place thus deserted, that adds to the desolation of the spot itself. The forsaken houses, the fastened jealousies, the dingy curtains, the grass growing before the door sills,—all look as if the curse of Heaven had fallen upon the place, and had broken up for ever the power of life and joyousness. I verily believe that such are the thoughts of the inhabitants, for they looked very serious and melancholy as they gazed after the late travellers. Their care and anxiety might, after all, have had reference to a long and weary winter, universally feared, in consequence of the unexampled dry summer which had just closed.

Formerly the passage from Flinsberg, over the lofty comb of the Iser, was a long, a fearfully steep, and stony footpath; but the considerate Count has lately caused a carriage-road to be made over this ridge of the mountain, by which not only is traffic made more easy,

but the fear of losing one's way in mist and snow is altogether removed. Even now two hours are required to ascend the *high* comb. There are several Iser combs. The *high*, the *middle*, and the *back* combs, lean obliquely against one another, and form a glorious mountain mass. The breadth of this entire rampart-like mountain, with its blocks thrown up in confusion, and its varying deep and shallow valleys, is remarkable, and cannot be less than seven or eight leagues. Through the whole of this mountain trunk, connected in the east with the lofty summits of the Giant Mountains, and in the west with the less lofty cones of the Bird Mountains, run the large and the smaller Iser. It might be supposed that a region thus protected on all sides from the inroads of the storm, would boast a temperate climate; yet the winter begins here unusually early. The stunted, ghost-like, and nodding dwarf pine, spreading its black and wreathed arms over the dark moor, flourishes here in small woods, as upon the loftiest ridges; the air is icy cold, nature barren and dead. A fearful loneliness, not diminished by a few scattered huts, is impressed upon the whole scene. You hear no song or call of bird: the faithfullest of men's companions—the honest dog—does not send forth his greeting here. The hollow voice of the earth, as it answers the heavy footsteps of man,—the sighing of the wind, as it passes along the surface of the brushwood,—and the dashing of the mountain torrents, interrupt the silence of a solitude cut off from all the world: and he who would forget the world should retreat to some such spot as this: no where shall he be more secure from man, and from his deadening forms,—no where more independent of that harsh ruler of our times, who has commanded us all to forsake the sweet peace that lies embosomed in our tranquil dreams and thoughts.

Much is said of the *romantic* character of the German people, and yet we question whether many of them, living in the plain and in the throng of life, think it possible to get through a day some part of which is not spent in a coffee house, and over a newspaper. We are all of us disposed to regard a human being, who does not follow the history of the world step by step in its course (be it from disinclination, or the necessity of his nature)—as beyond the pale of civilised society. We are fools for our pains. It is true, that the inhabitants of the mountain know not, and care not, that the king of Hanover has rejected ten or twenty unfavoured burgomasters, and still less are they aware of the last *bon-mot* that fell from Frederick-William the Fourth of Prussia. But what man may be, and should be to man, how intimately connected with nature is the spiritual life of every individual; how wondrous is the affinity between the air of the mountain and the breathings of the heart; all this have the simple mountaineers profoundly learnt—for they have searched it out, and discovered it in their daily walk. Unlearned as they are in what we call the intercourse of life, they are clever tradesmen, and unequalled handicraftsmen. In the Iser mountains dwell those skilful glasscutters, whose exquisite work, produced in the hidden wood, is seen upon the tables of kings, and adorning the boudoirs and drawing-rooms of Europe. Glass, that lovely child, born of the embrace of fire with the silica, is chiefly the medium of communication between the inhabitant of the

mountain and the rest of the world. The industry of the former need fear no comparison with that of the latter. In whatever direction you look, there rises above the dark pyramid of firs the curling column of smoke, denoting to the traveller the melting furnace of the glass-house. In every direction he hears the whirr of grinding wheels, as they are set in motion by the beneficent nymphs of the sportive mountain streams. From early morn until far into the night, employment is active in the houses which stand out clean and bright, with their shining shingle roofs, whether from the green of the meadow or from the black of the forest.

So long as glass remains in fashion, there is nothing to fear for these hardy mountaineers, whose wants are few enough. The beauty and the excellence of Bohemian glass is universally acknowledged. To secure its manufacture, there is heaped up an inexhaustible mass of material on the frontiers of Silesia and Bohemia. Flint is abundant; so are water and wood. How much there is of the last, and how little it is valued, no one can tell who has not set foot in these regions. In travelling through other parts of Germany, one cannot fail to note how the people spare and treasure up as it were every chip, and how seriously they consider the means of eventually supplying the place of wood which daily becomes more scarce, grubbing in the earth in every direction to regain that which thousands of years have stolen away and swallowed up. The son of the mountain has no such care upon him. God has given him for his hard and cruel winter wood in profusion, and, with this glorious gift of heaven, he acts as the rich man with his riches; not niggardly, but with a free and prodigal hand.

Beyond the region of stunted underwood, begins the mighty and primeval forest of the Iser. Hundreds of thousands, yea, millions of gigantic pine and fir stems, torn up by the roots by tempests and cast upon the earth, are strewn about in magnificent confusion. The moss-covered roots bristle up to about half the height of a house, in all imaginable fantastic forms, whilst tender underwood overgrows the sleeping monsters, and fans them with their rustling leaves. Dark ivy and solemn evergreens stretch their hands across them, and the motley liverwort with its silvery patches glistens in the eternal night of the impenetrable forest. Wherever you find a path, it is over the carcasses of those stems, or across a sinking morass, the only uncleared ground of the forest. Wood is used for every thing, and the mountaineers know how to apply it to every purpose. I can conceive nothing wilder or more romantic, than a ramble through such a half decayed forest in the evening or at night. In the valley, the dark waters of the Iser rush along their broad bed, strewn with large blocks of granite; on either side rise lofty pines, slim, and arrayed in their own graceful draperies; below, amidst the waving beach and birch, are the ghostlike stumps, now representing contesting giants, now wearing the appearance of insecure bridges, climbing over rocks—rocks that look like monuments raised by nature to the memory of the first parents of the forest. Every thing glimmers, sparkles, and shines. The air, the water, the forest, the earth, all shine with light. And yet what breathless stillness, what awful silence withal!

Such is the world of the Iser mountains,—a glorious and poetical, and yet a dead world.

In the very heart of it are the glass houses, the only manufactories in which these thousands of the dead of the forest are at all made use of. We visited *Karlstal*, which is upon Silesian ground, and the celebrated glass manufactories of Renwald in Bohemia, upon the declivity of the Giant mountains. My travelling companion, acquainted with the secrets of many kinds of manufacture, would not leave the scene of operations until he had possessed himself, as far as he was able, of all the mysteries of glass-making. Glass houses have the same effect upon me as mines. I can never pass one of them, so great is their power of attraction. And can anything be grander than the process of the manufacture. First, there is the enormous smelting furnace, pierced with its twelve or fifteen openings, from every one of which the ardent glow of the boiling metal bursts forth. Before them are the scarcely clad labourers, with their long iron tubes in never resting motion. Each thrusts his tube into the flowing pot before him, for each has his especial smelting place, and draws it forth again as skilfully as rapidly, provided with a ball-shaped end of burning glass. And now come the exquisite and marvellous transformations. One man blows the new-fashioned broad champagne glass; another, with the air of a magician, produces the cylinder-formed bottle, afterwards to be rolled into window glass; a third presses coloured dessert plates into the well-prepared wooden moulds; a fourth turns and entwines with quick and delicate hand the costly Venetian glass, sparkling like precious stones. Others blow the far extending arches, the rude beginnings of those lovely chandeliers, which adorn the churches of most of the villages. And whilst the glowing balls and masses flourish terrifically about, young girls and boys run busily to and fro, bearing off the work that is finished from the tubes, and conveying it on their long-stemmed forks to the cooling furnace. The bee-like industry of the multitude at one and the same time delights and alarms the beholder. He lives in constant fear of being struck by one of the fiery balloons as it flies up to the dark beams of the glass-house, or of being overwhelmed by men and children as they move about in direst confusion. The glass-house in the mountains is a good school. Whosoever would win here must be active, stout, clever, and dexterous. For my part, I have never seen more willing, better and gayer workmen, than in the glass-houses of Bohemia, from whose furnaces the thousand articles of luxury and design come forth for the adornment and comfort of the civilised world.

Neuwald lies in a deep mountain basin. The lofty ridges which inclose it render its site exquisite. Towards the south-east, the Giant mountains stretch forth one of their mighty arms as far as the lofty summit above the basin, and from their lap of granite issues the household elf, whose indefatigable services add so much to the welfare of the inhabitants of Neuwald. In Neuwald one is able to detect the pulsations of a gradually advancing world. The proximity of the Prussian frontier, which winds in a curious zig-zag through the mountains, has caused a custom-house to be established here. Its important trade in glass brings it further in communication with external life. Neuwald is not only the chief receptacle of all the rough

glass as it comes out of the furnace, but it contains likewise a grand depôt, well worthy of being seen, of the finely-cut and gilt wares made of every form and colour conceivable. The neighbourhood of the Giant mountains sends many travellers into the woodland vale; overseers of the glass-houses take up their abode there, and thus it is that the cheerful spot assumes the more agreeable and flexible forms of modern civilisation.

Neuwalde, too, has a large number of weavers, but its importance rests upon its glass-cutting. The establishments for the latter amount, if I do not mistake, to fifty or sixty in Neuwalde. The glass works have sixteen cutting-houses attached to them. The glass-cutters will be called rare artists by any one who beholds the dexterity with which they cut the most beautiful and tasteful designs without a drawing, or any other guide, upon the vases and glasses which come to them from the annealing oven or from the hands of the gilder. In addition to great practice, a firm hand, a sure eye, and indeed almost a native talent, are required for the labour. The glass-cutters are an obliging race; unasked, they stop their work, that the stranger may glance at their progress and at the instruments which they employ. I was shown the process of polishing, gilding, and silvering, and how, after the glass is made red-hot, it receives, by means of an oval agate-stone, that dull silvery effect so agreeable to the eye.

It was difficult for my friend, with his love for manufactures and mechanics, to tear himself away from their workshops. His desire for information would have urged him to penetrate further into the mysteries of the craft, had not the mountain ridge, bathed in the golden hues of evening, exhorted us to continue our journey, and to proceed further into this romantic region of the Isergebirge. The village of Tiefenbach, which has been made the seat of a cold-water establishment, was the final object of our day's journey. But we knew neither the distance nor the road; a hundred passable footpaths crossed one another in the dark forest, and the so-called high road was scarcely better than any one of them. All the country before us, as we well knew, was Slavonian, thoroughly Bohemian, and our knowledge of the language was as slight as possible; in other words, we were utterly ignorant of it. These, and such-like reasons, compelled us to make a hurried departure, upon an evening which promised us a most beautiful night.

To travel on an unknown road in Bohemia is always hazardous, inasmuch as one incurs the risk either of not reaching the desired end of one's journey, or of arriving so late as to be deprived of any advantage from one's position. Bohemians regard every one who puts a question to them, as jokers who desire to have their fun, and they are, perhaps, not the only peasants in the world with this feeling. In the Bohemian mountains, if the questioner wear a coat cut after the fashion of the town, he has no chance of a satisfactory answer. His best directions are a smile, or at most an affirmative or negative motion of the head, with some such speech as, "either road you take will bring you right." Aware of this delightful peculiarity of the people, we took care to provide ourselves in Neuwalde with all needful information, and for the rest trusted to our good fortune and our knowledge of the direction of the mountain chain.

STRÖMKARL.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

By the grassy margin of a lake
Sate two children on a holyday,
Every wind that wav'd along did wake
Echoes, dying down to where they lay,
Of the church bells low,
Swaying to and fro,
In the hush of evening grey ;
They had wander'd from the haunt of prayer,
Through the woods had come, but tall and fair
Still the old cathedral glitter'd there.

Yet again they felt the mystery,
Kneeling and rejoicing palm in 'palm ;
The priest came in his rustling garments by,
And the organ's hundred-voiced Psalm
Leading deep and slow,
Melody below,
Care of earth away did calm.
Ever seem'd to come up from behind
Sound of mass, and chanting in the wind ;
"Ave," rose the voices, "Mother kind."

As they prattled on their mossy seat,
Came another music, strange and weird,
From' each wave that ebb'd up to their feet,
Flowing near and nearer, till appear'd
A Strömkarl on the bank,
With reeden pipe, and lank
Fell his silver hair and beard :
Settled he to play with a low shout,
Then the music fell with glee about,
Among the waves, silvering in and out.

Rose the brothers then with laugh and jeer, —

“Hear the old grey-beard : what a saintly song ;
Thinkest he to open heaven’s sphere
With such frothing nimbleness of tongue ?”

Wider all around,

With a rippling sound,

Daring witch-notes glide along ;
Cheerful as the voice of laughing girls,
Anew each falling, climbing note he hurls,
As a Bacchanal his thyrsus whirls.

“Seest thou, old river-karl, the early spring
Doth fade and wither at thy wicked spells ?
Such babbling, and such heathen murmuring,
In the very sound of holy bells !

Hear you not their soft

Canticle aloft,

Which of passing Sabbath tells ? ”

But he sang with joy so opulent,
With such jocund ease and merriment
The woods did seem to rustle a consent.

“Thou knowest, Strömkarl, that thy soul is loath’d,
Now the envious children shriller cried,

“Thou shouldst be silent, and with fear be cloth’d,
Darkling thou shouldst thy deep pollution hide ;

Never fell heaven’s grace,

So low as to thy race,

For thee no mighty Saviour died.”

Sudden fell he in the waters cold,
With a sigh they took him in their hold,
With a murmur they the old man fold.

Turn’d they slowly through the leafy wood,

Seeking each the other’s timid gaze,

Newly conscious, and the solitude

Like a stranger on their spirit weighs ; —

Walking hand in hand,

Through the forest-land,

Still in awe and deep amaze :

As they went, chill felt the evening breeze,
The darkness talk’d to them beneath the trees,
Each the old man in his terror sees.

"Who come so darkly to the cottage door?"
 "Haste, my father! 'tis thy children come;
 Shudders the night wind." Now they tread the floor,
 And again are warm within their home; —
 "We a blessing claim,
 In His Holy name,
 We have stricken evil dumb;
 An old man of the lake before us play'd,
 'God's pity never fell on such,' we said;
 Soon he vanish'd, quick we made him fade."

He put them from him in an alter'd mood:
 "So early have you learnt to bless and ban?
 And with mimic horror to exclude
 All that come not in your baby-span?"
 He led them to the door, —
 "But one lesson more;
 Rede ye to the lonely man,
 Tell him, that for all the Saviour came;
 Returning, then a father's blessing claim."
 They went out hand in hand, and red with shame.

Rav'd the wind through every hollow rift,
 In its fall they heard a mocking shout, —
 Crash fell the branches, and their hair did lift,
 The wailing of his song was all about:
 They look'd around with fear,
 For he was lordly here,
 Through wood and stream loud-sobbing out:
 They started back, a horror on them flocks, —
 Trailed along the brook his hoary locks,
 "O Jesu, Jesu!" cried he, with new mocks.

'Neath the stars they open'd to the lake,
 There he sate and play'd with woful art;
 The forest and the wave were loud awake,
 The wind did hear him, and did take a part.
 All around, beneath,
 Accents chill as death
 From his furrow'd lips did start:
 And the vague meandering of the tones
 Through a wilderness of anguish moans,
 As it would move the angels from their thrones.

They stood upon the edge, and call'd to him, —
 "Cease, we come to bring a blessed word,
 Oh ! pardon that we made thy soul so dim ;
 Thou hast a Saviour ;" but the Strömkarl stirr'd
 Such a sudden calm,
 Summer-breath and balm,
 That they spoke no further word :
 Upward then the music sought to rise,
 Childish voices join'd the melodies,
 The warm air like a blessing on them lies.

GERARD FRANKLIN.

THE CURATE CHAMBARD ;

THE SECRET OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF "DUMAS."

THE parsonage-house of Croix-Daurade, a small village in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, was occupied, in the year 1700, by the incumbent, Pierre-Celestin Chambard, a pious man, according to the feeling of that age — a good man, in the fullest sense of the term, in any age, possessing all the qualities needful to lead his flock on the road to salvation. He was loved and revered in his parish, where he was the arbitrator in all the concerns of the place, the reconciler of all private differences, the adviser under all difficulties, the guest of all the family parties — in short, a good parson, in the truest sense of the word ; such as are sometimes found in our own days, in localities unvisited by steam-boats, and where railroad carriages do not pass by.

The only weakness with which Chambard could be reproached, was a timidity of mind, for which he was not accountable, and which rendered him readily accessible to fear : for instance, if he was sent for in the dead of night, to attend a sick bed, he made the messenger wait to accompany him ; and if, after the sacred duties were finished, day had not yet dawned, he requested some one to return home with him. We mention this to show the timidity of his constitution — a timidity that he attributed to a severe illness of his infancy, which kept him for a long while weak and feeble ; so that when the time came for his entering the army, the profession for which he was intended, his parents decided that he should become a priest, thinking

that it required less strength and courage to serve in the militia of God, than in that of the king; and answering all objections to this reasoning, that the days of wars of blood of the church were passed away, and that if the Catholic clergy were desirous of adding names to its list of saints, happily persecution no longer called for its quota of martyrs. So Pierre Chambard was made a priest, and, for the happiness of his parishioners, made curate of La Croix-Daurade, which he had inhabited at the period this story begins about eight and twenty years, without, as we have said, any enemy, however virulent he might be, being able to bring against him any accusation whatever of wrong or evil.

Old Mary, who conducted after her own fashion the household affairs of the parsonage of La Croix-Daurade, always intimated, in accordance with what we have said, that the worthy pastor thought first of himself—an inculcation which at any rate his charity rendered of little importance; then, that he wanted energy; that he gave way too readily to the churchwardens at the deliberations of the church-meetings; that he allowed himself to be too easily imposed on by the fear of those in power, and by the strength of their lungs. But to these remarks the good curate answered, "How can I help it, Mary? every one is not at will a St. Bernard." And, indeed, if the soul of the curate Chambard was not of the iron firmness of the apostle who braved Nero in the circus, and Dioclesian in the Coliseum, one could willingly pardon him that weakness which guaranteed that he would never abuse his moral power, or his temporal authority.

One day—it was the 20th of April—old Mary, who enjoyed all the privileges accorded to the claim of long servitude, entered the abbé's bed-room earlier than usual, and opening the curtains in a great bustle,—

"Come, come," said she, "you must get up, Monsieur le Curé; don't you hear the matins bell ringing?"

"And why am I to get up so early, Mary?" asked the priest, in a tone that showed he was not at all disposed to offer resistance, whatever might be the reason for his being awakened, in his opinion, a little too early.

"Because you have to go into the town, as you well know."

"Me! I am to go to the town? Do you think so, Mary?"

"Without doubt: have you not business at the archbishopric's?"

"Very true, Mary; but that's at twelve o'clock: there is no hurry."

"Why at twelve, more than at any other hour. What is done, is done. Go, sir; start early, visit your friends in town, and don't hurry yourself to return."

"I will go after mass."

"No; you will say mass at the cathedral."

"Well, then, you may expect me back at one o'clock, to dinner."

"But, while you are at Toulouse, take the opportunity of dining with the abbé Mariotte, who is always giving you invitations that you never accept."

"All this means that you want to have the day to yourself, Mary; I see that."

"Well, and suppose I do? After all, have I not daily work enough at the parsonage, that you should refuse me a holiday once now and then?"

"Oh! yes, certainly, my good Mary; and I do not mean to reproach you for"

"That's fortunate, however"

"So you need not expect me until five o'clock."

"There is no occasion to be here before seven: why should you come back before?"

"Have I then anything to do exactly at seven o'clock?" said the good man, who usually received the order of the day from the hands of his old housekeeper.

"You have to go to supper at the Siadoux's."

"But their father is absent."

"He comes home this evening."

"Who told you that?"

"They have written to you, enclosing the letter they received yesterday from their father."

And the old housekeeper presented the curate with the two letters, both wide open, showing the entire confidence placed in her by her master, extended even to his epistolary correspondence. The curate took the letter that Saturnin Siadoux had written to his children, and read aloud, as follows:—

"My Children,

"When you receive this, I shall already have left Narbonne for Castelnau-d'Aud, where one of my early friends is residing. I reckon on staying with him two days, to rest a little, and then to proceed on my journey. I shall arrive then at home, without fail, on Tuesday the 20th, in the evening. As soon as you receive this letter, one of you must go to Toulouse, to tell my sister Mirailhe that I particularly wish to find her at Croix-Daurade on my arrival, to communicate to her the information that I have obtained regarding the former conduct of Cantagrel. It is such as I both feared and expected. And that we may enjoy ourselves over the result of my journey, you are to invite the curate to supper. Engage also to be with us my merry companions Delguy and Cantagrel. We shall have to deliver, without delay, twelve barrels of oil to the firm of Delmas, and six to the firm of Pierelau. Whichever of you goes to Toulouse, must be careful to avoid passing by the street of the Black Penitents, where Cantagrel lives, for fear that he, observing you, should suspect something, and follow you to your aunt's, from whom he might hear of my journey to Narbonne, of which he ought to be kept completely ignorant.

"Adieu, then, till Tuesday night. Your father embraces you all tenderly.

"SATURNIN SIADOUX."

This letter, which Mary had reserved as her conclusive argument to convince the curate that his return to Croix-Daurade would be needlessly hurried before seven o'clock in the evening, had its full and

entire effect. The good pastor was very partial to the Siadoux's, as he had known well the late Mirailhe, who had been a broker in St. George's-square, at Toulouse. The widow of this man, who had inherited all his property, was a woman of forty, still handsome, and liking the more to hear herself called so, from the consciousness that this amour-propre enjoyment could not last much longer. This vanity did not prevent her having many suitors, as they well knew she possessed a capital of nearly three thousand pounds, and one of the most assiduous of her admirers was Cantagrel.

Cantagrel, whose name was mentioned somewhat fearfully in Siadoux's letter, was the most renowned butcher in Toulouse, where his physical power had gained him a high reputation amongst his fellows. In the cattle fairs of the surrounding towns they had seen him display, when opposed to the terrible animals he had to contend with, a muscular power that Milo of Crotona himself might have envied. Thus it often happened that he awaited the animal that pursued him, and seizing him by the horns, he threw him down on his side, and held him quiet while his boy marked on him with a red-hot iron the cypher of his master. It is hardly necessary to say, that no animal knocked on the head by him ever rose again, nor had need of a second blow to dispatch him. Moreover it was related, that one day, during the chase of the bears on the Pyrenees, he came in close bodily contact with one of these ferocious animals, and rolled down a precipice with him. Both must have perished in this struggle, but luckily the bear fell undermost, and while saving his enemy, he broke his back against a rock. Cantagrel had rolled quite giddy ten paces from the animal. But when his friends, guided by a shepherd who was passing by, hastened to his succour, they met Cantagrel coming towards them with his antagonist dead and thrown over his shoulders. As for Cantagrel, he had escaped with merely a bite on the cheek, of which the scar always remained, and which he showed with pride, as a proof of his strength and courage. Therefore, in spite of various rumours that floated about, as to what Cantagrel had been, Cantagrel was much respected. When, therefore, Saturnin Siadoux, who for many reasons did not exactly wish to have him for his brother-in-law, made inquiries about him at Toulouse, he obtained very vague information respecting the fact he wished to find out. People did not know, they had heard so and so, but they could not affirm anything. Such were the verbal precautions with which every one accompanied his tale, each fearing having to undergo on his own account a trial of the prodigious strength which Cantagrel had only as yet found opportunity to exercise on bulls and bears. ●

The curate Chambard had therefore advised Siadoux to go to Narbonne, the place which Cantagrel had previously inhabited, and there get the information that he could not obtain at Toulouse, and which would throw some light on the story of a former marriage that Cantagrel had contracted with a young girl of that town. Indeed, if reports were to be believed, this first wife still lived; although some unknown motive kept the ties secret that united the party to him who coveted the honor of becoming the second husband of the widow Mirailhe. But, as before said, these reports floated so vaguely

that no one could be distinctly charged with them, and had only come to the ears of those interested, as mere calumny or assertions without proof. The return of Siadoux would put an end to all doubts on this subject; and little as the good curate was given to egotism, he could not refrain from repeating inwardly, that it was to his advice that the family would be indebted for knowing the truth. As for him, let it be well understood, no feeling of animosity had prompted this advice to his friend, for he was not acquainted even with Cantagrel. Nevertheless, a feeling of curiosity now determined him to know him, if only by sight. It was easy enough: the stall of the butcher, as Siadoux had said, was in the street of the Black Penitents, and it was not difficult, from the well-known designation of this personage, to distinguish him in his shop from his assistants or his customers. So the curate set off with a decided intention of passing through the street of the Black Penitents, on his way to the house of the Abbé Mariotte. The distance from Croix-Daurade to Toulouse is about two miles. The curate accomplished the distance as usual, walking leisurely and reading his breviary: when he arrived at the gates of Toulouse, he shut his book, and turned towards the dwelling of the Abbé Mariotte: it might be about eight o'clock in the morning. The worthy priest had not forgotten his project of passing through the street where the butcher resided; so he turned a little out of his way to go there. About the third part of its length was the shop of the suitor for the hand of the widow Mirailhe, but Cantagrel was not at his stall; a butcher boy of thirty years old, who took his place, was strong and vigorous, doubtless, as men of that trade generally are, whose veins absorb from the exhalation of the meat so much of its vital parts, but who was, however, from what the curate had heard, far from any comparison with his master. There was, however, no mistake in this being the stall of the butcher Cantagrel, and his name written in large letters over the door left no doubt on the matter. However, this absence was so natural a circumstance that the curate thought nothing of it.

At the end of the street of the Black Penitents, was the one inhabited by the Abbé Mariotte. The Abbé was at home, but the curate Chambard found him on the point of starting for a journey to Blagnac, where a dying friend expected him. The curate arrived just in time, not to breakfast with his colleague, but to say mass in his place, in the metropolitan church of St. Etienne, of which they were both incumbents. After the service, the curate would find his breakfast ready for him, under the care of the Abbé Mariotte's cook, a person who, amongst the churchmen of the precincts, held a tolerably good reputation. As for dinner, the curate Chambard had no need to trouble himself about that. At any door at which he might knock at the hour of sitting down to table, he would be received with a cordial welcome; and perhaps even the grand vicar, or the archbishop himself, with whom he had business, one or other would keep him to dine at the bishop's palace.

In going to St. Etienne, the curate passed again down the street of the Black Penitents, and threw another scrutinising glance at the stall of Cantagrel: the butcher was still absent, and the boy was enthroned on the seat of his master. The curate went on his way to the church.

Once inside the cathedral, the worthy pastor put aside all worldly thoughts, and prepared himself for the holy office he was to perform : he walked devoutly along the church, making the customary sign of the cross before the altar, went into the vestry, put on the clerical garments of his colleague, then with his chalice in his hand knelt down at the altar. The mass ended, the curate Chambard returned into the vestry and began to undress : he was in the act of throwing off his gown, when one of the beadle's of the church came and asked if the Abbé Mariotte was there.

"No," answered the curate ; " he is gone to Blagnac, and he begged me to say mass in his place. What is he wanted for ?"

"It is a man who is waiting for him at the confessional, and who charged me to inform him so. This man hoped he might not be kept waiting : he seems in a great hurry."

"Well ! tell him that the Abbé Mariotte is not here, but that I can replace him ; I have my authority. Add, that if he will wait until to-morrow, the abbé will return to-night."

A moment after the beadle returned, and told the curate Chambard the penitent was expecting him.

The curate went towards the confessional, which, as usual, was situated in the darkest part of the church. The man who had asked for him was waiting there upon his knees, but he could not see his face : the penitent had his back to him, and held his head tightly compressed between his hands. The curate seated himself in the confessional, and the revelation commenced.

A quarter of an hour after, the door of the tribunal of penance was thrown open, and the man of God reappeared, livid, trembling, and hardly able to support himself :

As for the penitent, he had rushed away, uttering a cry of despair, when the curate Chambard had refused him absolution. The good priest stood upright for an instant, motionless, and holding by a pillar of the church, as if he felt his limbs give way under him, then, with an uneven step, like that of a man intoxicated, without returning into the vestry, without taking leave of any one, he hastened to the side door of the church ; gliding through the most unfrequented streets, he left the town with a pace become so rapid that no one would have thought him capable of walking so fast—forgetting his breakfast at the Abbé Mariotte's, his visit to the archbishopric, the dream of his dinner with the vicar, the affairs of the curacy, and his own.

Once upon the high road to Croix-Daurade, the curate gave a fresh impetus to his step. His pre-occupation was so great, that he passed before the cross that stood at the entrance to the village without remaining bareheaded before the image of our Saviour, and he arrived in a state of violent perspiration at the parsonage, where Mary was wandering about in a most saintly state of indolence. Once arrived, he stood in the middle of the room, feeling for his handkerchief to wipe his forehead, but he had lost his handkerchief : he wanted to have recourse to his breviary to conceal his trouble, but he had left his breviary in the vestry at Toulouse : he found nothing to assist him in composing his countenance. The strangeness

of his manner, as well as the disorder of his dress, indicated some extraordinary event, passed, or on the point of accomplishment. He was immovable and silent: his eyes only moved in their orbit; his knees trembled and knocked together; and yet he did not seem to think of sitting down. Mary pushed instinctively a chair behind him; it was just in time; the poor curate had nearly fallen backwards: he let himself drop into the chair as if quite broken down.

"Great God!" exclaimed Mary, going a little way off to observe in one glance all these signs of terror,—“What has happened to you, my good master?”

"What has happened to me?" asked the priest with a bewildered air,—“what has happened to me? Thank God! nothing whatever.”

"But you look quite scared; I never saw you before in such a state."

"You deceive yourself, my good Mary; I am just as usual."

"And why, then, return so soon? I dare say you have not dined?"

"Yes, Mary, I think so,—yes." The good curate felt that in saying he had dined he was telling a sad falsehood.

"You have not dined, sir?"

"Well, then, no, Mary."

"And you are hungry, then?"

"No, Mary, I am not; I am not in the least hungry, I assure you."

"But you cannot wait until supper time without taking any thing?"

"I shall not take supper, Mary."

"Indeed! you have not dined, and you will not take supper? Oh! we shall soon see, sir, what is the meaning of all this? Besides, you cannot dispense with supper,—you are to be at the Siadoux's."

At this name the curate made a suppressed cry; then, as if some stream within him had given way, two rivers of tears fell down the pale and hollow cheeks of the old man. It was then that Mary, a good girl in the main point, although somewhat despotic (as every servant in a curacy ought to be that would not spoil the place), comprehended that her master had undergone some great grief that he was obliged to bury in his own bosom, and that consequently he stood in need of quiet and repose, those two great confidants of the sorrows of humanity; she therefore left him without another word, but not without making a thousand conjectures in her own mind, none of which were at all likely to bring her near the truth. Half-an-hour afterwards, uneasy, and incapable in her state of anxiety to wait patiently until the curate should come to her, or call her, she entered his room. The curate was on his knees before a crucifix—he was praying—he did not see her enter, and continued to pray.

Mary stood by the door, a cup in her hand; presently the poor priest let his head fall on the prie-dieu with so deep a groan, that although it went to the very heart of Mary, she felt that this was not the hour to interfere in so deep a grief. She contented herself, therefore, by placing the cup on the corner of the prie-dieu, and retired as quietly as possible, without the curate being aware of her entrance, or of her departure.

CHAPTER II.

AT a short distance from the Presbytery, the household of the Siadoux's presented a scene far different from that we have just given to our readers. The profits of a good trade in oil, added to the produce of a hundred acres of land, placed them in easy circumstances, and kept them cheerful. On this day, particularly, there was a surplus of gaiety in the house.

According to the orders of the head of the family, they were preparing the repast that was to celebrate his return. The widow Mirailhe had arrived, and the children of Saturnin Siadoux, who consisted of three sons and two daughters, caressed her greatly; they laughed, they sang, they embraced each other; and all this with that brilliant and boisterous mirth which characterises the people of the South. Indeed, once amongst her nephews and nieces, whom she loved as if they had been her own children, the widow Mirailhe no longer spoke of her deceased husband, nor of those who were candidates to replace him; on the contrary, she had in her mind the project, when she should have disposed of her broker's shop at Toulouse, to come and live at Croix-Daurade, a project, it may readily be supposed, which was hailed with delight by her three nephews and her two nieces, with whom, it must be said, to the shame of humanity, the hope of a goodly heritage did not add a little to the affection they felt for her.

It is true that when at Toulouse, and again exposed to the seductions of a second marriage, and, above all, to the gallantry of Cantagrel, the heart of the widow floated in a cloud of irresolution, and she felt, from time to time, strongly tempted to marry again; but at Croix-Daurade all these foolish fancies were driven off by the good genius of the family; the good aunt allowed herself to be petted by her nephews and nieces, and time passed quickly and joyfully. However, the day began to decline, and Saturnin Siadoux, who had announced his arrival for the afternoon, did not appear; every one began to feel that vague uneasiness that always attends delay, when the comrades, Delguy and Cantagrel, came in, and changed this feeling of anxiety into mere impatience. They said that they had heard that a frightful storm had broken out between Montgiscar and Villefranche; they concluded that the roads were overflowed by the streams, and that Siadoux had been obliged to remain at Castelnau-dry, or stop at Montgiscar at a cousin's house. What made this more probable was, that the storm that the evening before had burst out at twenty miles distance, seemed now coming towards Toulouse. The wind had risen, the sky was heavy with dark clouds, the rain fell with violence, the night was very black; they no longer hoped to see their father arrive.

"But why does not the curate Chambard come?"

"Mary told me he went to Toulouse this morning," said Josephine Siadoux, in answer to this question from her aunt, "and perhaps he is not yet returned."

"Oh! yes, he is," said Constance, the other daughter, "for I saw him go into the church about four o'clock, and it's probable he is not well, for he looked as pale as death."

"Who did? the curate?" said John Siadoux, who came in at that moment; "he is not ill, for in going to meet my father I saw him in the burial-ground; I could not, however, make out what he was doing there; he was at the foot of the cross, and appeared to be praying."

"And I," said Louis, "I saw him at the end of the village, without his hat, although it rained; and I confess, not being able to see what he was about, I went towards him to inquire; but, on perceiving me, he hid himself behind the hedges as if to avoid me; faith, as I don't run after those who shun me, I left him there."

"It is strange," said the widow Mirailhe, who had a strong affection for the curate. — "Thomas," added she, addressing the eldest son, "you ought to go and fetch him."

"Willingly," said the young man; and he took his hat and went off without any further remark: but halfway on his road he met old Mary, who he recognised by the light of her lantern.

"Well, dame Mary," said he, "what is the curate thinking of? we expected him at seven, and now it is eight o'clock"

"Is your father arrived?" asked Mary.

"No; we do not even reckon on seeing him to-day; but we reckon on seeing the curate."

"Well, then, my dear Mr. Thomas, you reckon, as they say, without your host, for the curate—I can't imagine what has been the matter with him since the morning, poor dear man; but this I know, that he has sent me to make his excuses to you, and I was on my way to fulfil my commission."

"What! he is not coming?" said Thomas. "Is it because it is bad weather? oh, *par Dieu!* even if I carry him"

"Stop, my dear son," said old Mary, with that familiarity so common in our country villages; "if I may give you my advice, it's to leave the curate quiet to-day; I don't think he's in the humour to divert himself."

"Can he be unwell?"

"No; but I can't tell what news he has heard at Toulouse. I only know that he came back from the town quite upset, and that since his return he has done nothing but weep, sigh, and pray."

"Well, then, so much the more reason is there for us to try and amuse him; he'll find, on the contrary, at our house, good people, all gay and merry; and besides, my aunt Mirailhe declares she won't sit down to table, unless she has on her right hand her good friend Chambard. I go on, then, to fetch him, Mary, and whether he will or not, I'll make him come."

"Come, then," said Mary, shaking her head, "but I doubt much that you'll persuade him to follow you."

They then took the road to the parsonage, and as the housekeeper had a pass-key, they entered without noise, preceded by Mary. Thomas Siadoux went at once into the room of the curate Chambard. He was sitting in his great arm-chair, his head leaning forward on his chest, his hand stretched out on his knees, and looked the picture of dejection; he saw the light of the lantern; he supposed that Mary came in alone, and did not move.

"Sir," said Mary, "here is Siadoux."

"Which Siadoux?" cried the curate, starting.

"Me, Thomas," said the young man.

"Ah, oh, my God! and what are you come to tell me, Thomas?" asked the curate, fixing his staring eyes upon him.

"I come to tell you that you are late, Sir, that's all; and as we will not go to supper without you, I am come to fetch you"

"Return home, Thomas, my child," said the curate, in a tone of sadness, "excuse me to your family. I am determined not to go out this evening."

"But, Sir," said Thomas, "how shall we manage without you? let me ask. There's my father already wanting, and you refuse to come; two places empty at the board, and the two places of honour! it's impossible, Sir; you wish us, then, to lose both appetite and pleasure. And besides, you know well that my aunt Mirailhe only sees as you see, only hears as you hear, and that you only can prepare her by degrees for the news that my father is bringing concerning the butcher; for I have no doubt of what my father will say—Cantagrel is married, I'll answer for it, as sure as we are here—you a holy man, and me an honest lad."

"My poor boy, my poor boy," murmured the curate.

"Well, what, my poor boy?" said Thomas; "what does that mean?"

"That means, that it is better that I should remain here, Thomas, than go to make you all sorrowful."

"Thank goodness, it is not you that will make us sad, but we that will make you merry: we're a strong party."

"Leave me, Thomas, leave me."

"Sir, I have promised to bring you with me; I entreat you, then, to come, in the name of us all; in the name of my father, that you will replace to us, and who, if he was here, would soon make you agree to come."

The curate gave a sigh, that more resembled a groan.

"Come, Sir, take courage; you, who know so well how to console others under affliction, come, set a good example; sacrifice your own feelings;" and thus saying, the young man took hold of the curate by the arm, and made him get up.

"If you insist upon it, then," said the Abbé Chambard, who was as little able to resist a request as an injunction.

"What! if I insist on it? not only do I insist, but I insist in the name of the old friendship you have for my father. It is some years since you knew each other, eh? you know Saturnin Siadoux, eh?" continued the young man, laughing.

"It is twenty-four years next St. Pierre, that I dined, for the first time, with him. Poor Saturnin!"

And the curate pronounced the last words with such an accent of grief, that the young man felt a sort of shiver run through his veins.

"Ah! well, Sir," said he, putting on his hat, which the poor priest was seeking for without finding it, "I think it's time I carried you off, for the devil take it, you make me as melancholy as yourself."

During this time, Mary threw the priest's cloak over his shoulders, and as the lantern was still burning, she set forward to light them on the road. The priest followed mechanically, leaning on the arm of

the young lad. After a few minutes' walk, they arrived at Siadoux's house, where the appearance of the curate was hailed with a general hurra!

"Come along, come along, Sir," said the family altogether, and the two visitors; "come along; the roast meat is burning; sit down, sit down."

The good priest, by dint of great self-command, was able to answer all this greeting with a smile, and sat down in the place assigned to him, while the seat opposite to him, destined for Saturnin Siadoux, remained empty. But although he generally brought into these family parties his share of cheerful gaiety and fatherly affection, to the surprise of every one, the good Abbé was cold as marble; nevertheless, the vain efforts he made to laugh and joke were obvious enough, but the words expired on his lips. And every time that there was any noise outside, or that any of the guests got up and ran to the window to see if it was Siadoux coming, the curate, as if influenced by an uncontrollable power, shook his head, and sighed heavily. The conversation, that at first they attempted to make lively and void of care, turned ever on the absent traveller. They wondered where he was—what he was doing—what he was thinking of—they were quite sure of one thing—that he thought his children and friends were together; and he was most certainly annoyed at not being with them. But to all these sallies, elicited by the love of the family, and by friendship, the Abbé remained unconscious, absorbed as he was by one idea, and overwhelmed as he appeared by some afflicting recollections. During this time the thunder-storm broke forth—the rain was heard clattering against the windows, the wind, which gathered in the passages and in the chimneys, moaned, and seemed the complaining of some soul in distress, that asked for prayers and pity: then came flashes of lightning, which preceded claps of thunder, and made the blue light of the lamp turn pale. Just the contrary from what Thomas Siadoux had predicted. It was not the guests that cheered up the Abbé Chambard, but the Abbé's melancholy that fell on all the guests; by little and little all conversation had ceased—if any spoke, it was in a suppressed tone—no one continued eating, and hardly any one filled his glass; and the famous wines of the south, instead of exciting the hilarity of the party, seemed to be transformed into narcotic potions, inducing a still greater sadness. Every one felt as if some unseen misfortune was hovering in the air, and was on the point of falling upon the family, like a vulture upon its prey.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the street-door—one knock only, deep-sounding, heavy, and profound; one such being quite sufficient to make a whole household tremble. The guests looked at each other—then, as if by one accord, all eyes turned on the curate. He looked as white as a ghost, a cold sweat ran down his forehead, his teeth chattered. The door of the room opened—all the party got up, frightened beforehand at the visit they were about to receive, although yet ignorant of what that visit might be. First they saw enter a sheriff, with his assistants, in their gowns; then police officers; then archers, and their subordinates in office; and lastly, a litter carried by four men. Upon this litter was a corpse, of which the form was visible

under a bloody sheet. Thomas understood what was wanted with him: without a word, without a question — his hair on end with horror, he approached the litter, and slowly lifted up the sheet that covered the corpse. One fearful cry of despair burst from every mouth. The corpse was that of Saturnin Siadoux! It had been found on the other side of Villefranche, pierced by eleven wounds of a knife, bathed in its blood, on the banks of the river Lers, into which the assassin had not had time to throw it. Then they observed with surprise, that the curate Chambard, instead of remaining, as it was his duty to do, to offer the family the consolations of friendship and of religion, rose from his chair, and gliding out of the open door, disappeared without a word to any one.

Twelve hours had passed since the event we have related. A deep, profound, and silent grief, had succeeded to the loud cries and lamentations of the first hours of despair. The body of Siadoux was laid on a bed, and exposed to view in a lower chamber, where all the villagers had respectfully gazed on it. Two large candles of yellow wax were burning at the feet of the corpse, and threw around a vacillating and wan light, on the dawn of a misty day; the women had retired to their own apartment, and John and Louis, the two youngest sons of the dead man, kept watch alone, seated motionless and silent opposite each other, by the side of the chimney where the burning embers of the night were expiring. From time to time one of the young lads got up, went and embraced the grey hair of his father, and returned to his seat in tears. Both were gloomy, and every now and then a sinister and menacing expression passed over their countenances, betraying the thoughts that disturbed their hearts. From the time they had been there, which was for five or six hours, they had only exchanged these few words.

"Do you know where our brother Thomas is?" had asked John.

"No," answered Louis.

And both of them had fallen into a silence, fearful to those who were aware of their violent and fiery tempers. Suddenly the door opened, and Thomas appeared: the two brothers raised their heads at the same instant, to ask him from whence he came; but they remarked so strange an expression on his face, that they dared not interrogate their elder — and waited. Thomas left his cloak near the door, and advanced slowly to the corpse, and taking off his hat, he kissed its forehead; he then placed himself between his two brothers, and putting on his hat, and crossing his arms —

"Of what are you thinking, John?" said he.

"I am thinking of revenging my father's death," answered the young lad.

"And you, Louis?"

"Me? I am also thinking of that," said he.

"Only," said John, "who can the murderer be?"

"He never did harm to a human being," said Louis.

"And yet it was an act of vengeance."

"How do you know that? and that it is from revenge?" asked Thomas.

"Ah! I see," said Louis, "you were already gone when his clothes

were searched; they found in his pockets his gold watch, a silver mug, twelve crowns of six francs, a gold piece, and some small change."

"You see plainly that it was revenge," said John.

"Infamous assassin!" said Louis.

"Oh, yes! infamous wretch!" murmured John.

"But I have taken an oath."

"And so have I."

"What is it?"

"It is, that I will discover the murderer, should I pass my whole life in seeking him, and he shall die by the hand of the executioner."

"Give me your hand, brother," said Louis, "for I have sworn the same."

"Well! will you know him?" said Thomas, placing a hand on the shoulder of each of his brothers.

"Oh! yes;" exclaimed both of them, getting up quickly from their seats.

"Well, then, it only depends on yourselves."

"You know him?" said the brothers.

"No; but I know a man who does."

"That man, who is he?" asked John and Louis, speaking together.

"The curate Chambard."

"The curate Chambard! explain yourself."

"Listen to me, attentively," said Thomas, "and bring to mind all your recollections."

"Go on."

"Yesterday morning the curate went to Toulouse, gay, calm, and happy."

"Yes," said John, "I met him reading his breviary, and he interrupted himself to ask me if the click-clack of the mill of St. Genice continued to prevent me from sleeping?"

"I understand," put in Louis; "on account of pretty Margaret."

"Just so."

"He was to have staid all day at Toulouse," continued Thomas, "for his housekeeper did not expect him before six o'clock."

"Go on, go on."

"At noon he arrives, pale, bewildered: he shuts himself up—groans, weeps, and prays. At five o'clock he was seen on his knees in the burial-ground—at six o'clock he was met without his hat, notwithstanding it rained and blew—at seven o'clock, although it was a thing agreed upon, he refused to come to supper with us—at eight o'clock, I was obliged to go and fetch him, and bring him almost by force: during supper he was sad, abstracted, and pre-occupied—finally, when at eleven o'clock my father's corpse was brought in, and when he knew that all the family wanted consolation, he failed in his duty, not only as a friend, but as a priest, in leaving us without saying a word to any one, without even telling us he was going home, and since then"

"True," said John, "he has never returned to us."

"Could he be an accomplice of the murderer?" cried Louis.

"No; but he knows him."

"You think so?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"Well then, what's to be done?"

"There is a man who knows who is the murderer of my father, and you ask, what is to be done?" said Thomas.

"He must reveal the name of the villain," said Louis.

"You say well," said Thomas, holding out his hand to him; "I see *you* understand."

"Well, then, let us be off to the curate's," said John.

"Silence!" said Thomas; "we shall obtain nothing unless we are cautious how we set about it."

"Let us see, then; but you are the eldest: tell us what we are to do?"

"First, let us swear on the body of my father to revenge his death by every possible means."

The three brothers approached the bed simultaneously, and joining their hands, which they laid on the forehead of the unfortunate old man, they pronounced the terrible oath, that bound them to seek for vengeance as a sacred duty.

"Now," said Thomas, "we must wait till nightfall."

The three young men, as an encouragement to the resolution they had taken, remained in the chamber with the corpse, having their food sent them there. And when the evening came on they went and embraced their sisters and their aunt, who, somewhat calmed, again burst into tears and sobs on seeing them. The three brothers had threatening brows and sullen looks; but they shed no tears, nor even sighed.

"My poor father—my dear father!" exclaimed the two young girls; "and not even to have been able to take leave of him."

"And not to know his murderer!" said the widow Mirailhe, with a menacing gesture.

"As to that, you may be easy, aunt," said Thomas: "we have the means to get at the knowledge of him, and we are determined to find him out."

"I would give half my fortune to discover who has killed my poor brother," said the widow.

"And I half my life," said the sisters.

"Well, then, do not move from here," said Thomas. "Should you hear any noise, do not heed it—it will be caused by us: if you hear any cries for help, say to yourselves, the three brothers are at work. Pray for our father; but do not stir; and to-morrow—I swear, to-morrow—we will know everything."

"Oh God!" cried the young girls—"oh, merciful God! what are you going to do?"

"Go," said the widow Mirailhe; "it's the duty of children to revenge their father." Then drawing towards her the two trembling girls,—"Lock us up," said she, "if you doubt us."

The young men again kissed their sisters and their aunt, and left the room, locking the door upon them.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Sydney and Melbourne; with Remarks on the present State and future Prospects of New South Wales, and Practical Advice to Emigrants of various Classes: to which is added, a Summary of the Route home by India, Egypt, &c. By CHARLES JOHN BAKER, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 65. Cornhill. 1845.

THIS is a book with a very "taking" title, but we have been miserably disappointed in its perusal. We opened it with a sort of avidity; for "Practical Advice to Emigrants," we considered, could not but be most valuable; the more especially as the preface states, that the author himself, when "contemplating emigration to one of the Australian colonies, experienced some difficulty in deciding between them." We presumed, therefore, that the writer was a *bonâ fide* and practical emigrant, and that we should find in his book the results of his own practical experience. For he says in his preface, that —

"He trusts, however, that the following pages will not be altogether valueless in the practical advice they contain to emigrants, in their plain unvarnished description of life in Australia, so far as the author's own experience has enabled him to give," &c.

This seemed all right; plain unvarnished descriptions are just what are useful: we shall have to speak of the varnish by and by; and those attractive words, "his own experience," confirmed us in our delusion that we were about to reap the advantage of the experience of a practical emigrant to the Australian colonies. Impressed with this idea we first turned over the leaves with the very natural desire to know *how long* the writer had resided in those colonies, in order that we might attach due weight to his authority and his "experience" by a previous knowledge of the *number of years'* residence which entitled him to assume the very responsible office of giving practical advice to emigrants as to the details of "settling," and of that most important point, the choice of a colony to settle in.

We thought we should have no difficulty in ascertaining so simple a fact as the number of years which the writer passed in South Australia, for we innocently presumed that the fact of such residence would be the very circumstance which the writer would place most prominently forward as his authority for writing at all on practical emigration, but it will be seen that we were mistaken.

The author begins his "pages" thus:—

"In the latter end of 1841, I sailed from England in a vessel of about 500 tons."

It struck us that it would have been more simple for the writer to have stated the "month" when he sailed from England, instead of making use of the phrase "latter end of 1841," because, as it is of importance to emigrants to know how long they are likely to be going

from the one country to the other, the simple statement of the day when he sailed from England, and the day when he arrived at Australia, would have enabled the reader, by a slight process of arithmetic, to compute the length of the voyage; but this omission of date, as it afterwards proved, was symptomatic; the author's horror of dates became more apparent as we went on.

On arriving at page 6. however, we caught sight of a date which was satisfactory. The writer duly records that

"The first land we sighted in Australia was Cape Otway, on the 12th of February, 1842."

How the author happened to commit the oversight of stating this date, we are at a loss to imagine; however here is one *bonâ fide* date—a point to start from; so we must make the best of it, and be thankful.

Having ascertained so satisfactorily the date of the writer's first sight of the land of Australia, we expected to find the day when he landed; but that detail we presume was too insignificant to be noted; and, as we are afterwards assured that the author did actually go on shore, we must be content to assume that the ship arrived, and that the passengers landed in due course.

However, having ascertained that the writer did actually arrive at the Australian shore, and did actually land at the harbour of Port Philip, on the 12th of February, 1842, our next task was to ascertain how long he stayed there. We turned over page after page, therefore, to ascertain that fact; and at page 44. we came to the words "during my stay at Melbourne." Now, we said, we shall have it: how long did he stay at Melbourne? That is a secret of the writer's. But he made an excursion into the interior of the country. How long was he away? Another secret. He comes back: when? Another secret. But at page 99. he states:—

"The climate of Australia Felix is, on the whole, remarkably fine; I should say superior in many respects to that of most other countries."

Now, does he state this on the authority of his own experience? How long was he there?—that is the question. At page 101. he states,—

"One day in February the thermometer was, in my wooden house, as high as ninety-five degrees."

"In *my* wooden house." How long did he reside in his wooden house? Because, as he affects to give the result of his experience as a practical emigrant, and enters into the minutiae of the height of the thermometer, and lays down his opinion of the nature of the climate "on the whole," it is evident that he wishes the reader to believe that he remained there long enough to enable him to form an opinion "from his own experience." He speaks also of the summer, spring, autumn, and winter. Will Mr. Baker state whether he resided in Australia during a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter? Because, if he will not, or cannot, he has no business to profess to make his statements as the result of his own personal experience.

At page 126. he says, —

"Wages are now from twenty to thirty pounds a year," &c.

When he says "now," the reader asks "when?" What was more easy than to put the *date* to so important a fact as the amount of wages? But the reason for this omission grows more apparent as we go on.

We next come to chapter v. page 128., with the contents at the head of it, Sydney. It begins thus: —

"In this chapter the reader is requested to join me in the voyage from Melbourne to Sydney," &c.

When we came on this sudden announcement, we turned back to see if we had inadvertently passed over any of the contents of the previous pages, for not one word had we read of the actual doings as a settler of this adviser of emigrants in the colony which he had chosen as his place of settlement, and from which we expected the valuable information which we were to derive from his practical experience. The writer disappears from Melbourne and Australia Felix in the most unsatisfactory manner; but at any rate we expected in these departures and arrivals to get at some *dates*, from which we might compute the length of his stay at the colony which he had abandoned. Not a bit of it! He is very minute in describing the vessel in which he sailed, and many objects which he saw on the passage, but *when* he sailed, or *when* he arrived at Sydney, he strangely omits to state. He has no objection to tell us that "the ninth night brought us into Port Jackson," (page 130.) but the *day of the month and the year* are left out! This pertinacity in omitting dates is very curious: but there is more to come.

After "a short sojourn" at Sydney, he quitted Australia to return to England "by way of India," &c.; and at page 211. of the appendix he states: —

"I sailed from Sydney to Singapore in the *Isabella*, a barque of nearly 600 tons," &c.

Now is it not very curious that the writer obstinately withholds from the reader the *date* of his departure from Sydney. If he had stated it, we should have been able to calculate the length of time that elapsed between his arrival on the coast of the Australian colonies and his leaving it; and that would have enabled us to judge of the degree of weight that was due to descriptions of colonial life and of emigration professed to be the result of experience. Because if it should so turn out that the writer who arrived at Port Philip, in Australia Felix, on the 12th of February, 1842, then sailed to Sydney, and quitted Sydney in March of the same year, why then we should be obliged to conclude that the descriptions of the climate of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, could not be the results of the writer's personal experience. We do not say that the author quitted Sydney in the month of March, 1842, because he has furnished us with no dates on which to form an accurate opinion; but from the pertinacious omission of dates, the author has left it open to be surmised that his stay in the Australian colonies was of not much longer duration than

the days comprised between February 12. 1842, and March of the same year. But this obstinate concealment of dates grows more extraordinary as we go on.

The author proceeds to state, that after he had sailed from Sydney, on a day of the month and year which he does not mention, he arrived at Singapore without stating *when* ; and that he sailed from Singapore (when not stated) to Bombay, and that the voyage occupied six weeks ; but the *date* of his arrival at Bombay he unaccountably omits. From Bombay (date of departure not stated) he sailed to Suez (day of arrival not named). At page 223. we are informed that " the Atalanta reached Aden on the morning of the 10th day ;" but in what month or year that tenth day was we are left to guess. He arrives at Alexandria " about ten o'clock, P.M.," but he does not state the date of his arrival ; nor the date of his departure from Alexandria to Malta ; nor the date of his arrival at Malta, or his departure therefrom for England.

But after our chase of a date all through the book, by which we could determine or guess at the length of his sojourn in Australia, without success, we flattered ourselves that at last we should catch a date : we thought that the writer never would be so perverse as to conceal the date of his return to his own country ! There we thought we should fix him, and put our finger on a date at last ; and then we considered, that by calculating the time that had elapsed between his arrival at Australia, allowing a reasonable time for the voyage, and his arrival in England after his scamper, we should be able to form a pretty accurate computation of the time that he passed in the Australian colonies, and of the degree of weight that was due to his pretensions to give advice to emigrants, on the grounds of his own personal experience.

Let the reader endeavour to imagine the climax of our disappointment, when we found that this relentless and dateless writer actually announced at page 227. his arrival at Southampton without mentioning the day, or the month, or the year ! This was positive cruelty. After twisting and winding through a multitude of places — all dateless — we thought that, like the fox, we should catch him after all his windings at last. But it is not so easy to catch a barrister-at-law tripping. He had, at least, learnt to be wide awake from his trip to Australia. With a talent which cannot be too much admired, and with an ingenuity which it would be impossible to surpass, the writer of this book has absolutely baffled the efforts of the reader to fix him to a single date, by which the authority of his professed personal experience can be tested.

Such being the case, so far as the practical experience of the writer of this book goes, and it is practical experience that he professes, and on which the value of his book depends, these " pages " must be considered worthless. We are quite aware that a clever man may compile a very good book from other writers' works, but we cannot award to the production before us even that merit. And at any rate, we think that if a writer does manufacture a book from the descriptions of other authors, he certainly has no right to put forward such a work as the *bonâ fide* result of his own practical and personal expe-

rience of the facts and circumstances which he describes ; and that if he wishes the public to believe the correctness of his professions, when he pretends to describe the process of emigration and of settling, it is absolutely incumbent on him to let the public know what weight is due to his authority, by candidly stating the period of time during which he was enabled to collect his knowledge. And it is because the subjects of colonisation and of practical emigration are too important to be played with, that we have undertaken the task of exposing the hollowness of the present writer's pretensions.

The History of Ireland: from the earliest Period to the present Time.

Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By MISS CORNER, Author of "Questions on the History of Europe," &c. A new Edition, enlarged and improved. Fifth Thousand. London : Thomas Dean and Co., Threadneedle Street.

WE looked through this book with much curiosity, as the author says in her preface,—

"In the course of this history will be pointed out the causes of these crimes and misfortunes ; and it will be shown how it has happened that a people inhabiting a country abounding in all the beauties of nature, with a temperate climate and a fertile soil, should still be so poor and destitute ; and as respects the lower classes, in so backward a state of mental culture and civilisation."

This announcement on the part of Miss Corner interested us greatly, as it is generally held that the discovery of the real causes of a disease, whether in the animal body or in the body politic, is a step more than half way to its amendment ; but, considering that this work was intended for the use of schools, the announcement alarmed us, as it is generally agreed that histories for the use of schools ought to be as free as possible from political bias, and confined for the most part to the enumeration of facts ; the knowledge of which is to be afterwards applied at a more mature age to the formation of the man's opinions. But we have not observed in the book that this rather bold promise on the part of Miss Corner has been attempted to be carried out, excepting in the concluding sentence of the book, where she takes occasion to say :—

"Those bodies of misguided men, called Whiteboys, Blackfeet, Rockites, &c., who were for years the terror of the peaceable farmers, and disturbed the quiet of the country, have gradually faded from the page of Irish history, so that we seldom hear of their existence at the present day ; for although such associations have occasionally taken place within the last few years in Ireland, they are to be ascribed to private feelings, and are unconnected with the character or state of the peasantry at large. The outrages committed by the Whiteboys, Rockites, &c., were provoked by the system of sub-letting land ; and I am sorry to add, that, even to the present day, few small farmers can take land otherwise than from those persons whom I have described as middlemen. It is to be hoped that this crying grievance is in course of gradual amendment, and that the report from the commissioners appointed by the United Parliament to inquire into the modes of letting land in Ireland will be productive of good in this important respect.

"If through this investigation a law should be passed, compelling the landowners to let to the cottiers and small farmers their little holdings of land at a just and fair rent on lease for not less than twenty-one years, with no other conditions, than that

it should not be sub-let, or divided, that the rent should be punctually paid, and the land and buildings thereon kept in as good a condition as on the entry of the tenant, and also securing to him, at the end of his lease, a fair and just payment for any improvements he might have made, the great cause of poverty would be removed, and the country might probably become one of the most happy and prosperous, as it is already one of the most beautiful in the world; for although much is said about the misery of the Irish agricultural labourers, it appears, by impartial reports, that they are in reality generally better off for the common articles of food than the labouring class of agriculturists in England, who scarcely ever hold a sufficiency of garden ground on which they could grow oats and potatoes, and rear pork for their families; but, with all their hard labour, can scarcely earn enough money to keep themselves and children from starving. The fact of the misery of agricultural labourers in both countries appears to arise from their having to exist on the wages of labour in England, with scarce any land; and, in Ireland, from depending on the produce of their pieces of land, with scarce any wages."

As we do not think the present occasion a fit one for entering into the discussion of this very important subject, we shall content ourselves with saying, that as a History of Ireland for the use of schools, the present work is decidedly the best that has come under our notice; and, with the exception of the departure from the simple narration of facts, which we have quoted, there is nothing in it to bias or to prejudice the minds of children in respect to the events which it relates. The descriptions of the country are very good; and, on the whole, it forms a good compendium of the history and of the present state of Ireland; and, moreover, it is a cheap book, well got up, and well adapted for its purpose.

Legends of the Isles and other Poems. By CHARLES MACKAY,
Author of "The Salamandrine," "The Hope of the World," &c.
&c. &c. William Blackwood and Sons. 1845.

THERE is poetry in this book;—it bears the impress of a man of mind and a man of feeling. There is in it much of vagueness of thought, looseness of versification, and of indistinctness of expression; but the true spirit of poetry breathes through the whole, and that precious gift compensates for the want of artistical skill which the author, sporting with his power, occasionally displays. The "Sea-King's Burial," which begins the "Legends of the Isles," is a stirring piece of poetry. It opens thus: the lines limp here and there, and the reader must take a little pains to preserve the rhythm by the proper emphasis; but the conception is good:

" 'My strength is failing fast,'
Said the Sea-king to his men; —
'I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror, again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed; —
Put the crown upon my head; —
Put my good sword in my hand;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily;

If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived,

On the sea.''

The ship is on fire, and the sea-king breaks out into the following vivid adjuration :

"Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet
With the flames on every side.
'I am coming !' said the King,
'Where the swords and bucklers ring —
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men —
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows ; —
I am coming, great All-father,
Unto Thee !
"Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong true hearts of yore —
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.'"

The "Wraith of Garry Water" is pretty ; but the legend, which is a little worn, does not afford the opportunity for more than some pleasing verses.

Among the "Songs and Poems," we are attracted by the titles of "The Wanderer by the Sea," and "The Cry of the People." With respect to the latter poem, we are compelled to say that we think it is by no means so well executed in practice as it is conceived in spirit ; but our own sympathies so entirely accord with those of the author on the subject which he treats of, that we willingly overlook the faultiness of the versification and expression in our approbation of its meaning and its moral : we extract the following stanzas, in order that our readers may judge for themselves :

"Our backs are bow'd with the exceeding weight
Of toil and sorrow ; and our pallid faces
Shrivel before their time. Early and late
We labour in our old accustom'd places,
Beside our close and melancholy looms,
Or wither in the coal-seams dark and dreary,
Or breathe sick vapours in o'ercrowded rooms,
Or in the healthier fields dig till we are weary,
And grow old men ere we have reach'd our prime,
With scarce a wish but death to ask of Time."

As we cannot well disconnect the eighth, ninth, and tenth (the concluding one) stanzas, we extract them entire :

"But these we sigh for all our days in vain,
And find no remedy where'er we seek it ; —
Some of us, reckless, and grown mad with pain
And hungry vengeance, have broke loose to wreak it : —
Have made huge bonfires of the hoarded corn,
And died despairing. Some to foreign regions,
Hopeless of this, have sail'd away forlorn,
To find new homes and swear a new allegiance."

But we that stay'd behind had no relief,
No added corn, and no diminish'd grief.

And rich men kindly urge us to endure,
And they will send us clergymen to bless us ;
And lords who play at cricket with the poor,
Think they have cur'd all evils that oppress us.
And then we think endurance is a crime ;
That those who wait for justice never gain it ;
And that the multitudes are most sublime
When, rising arm'd, they combat to obtain it,
And dabbling in thick gore, as if 'twere dew,
Seek not alone their rights, but vengeance too.

But these are evil thoughts ; for well we know,
From the sad history of all times and places,
That fire, and blood, and social overthrow,
Lead but to harder grinding of our faces
When all is over : so, from strife withdrawn,
We wait in patience through the night of sorrow,
And watch the far-off glimpses of the dawn
That shall assure us of a brighter morrow.
And meanwhile, from the overburden'd sod,
Our cry of anguish rises up to God."

"The Wanderers by the Sea" is, in our opinion, the best of the collection. It is imaginative, philosophical, and thought-exciting. It opens well : it begins with the following most beautiful and poetical lines, which remind us of some of the best of Byron's :

"I saw a crowd of people on the shore
Of a deep, dark, illimitable sea ;
Pale-fac'd they were, and turn'd their eyes to earth,
And stoop'd low down, and gaz'd upon the sands ;
And ever and anon they roam'd about,
Backwards or forwards ; and where'er they stopp'd
It was to gather on the weedy beach
The dulse and tangles, or the fruitful shells,
Whose living tenants fasten'd to the rocks
They pluck'd away, and listlessly devour'd."

We wish we had room for the whole of "The Wanderers by the Sea," but in fairness to the author, we cannot refuse space to the following specimen of his powers :

"Meanwhile the firmament was bright with stars,
And from the clouds aërial voices came
In tones of melody, now low, now loud ;
Angelic forms were hovering around
In robes of white and azure ;— heaven itself
Appar'd to open, and invite the gaze
Of these poor stooping earth-enamour'd crowds.
But they ne'er look'd nor heard. Though the deep sea
Flash'd phosphorescent ; though, dim seen afar,
The white sails and the looming hulls of ships
Gleam'd through the darkness, and the pregnant air
Gave birth to visions swath'd in golden fire—
They look'd not. Though the heavenly voices call'd,
And told them of the world of life and light,
Of Beauty, Power, Love, Mystery, and Joy,
That lay beyond, and might be seen of those,
However lowly, that would lift their eyes—

They heeded not, nor heard; but wander'd on,
 Plucking their weeds and gathering their shells.
 And if they heard the murmur of the sea
 That bore them tidings of the Infinite —
 They knew it not; but lay them idly down,
 Thought of the morrow's food, and sank to sleep.
 And when they woke, with their care-deaden'd eyes,
 And pallid faces, and toil-burden'd backs,
 Began once more their customary search
 Upon the bare and melancholy sands;
 As if that search were all the end of life,
 And all things else but nothingness and void."

We think our readers will agree with us that the above extract is as fine a piece of poetry for thought and expression, as any in the English language. We will not be niggards of our praise where praise is clearly due; and we repeat that these lines alone are sufficient to entitle the author to take his place in the first rank of British poets. We will not allow the pieces which he has written feebly or carelessly to derogate from the merit of those which he has written so well. But being well aware that indiscriminate praise is as unsatisfactory to the pride of the author as indiscriminate blame is unfair towards his productions, we will not destroy the value of praise by plastering it undistinguishingly over the whole composition; neither will we allow the coldness of criticism to damp the heartiness of commendation, which on the present occasion we think it our duty to offer.

The Works of G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Revised and corrected by the Author; with an Introductory Preface. Vol. 5. Philip Augustus. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, 1845.

THIS is a cheap edition of "Philip Augustus, or the Brothers in Arms," which was originally published in 1831, at the usual price of a guinea and a half, in three volumes. In its present shape it forms a handsome volume, well printed in a good legible type, an advantage often neglected in the republication of standard works in a cheap form. As this work has already been amply reviewed long since, and has received the stamp of public approbation in an unquestionable way, we do not think it necessary to enter into a fresh examination of its merits: but in reading over again the introductory preface, we could not help being struck with Mr. James's declaration, that the last volume of the work—that is, when it first appeared in three volumes—was written by him in twelve days! A good deal of wonder has been lately expressed at the multiplicity of Mr. James's works; but a man who can write an octavo volume in twelve days is a sort of literary steam-engine. It is related that Cæsar could dictate to three secretaries at the same time, and keep them all going; we should like to know if Mr. James has the power of dictating three novels at the same time! It would be a secret worth knowing.

Of course, every one who is not already possessed of a copy of Philip Augustus will buy the present book as an ornament to his library and a recreation for himself. But we by no means recommend him to read three of Mr. James's works at the same time,

because that would make rather a ravel of them. Reviewers are sometimes obliged to do so, but that's another matter.

The Original.—We have had sent to us the copy of an old book—for books soon grow old in these days—but one, unlike many, which is none the worse for being old, "*The Original*;" a collection of a series of papers written by Thomas Walker, and published by Henry Renshaw, of 356. Strand, in 1838—a long while ago for a book. These papers, however, are as fresh and as pleasing as ever; and we welcomed them as we welcome an old friend whom we like to see again.—But we have another reason for noticing this book at the present time.

Mr. Walker, as a police magistrate, had great experience of the condition of the labouring classes; and he made use of his opportunities to study carefully and minutely the causes of "pauperism." His knowledge, his observations, and his opinions on this all-absorbing question of the present day, cannot fail to be interesting and valuable; and it is for the purpose, principally, of recalling the attention of our readers to the experience of a practical man on this subject, that we have brought his series of papers, published under the title of "*The Original*," before them. Besides, among these papers are some admirable essays on the art of preserving health, and on dining, which he treats scientifically and philosophically, as a principal means of preserving health. Of course these particular papers are not now applicable to the industrious classes, who have gradually been obliged to abandon the practice of dining; but to those who can afford to get a dinner, they will be always valuable, as they teach how to go about that important matter in the best way, and at the least expence.

We may take occasion, perhaps, at a future time, to make the opinions of Mr. Walker on "Pauperism" the subject of a distinct paper; for the present we shall content ourselves with reminding those who turn their attention to the consideration of such questions, that Mr. Walker's experience as a police magistrate, although we do not agree with him in all his opinions, is worth their consideration.

The War of the Surplice: A Poem, in Three Cantos: with Notes, illustrative and explanatory. By ANTI-EMPIRICUS, Author of *Nescience v. Prescience*. London: James Gilbert, 49. Paternoster Row; and Henry Alden, Oxford.

THIS is a satirical poem, directed against that which of late years has received the name of Puseyism. The style is Hudibrastic. We are led to notice it, from the character of the notes, which are curious and interesting; although we by no means wish to identify our own opinions with those of the author. We extract the following as a specimen:—

"The garments worn by the clergy of the church of Rome are all supposed to have a moral and spiritual meaning; though, certes, they have a somewhat effeminate character and appearance. I shall briefly describe those referred to in the Poem. — *ALS*: an ample tunic, or robe of white linen, worn next over the cassock

and amice, and reaching to the feet. It was at first worn loose and flowing, but at present is bound with a sash or girdle, mystically signifying continence. — *ROCHET*: a lawn garment, the ordinary garment worn in public by bishops during the middle ages; though traceable only as far back as the 13th century. It differs little from the surplice, except in having the sleeves narrower, and gathered at the wrists. — *CHASUBLE*, *chasible*, *casula*; the outermost garment formerly worn by the priest at mass. When the Roman *toga* fell into disuse, the *penula* was substituted for it. The *penula* formed a perfect circle, with a hole in the middle, to admit the head, while it fell down, so as to envelope the whole person. The Romish church has altered it much, cutting away the sides, so as to expose the arms, and leave only a straight piece before and behind. The Greek church retains it in its primitive shape. The old monumental brasses in England show the same form. — *AMICT*, *amictus*, *amice*; an oblong square of fine linen, worn by priests: it is tied round the neck, *ne ad linguam transeat mendacium*; and covers the breast and heart, *ne vanitates cogitet*. It is sometimes called *humeral*, and is also worn by deacons, subdeacons, &c., when ministering at the altar. The amict was first introduced to cover the shoulders and neck; it afterwards received the addition of a hood, to cover the head, until the priest came before the altar, when the hood was thrown back. — *MANIPLE*, *maniple*; originally a narrow strip of linen, suspended from the left arm of the priest, and used to wipe his face when perspiring. Gradually it received embellishments; was bordered with fringe, and decorated with needle-work. In the 11th century it was given to the sub-deacons, as the badge of their office; probably its use was to cleanse the sacred vessels. — *DALMATICA*, a garment with large open sleeves, worn by bishops and by ladies! It came originally from Dalmatia, and was formerly the characteristic dress of the deacon, in the administration of the Eucharist. It is not marked at the back, like the chasuble, but in the Latin church, with two narrow stripes — the remains of the *clavi*, worn on the old Roman tunic. The chasuble was sometimes worn over the dalmatica. In conferring deacon's orders, the bishop clothes the subdeacon with an *amict*, saying, "Receive this bridle of the tongue." He then puts the *maniple* on his left arm, telling him that it signifies the fruit of good works. Lastly, he puts on him the *dalmatica*, telling him that it is a garment of joy. — *CORR* (from Ang. Sax. *cæppe*, *cappa*; *a cap*, *cape*, *cope*, *coif*, *hood*), a priest's vestment, fastened with a clasp in front, and hanging down behind, from the shoulders to the heels. It resembles a lady's cloak! By the canons of the church of England, the clergy are directed to wear this vestment: "but," says Dr. Hook, "out of tenderness to the superstition of weaker brethren," (thank you, Doctor!) "it has gradually fallen into disuse — except on such an occasion as the coronation." N.B. In a drawing of Queen Joan of Navarre, in the Cotton MSS., she is represented in her coronation robes. Her *dalmatica* differs little from that worn by Queen Victoria, at her coronation. — *STOLE*: an ornament worn about the neck of a priest, or deacon, and across his breast; denoting the yoke of Christ, and the cord that bound him."

Stanhope: a Domestic Novel. By JOSEPH MIDDLETON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. 1845.

THIS book certainly has not that letter of recommendation which consists in a pleasing appearance. It is printed on whity-brown paper, and has a low dirty look, like the unwashed face of a dustman. But it is a readable book, notwithstanding; and although the writer seems to be an unpractised one, and is certainly not an artistical one, there are some good passages in the book, and the story is sufficiently interesting to lead the reader to peruse it to the end; and that is saying something for it. But we cannot approve of the ending nor the moral. In complying with the rule of novel-writing, which requires that, after a sufficient quantity of crying, the story should end hap-

pily, the author has lost his point, and destroyed the utility of his lesson; the consequences of the "one fault" which he describes ought to have been fatal to the criminal: and this error committed by the author, is, in our opinion, fatal to the book.

England in 1815 and 1845: or, A Sufficient and a Contracted Currency. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.E., Author of "The History of Europe during the French Revolution," &c. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1845.

THERE have been a great many books written on the subject of currency and banking during the last thirty years, and at last the public is beginning to lose its distaste for a subject which has been erroneously supposed to be very abstruse, and to understand, that as life-blood is to the body, so is currency to the social system; and that according as the one or the other is deranged in its course, the body corporal or the body politic becomes necessarily diseased.

Now we must say, that of all the many books which we have perused on this subject, the treatise before us is one of the very best. It is very short; it is very clear; it goes right to the point without diverging to the right or to the left; there is no political bias in it; no angry abuse; no personal vituperation. The author takes up the question as a pure question of science, affecting the welfare of all parties and conditions alike; the poorest as well as the richest. He shows that every member of society, from the highest to the lowest, is vitally interested in understanding the working of the currency; and he makes that clear, in a few sentences, to the commonest understanding, which it has been the fashion to suppose cannot be made intelligible without endless rows of appalling figures. He opens his subject thus:—

"No one can have considered the state of the British empire during the last half century, without being convinced that some great and unprecedented causes have been at work in producing the prodigious fluctuation and change of fortunes by which its domestic history has in that time been distinguished. Nothing similar to it ever occurred without external disaster, or the actual overthrow of society by the ravages of war, since the beginning of the world. It is hard to say whether these changes appear more extraordinary on a retrospect of their effects in time past, or on a contemplation of their results in times present. They have exhibited a combination of prosperity and adversity, of strength and weakness, of riches and poverty, of progress and decline, of grandeur and debility, of joy and sorrow, unparalleled in any former ages of the world, and which, in future times, instructed by our errors, and warned by our sufferings, will probably never again occur."

The state of the case has never, perhaps, been more neatly put than in the following exposition:—

"Since the year 1819 the empire has exhibited the most extraordinary spectacle that the world has perhaps ever witnessed; and it is to it that we earnestly request the attention of our readers, because then began the series of causes and effects in which we have ever since been, and still are, involved.

"Considered in one point of view, there never was a nation which, in an equal space of time, had made so extraordinary a progress. Its population had advanced from 20,600,000, in 1819, to 28,000,000, in 1844: its imports had increased from

30,000,000*l.*, in the former period, to 70,000,000*l.*, in the latter; its exports had advanced during the same period from 44,000,000*l.* to 130,000,000*l.*; its shipping from 2,350,000 tons to 3,900,000. There never, perhaps, was such a growth in these, the great limbs of industry, in so short a period, in any other state. Nor had agriculture been behind the other staple branches of national industry. Its produce had kept pace with the income, unparalleled in an old state in the population, as well as the still more rapid multiplication of cattle and horses for the purposes of use and luxury; and amidst this extraordinary growth of consumption, the still more extraordinary fact was exhibited of the average importation of grain steadily declining from the commencement of the century, till at length, anterior to the six bad seasons in succession, which commenced in 1836, it had sunk to 400,000 quarters on an average of the five preceding years, being not a hundredth part of the annual consumption of men and animals, which exceeds 50,000,000 quarters. And what is most extraordinary of all, the returns of the income-tax, when laid on even in the year 1842, a period of severe and unprecedented commercial depression, proved the existence, in Great Britain alone, of 200,000,000*l.* of annual income of persons enjoying above 150*l.* a-year each; of which immense sum about 150,000,000*l.* was from the fruits of *realised capital*, either in land or some other durable investment. It is probable that such an accumulation of wealth never existed before in any single state, not even in Rome at the period of its highest splendour.

"Considered in another view, there never was a period in which a greater amount of financial embarrassment has been experienced by Government, or more wide-spread and acute suffering been endured by the people. So far has the exchequer been from sharing in the flood of wealth which has thus been so profusely poured into the empire, that it has, with the exception of two or three years of extraordinary and perilous prosperity, been, during the whole of this period, in a state of difficulty, which at last brought the nation to such a pass, that it was extricated from absolute insolvency only by the re-imposition, during European peace, of the war income-tax. Not only was the provident and far-seeing system of Mr. Pitt for the redemption of the debt practically abandoned during the necessities of this calamitous period, but the national account was turned the other way, and the annual deficiency gradually increased till it had reached the enormous amount of 4,000,000*l.* annually, and added, in six years of peace, no less than 14,000,000*l.* to the amount of the national debt. The nation, during the latter years of the war, prospered and experienced general well-being under an annual taxation of 72,000,000*l.*, drawn from eighteen millions of souls: in the latter years of the peace it has, with the utmost difficulty, drawn 50,000,000*l.* from a population of twenty-seven millions. Wages in the former period were high, employment abundant, the working classes prosperous, with an export of British and colonial produce of from 45,000,000*l.* to 50,000,000*l.* annually: in the latter, wages were in many trades low, employment difficult, suffering general, with an annual exportation to the amount of 120,000,000*l.* to 130,000,000*l.*"

Now what has been the practical effect of this system in its action throughout the various ramifications of society? Even those who do not agree with the opinions of the author, cannot gainsay the truth of the picture which he draws of the condition of the population since 1819:—

"'Experience,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is the great test of truth, and is perpetually contradicting the theories of men.' Never, since the beginning of the world, had the doctrines of philosophers been so generally embraced by government, or measures really intended for the public good so extensively carried into effect by the legislature. Unbounded were the anticipations of prosperity and happiness in which men generally indulged in the adoption of this system; inflexible has been the steadiness with which it has been adhered to amidst an amount of suffering which would long ago have proved fatal to any set of measures among men, except those dictated by their own opinions. But amidst all these anticipations, and this steadiness in carrying out the doctrines of free trade in every department of thought and action,

various unpleasant indications began to manifest themselves in every part of society; and it became evident to all that the fruits of the tree of knowledge were not, in this generation at least, destined to be different from what they had proved to our first parents. While wealth was increasing to an unparalleled extent among the commercial classes, suffering and distress as generally ensued among the rural inhabitants; and the multitude of ruined fortunes among them, rendered it certain that at no distant period the old race of landed proprietors would, with the exception of a few magnates, be all rooted out, and their place supplied by a new set of purchasers from the commercial towns. While population was advancing with unparalleled strides in the manufacturing districts, pauperism even more than kept pace with it in all; and the extraordinary fact has now been revealed by statistical researches, that, in an age of unbounded wealth, and general and long-continued peace, a seventh part of the whole inhabitants of the British islands are in a state of destitution, or painfully supported by legal relief."

It is still fresh in the recollection of the public, that a declaration in the present session of Parliament, on high authority, to the effect, that a great part of the pauperism, the destitution, and the misery with which this nation is afflicted, must be regarded as a necessary and unavoidable accompaniment of the growth of large fortunes, and of the progress of civilisation. It is thus that the author, by anticipation, refutes that painful and startling opinion;—

"So habituated has the nation become to the constant contemplation of this extraordinary combination, that a large part, especially of the thinking portion of it, have come to regard it as unavoidable—as the necessary consequence of our advanced national years, and old-established civilisation; and they deem it as vain to fret against it as against the variableness of our climate, or the churlishness of a large portion of our soil. But a little reflection must convince every candid inquirer that this is not the case, and that the notion that public prosperity and private misery, public poverty and private opulence, external peace and internal feuds, general growth and individual decline, necessarily must exist together, is essentially erroneous. Experience, indeed, too clearly shows how invariably the ceaseless agency of human corruption educes evil out of good, as the opposite springs of human improvement bring good out of evil; and therefore we may always expect to find numerous social and political misfortunes springing up out of the very blessings which have been most ardently desired, and, to appearance, can bring only general felicity in their train. But it is evident that there is, in our present state, something more than this—something which demonstrates the existence of a *great and latent evil*, which poisons, for a large part of our people, all our prosperity, and converts the fruits of industry into the apples of Sodom. Admitting that corruption grows with wealth, and selfishness with prosperity, how is it possible to explain the constant penury of the exchequer, at a time when the national resources are advancing with such astonishing rapidity; the necessity of recurring to war taxes at the very moment when pacific sources of wealth are augmenting in an unheard-of ratio; the practical extinction of the sinking fund, and renewed increase of debt, at a time when the resources of the nation to meet its engagements are doubling every twenty years; the existence of long-continued suffering and penury among the working classes, when the products of their industry are advancing with a rapidity unexampled in any former age of the world."

Now it is a fact with which the general knowledge of the condition of foreign nations has made the public familiar, that notwithstanding the high position occupied by Great Britain, as the first of all the empires of the earth; notwithstanding the general diffusion of education among its inhabitants; notwithstanding the rapid and wonderful progress which the nation has made in all useful arts and mechanical inventions; there is no people on the globe, the bulk of whose popula-

tion is in a state of such low and abject destitution, nor more exposed to the horrible sufferings which, in this country, beyond all others, accompany the vicissitudes of trade, and who exist in a state of so great precariousness in respect to their daily subsistence.

"The Malthusians," says the author,—

"The Malthusians have a very simple solution for all those contradictions. They say that population is advancing faster than food can be provided for it; that the people are increasing in a geometrical, and their subsistence in an arithmetical, progression, and thence the wide and daily increasing gap between them. But here, again, statistics, which have disproved so many of the pernicious dogmas which political economy, falsely so called, had introduced during the last half century, interfere with decisive effect to distinguish the fallacy. If population was really pressing upon subsistence in the British islands, of course the price of grain should be permanently rising, importation from foreign states steadily increasing, and the number of cultivators increasing, in order, by accumulated strength, to extract food from the encumbered soil. Now, how stands the fact, as ascertained by the authentic returns of the late census of the population in the British empire? Why it turns out, that so far from the prices of grain being on the increase, they are steadily diminishing, and, anterior to the five bad harvests following 1836, had fallen to 35s. 4d. a quarter; so far from importation augmenting, it has been constantly decreasing down to the commencement of the same disastrous period, until it had fallen, on an average of five years from 1830 to 1835, to 398,000 quarters annually—not a hundredth part of the annual consumption; and so far from the proportion of the community engaged in raising food being, under the pressure of necessity, on the increase, it is constantly and rapidly decreasing; and the prodigy is now exhibited in the British islands, of an old state, in which the population is so dense as to be 250 to the square mile, having ample subsistence on an average of years provided for it by less than a fourth part of its inhabitants engaged in the cultivation of the soil. At the same time, as if to place the demonstration of the absurdity of the Malthusian doctrine beyond a doubt, the census taken in America in the same year has demonstrated that the proportion of those engaged in the cultivation of the soil, in all the states of the Union taken together, is about three times those engaged in other pursuits, and in the states in the valley of the Mississippi no less than seven times their number. That is, the power of human labour over subsistence—of the hands of man over his mouth—is ten times greater in the old and closely-peopled realm of Britain, than in the rising and thinly-peopled realm of America, and three-and-twenty times greater than in the young states beyond the Alleghany mountains, the garden of the world! It may be doubted whether experience ever yet offered so decisive a refutation of human error since the beginning of the world."

The case being thus,—that in the richest country of the earth, in which all the means of creating wealth are most abundant, and most ready to be evolved in action, the bulk of the population is in the greatest misery of all the countries of the earth. Why is this? The author says,—

"The answer is—It was the CONTRACTION OF THE CURRENCY, which was unnecessarily made to accompany the resumption of cash payments by the bill of 1819, which has been the chief cause of all these effects."

In this reply we believe that the author, in common with a multitude of persons, whose numbers are daily increasing, has traced the real source of the evil. He thus describes its operation :—

"It need hardly be told to the most heedless or superficial reader, that a currency is required to carry on the transactions, public and private, of men in their intercourse of exchange with each other; that it consists, in general, of the precious metals, which, by the common consent of men, are employed, and have been so from

the earliest period, for that purpose, on account of their being at once rare, durable, and portable; and that, in civilised and mercantile communities, paper notes, of some sort or other, have been usually resorted to in modern times to meet the wants of commerce, and remove the evils which may be frequently felt from the supply of the precious metals being less than the community requires.

"It follows, as a necessary consequence from this, that, when the commercial transactions of a nation increase, the circulating medium should increase also. This is as necessary a step as that, when a people increase, the subsistence by which they are to be maintained should be augmented in a similar proportion. If twenty millions of men, on an average of years and transactions, require 40,000,000*l.* of circulating medium to conduct their transactions, and if those men swell to thirty millions, they will require, other things being equal, sixty millions for their transactions. If a supply proportioned to the increase of men, and the wants of their commercial intercourse, is not afforded, the circulating medium will become scarce; it will rise in price from that scarcity, and become accessible only to the more rich and affluent classes. The industrious poor, or those engaged in business, but possessed of small capital, will be the first to suffer; they will find it impossible to get the currency necessary to carry on their business, and will fail in consequence. To retain the circulating medium of a nation at a stationary or declining amount, when its numbers are rapidly increasing, and their transactions are daily augmenting in number and importance, is the same thing as it would be to affix a limit to the issuing of rations to an army, at a time when the number of the soldiers it contained was constantly augmenting; or to reduce the quantity of oil used in a machine, when the wheels which required its appliance were always on the increase. The inevitable result would be, that numbers would be famished in the first case, and the weaker parts of the machine impeded by friction in the second."

The effect of the increase or the diminution of the quantity of the precious metals, gold and silver, is shown in the following extract :

"When the precious metals, either over the whole world, or in a particular state, become more abundant than formerly, the necessary consequence is, that they become less valuable, and consequently decline in price. But as, by the custom of all civilised nations, value is measured by a certain amount of the precious metals, either coined or uncoined, received or capable of being received in exchange for them, when brought into the market, this decline in value in the circulating medium is rendered apparent by a rise in the money price of all other articles. For example, if a quarter of wheat is worth, or will buy, at a certain time, in a particular country, half a pound weight of pure silver, and by a sudden addition to the productiveness of the mines which supply the world with the precious metals, the amount in circulation is doubled, the result will be, that a quarter of wheat will be worth, or will sell for, a whole pound of pure silver. And, *e converso*, if the supply of the precious metals is again contracted to its former amount by a failure in the sources from which they are obtained, or an extraordinary absorption or hoarding of them in any particular part of the world, so that the currency in that country is restored to its former and more limited amount, the quarter of wheat will again come to be worth, or to be equal in value in exchange, to half a pound of pure silver only. All this is the necessary result of the principle, that commodities are valuable and bring high prices when they are scarce, and decline in exchangeable value and bring low prices while they are abundant, which is universally and constantly evinced in the transactions of private life."

After some luminous expositions of the working of the present erroneous system of currency, and its disastrous operation on the commercial and trading portions of the community, and its effects on wages, he shows the pernicious consequences of compelling the national bank of issue, that is, the Bank of England, by law, to take up its notes in gold, at a certain fixed price, instead of its market price; the effect of this error is exemplified in the following quotation :

"But under the present system of compelling the Bank of England to take up their notes in sovereigns at the fixed Mint price, no matter how much it differs from the current price of the same weight of gold in the market, not only is this salutary effect prevented, but an opposite effect, of the most pernicious consequence, takes place. The Bank of England being compelled, in their own defence, to contract their issues the moment the exchange with foreign countries proves unfavourable, and gold brings a higher price abroad than at home, the result is, that the transference of gold to the Continent or America, from whatever cause, is immediately followed by a sudden and immediate contraction of the currency, attended, of course, with a corresponding narrowing of credit by all other bankers, and a general monetary spasm and commercial crisis throughout the country. The dreadful catastrophes of December, 1825, and autumn, 1839, were owing to this cause, and would have been entirely prevented, or in a great degree alleviated, by such an *increased issue of paper*, in the absence of gold, as would have compensated the want. This, to a certainty, would have taken place, if the issue had been payable in gold at the market price only, and would have been highly profitable to the issuers. No apprehensions need be felt that gold will not return as soon as the crisis is past by the aid of the paper currency; the precious metals will ever flow, in the end, to the centres of opulence and commerce. Their enhanced price for a time only brings them back the sooner. But, under the present system, a dearth of gold is immediately and necessarily followed by a dearth of paper, and stoppage of credit; ruin to a large portion of the community, and certain and protracted embarrassment to all, as well as a deficit of the revenue, inevitably follow every rise in the foreign price of gold. When beef is scarce, we put the soldiers on half rations of bread also, upon the principle of teaching them to live on contracted supplies. Can we wonder if half the army are starved in consequence?"

And again :

"It is the peculiar and dreadful effect of the present state of the law in regard to the currency, that it renders a brief period of prosperity the *necessary forerunner*, in every instance, of a long period of depression, suffering, and ruin. The reason is, that the extensive transactions which accompany and arise from a season of prosperity and commercial activity, absolutely require, and of course produce, an enlarged circulation. But when this expanded circulation has taken place, it of course becomes depreciated in value, just as a fine harvest makes wheat sink in value, because it has become more plentiful; and if it consists in whole or part of the precious metals, they are speedily sent abroad. The indication of this depreciation is a rise in the money price of all other commodities; its effect is a tendency in the precious metals to go abroad, from the enhanced value which they then bear, owing to their comparative scarcity. The same effect would take place with wheat or beef, if they were not such bulky articles as to require a greater advance of price to compensate the cost of water carriage to any considerable distance. Thus internal prosperity is necessarily and speedily followed by a disappearance of the sovereigns, a contraction of the currency, and a monetary crisis; because the very plenty of the metallic currency produced by the prosperity had lowered its value, and therefore sent it back into foreign states. So frequently has this evil been experienced of late years, that its recurrence has become matter of common observation, and in a manner proverbial. You will hear the remark made in every railway train, steamboat, or stage-coach in the kingdom, — that a period of prosperity will be followed by a monetary crisis and general distress. Men seem to resign themselves in despair to this fearful vicissitude, which they are told by high authority is inevitable. They think it is the destiny of man to undergo such alternations, as Lord Brougham says the railway proprietors think it is the destiny of the human race to live beside a railway. There is no destiny, however, in the one case more than the other; in both it arises from the selfishness, the errors, and cupidity of man."

The effect of all this is, as the author clearly demonstrates, that so long as the present system of currency is allowed to exist, there can be no fair remuneration for the industrial operations of the commu-

nity, and no stability for agricultural, manufacturing, or commercial enterprise. Every trader is exposed to the action of a subversive power, over which he has no control, and the effects of which it is impossible for him to foresee or guard against. The difference of the value of a sixpence in the gold which composes a sovereign, is sufficient, as Mr. Alison expresses it, "to reduce half the traders of the kingdom to insolvency, and a third of the working classes to pauperism."

But with all this, the rage for the export trade still exists as strongly as ever. It is thought we are doing exceedingly clever things by making the mass of our population the slaves of the rest of the world in manufacturing and producing for them at prices so low as to undersell the comparatively untaxed labour of other nations! The people toil and sweat and strive for the benefit of others, not for themselves; for toil and sweat and strive as they may, foreign countries will take care not to pay their taxes for them; that is to say, they will take care not to pay that part of the price of an article which is caused by taxation. They will pay the natural cost of production, but not the artificial one. But in order for the price to be remunerative, the producer must receive for his article, not only the natural cost of its production, but the artificial cost also; that is, that augmentation of the cost caused by the taxes which enter into it. The producers, therefore, if they insist on selling their articles in foreign markets, must lose that part of the cost; but as such a losing game would soon put an end to their trading, they are obliged to shift the burthen on those who have no means of resistance—the labouring classes; and therefore it is that the wages of labour are not remunerative; and the labouring classes not being able to buy, the home market, the most important market of all, is, in great part, lost.

Mr. Alison observes :

"We are constantly told, by the supporters of the present system, that this prodigious reduction in the price of our manufactures, which appears in so striking, and, if not proved by authentic documents, incredible a manner, in the present excess of 70,000,000*l.* in the official over the real or declared value of our exports, is the only hold we have of foreign markets, and that the vast extension of our foreign trade is mainly to be ascribed to this circumstance. There can be no doubt that this extension in the *quantity* of our exports is in a great degree owing to this cause. But is such an extension in the *quantity* of our exports, attended with no proportional extension in the *price received*, either a national or a social advantage? Is it a good thing for this country to be converted into the slave of the world, and to be yearly doomed to produce more work for less pay? That may be a benefit to the slaveholder: is it an equal benefit to the slave himself? Would it not be better for him to have less work and more pay? Considered even with reference to the encouragement of our manufactures, is not the argument fallacious? So vast is the home market for our manufactures in comparison of the foreign, that while our whole exports are of the declared value of 52,000,000*l.* the manufactures for the home market are no less than 133,000,000*l.* Now, if this is the case, even when the home market is crippled, as it is now, by the decline of 50 *per cent.* in the remuneration of industry, what would it be if home industry received, by the effects of an adequate currency, an adequate remuneration? It is better to add 50 *per cent.* to a hundred and thirty millions than to fifty millions. For every pound we gain under the present monetary system in our export trade, we should gain three in the home sale of our manufactures, if the currency were placed on a proper footing."

We have already exceeded in this review the usual limit of quotations, but the importance of the subject demands it, and the book deserves it. We strongly and earnestly recommend its perusal to our readers. The question of which it treats interests all alike, and all vitally. The existence of the widely-spread pauperism, which now afflicts and disgraces this country, is known to all, acknowledged by all, deplored by all. And the extraordinary anomaly of unbounded wealth, and of unbounded means of producing wealth, accompanied by a state of destitution unprecedented in any age or in any country, strikes all with amazement, and fills the minds of reflecting persons with apprehension and terror. If, then, it is asserted that the cause of this anomalous state of things may be traced to a very simple cause which might be easily remedied, it becomes the duty as well as the interest of all, for the sake of others as well as themselves, to examine into the question. It is not a party question—it is purely a scientific one, neither difficult in its comprehension, nor abstruse in its calculations. Those who agree with and who advocate the opinions set forth in the masterly manner displayed by Mr. Alison in this little book, neither arraign motives, nor condemn persons, nor seek for political aggrandisement or peculiar profit to themselves. They think they see the cause of the evils which afflict this country; they state their opinions; they invite others to examine them dispassionately, impartially. If they are wrong, show them that they are wrong, and they will acknowledge their error; but first examine into the question. If they are right, and they think they are right conscientiously and sincerely, having no personal advantage to gain, and regarding only the good of the community of which they are members, how great a good do they promise to their country! Is it not worth while to employ a little attention, and to expend a little time in the consideration of such a subject? They do not appeal to prejudices or party feelings; nor do they seek to enlist in their cause the passions of the masses, or endeavour, for the sake of exalting the poor, to pull down the rich. They appeal only to reason; they firmly believe that the wide-spread destitution which afflicts so many of their fellow-countrymen is produced by a cause which they point out; and of which, as we think, the present book presents a perfect demonstration. And the evil which it is desired to remedy, be it observed, is even now in active operation, and threatens to produce from the same causes the same effects which have for years past periodically devastated the country. On this point we will conclude in the forcible words of the author:—

“It is often said that the bill of 1819 was a great error, but that it has been got over; that prices have become accommodated to the new scale; that the sufferers by it are bankrupt, dead, and buried; and that every thing would be thrown into confusion again, if any change were now made. There never was a greater mistake. — The seven hundred and seventy-five millions of the National Debt has not become accommodated to the change. The thousand millions of private debt in the community has not found its debtors inured to the change. — The payers of taxes whose incomes have been lowered fifty *per cent.* by its effects, have not become reconciled to the change. — The manufacturing and commercial classes, exposed every five or six years to a frightful monetary crisis, fatal to a large part of the persons engaged in business, in consequence of the present obligation on the Bank to pay in specie at

the Mint price, are not enamoured of it. — The farmers, who find the prices received for their produce lowered from 50 to 75 *per cent.* are not reconciled to it. — The landlords, whose embarrassments are hourly increasing, and one half of whom are in a state of hopeless insolvency from the consequent and unavoidable reduction of their rents, are not accommodated to it. — The nation, whose resources have been so seriously impaired by its effects, that any increase of revenue from indirect taxation has become impossible, and the *ultima ratio* of an income tax has become indispensable in the thirtieth year of peace, has not become accustomed to it. — The evils of the system, as long as it is adhered to, are lasting, corroding, and irremovable. — They are not over; they are only in their infancy."

VIRGIL FOR SCHOOL BOYS.

BY AN ETONIAN.

THE PRIZE-RING.—THE FIGHT.

ÆNEID. BOOK V. LINE 387.

WHILE Dares now the timid crowd derides,
The grave Anchises thus Entellus chides :—
"How now, Entellus, where's your ancient pluck?
Will you not rouse, and once more try your luck?—
Think of your fame, think of the prize, old buck."
To this Entellus in few words replies,—
"Tisn't the blunt I care for, — my eyes :—
Nor do I fear ; — but age, with withering blight,
Stiffens my gabs, and warns me not to fight;
But though I've lost my spring and youthful vigour,
Am grown much fatter, and a great deal bigger,
I'll try what I can do with that 'ere nigger."

Thus speaks the vet'ran champion, and shoves
Into the ring his pond'rous boxing gloves —
Gloves, which one time had grac'd the princely fists
Of Eryx, in the pugilistic lists ;—
Of seven immense bulls' hides was form'd the leather,
Which lead and iron fast'nings brac'd together.
Father Æneas, and the crowd, behold,
With awe, these gauntlets cast in giants' mould ;
And boasting Dares, at the fearful sight,
Shows the white feather, and declines to fight.

Then the old hero thus their fear reproves : —
“D’ye shrink from these ? What’l had you seen the gloves
Which Hercules’ immortal fists once bore
In the great fight on this here very shore ; —
When great Æneas’ brother, long deplor’d,
Stood up against Alcides, and was floor’d !
These gloves were his — and still remain the stains
Of my poor master Eryx’ blood and brains. —
If Dares, howsumever, shies these gloves,
And if Acestes and our Chief approves,
Thus let us end the diff’rence that’s arisen ; —
I’ll give up mine — let Dares give up his’n : ” —
Thus having spoke, he, hardy veteran, peels, —
His sinewy limbs and brawny arms reveals,
And stands within the ring : — Anchises’ son
Brings equal arms for each, and binds them on.

And now the pugilists, without delay,
Their scientific attitudes display : —
Far from the blow their lofty heads throw back ; —
Spar to deceive, and try to rouse attack : —
The one, more active, on his youth relies ; —
The other, with colossal bulk, defies ;
But his weak knees of trembling age remind,
And his quick breath betrays his broken wind.
Many good hits — well stopp’d — are given and taken : —
By some, their ribs are mutually shaken : —
And ever and anon is heard a crash,
As the quick fists the rattling jaw-bones smash. —
The stanch Entellus stands — firm — as a rock, —
With ready hands to turn aside the shock : —
Dares — as one who some tall tower defies,
And now on this, now, that side, vainly tries,
By force to storm — by stratagem, surprise. —
At last, Entellus aims a deadly blow
At Dares’ eye ; — who, nimbly bending low,
Slides his light body from the threat’ning thwack :
Entellus on the air bestows the whack,
And, from the strain, falls prostrate on his back :
As when the winds uproot the sturdy oak,
So falls the hero by his mis-spent stroke.
And now with various cries, and mingled din,
The Trojan and Sicilian youth rush in : —

Acestes, griev'd his friend dead-floor'd to see,
 Raises him up, and sets him on his knee.
 But far from daunted at this first ill-luck,
 The tumble rouses all the vet'ran's pluck : —
 Shame excites strength, and consciousness of art : —
 He pommels Dares round o'er every part, —
 Now right — now left — his doubling blows assail ; —
 Nor rest, nor stop — but, as a storm of hail
 Rattles the house-tops, so the hero's hits
 Bore, drive, and knock poor Dares all to bits.
 Father Æneas, now commanding Telly,
 To cease his punching of his rival's belly,
 Sav'd him, and spinning an heroic yarn, he
 Soothes the spent Dares with this royal blarney : —
 " What madness this ! Why, how could you expect
 To vanquish him whom the great gods protect ! —
 Submit to fate." — He spoke : — the fight is done. —
 His seconds, to the ships, lead slowly on
 The vanquish'd Dares : — lost — with falt'ring tread ; —
 Rolling on either side his nerveless head ;
 While from his mouth streams mingled teeth and gore. —
 But, at Æneas' call, they sadly bore
 The sword and helmet to the neighb'ring shore.

The noble ox remains Entellus' prize :
 And thus the victor, flush'd, exulting cries : —
 " Hear, goddess-born, and ye, young Trojans, list —
 Learn what was once Entellus' strength of fist,
 And see the death which Dares rarely miss'd : " —
 He spoke ; and standing opposite his prize,
 Which stood unconscious, right between the eyes
 He drove his gauntlets in one dreadful box : —
 The victim had no need of further knocks —
 As when resistless thunder rends the rocks,
 With shatter'd skull so falls the lifeless ox.
 " Eryx, behold ! — This blood to thee I pour
 Instead of Dares' death ; — and now give o'er
 My art : — lie there my gloves : — I fight no more."

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIGHT.

THE sentry's announcement of the brig being in motion at once turned the attention of all parties from Mr. Silliman's disaster to the business of the day. The few light clouds which were floating over their heads had already made them aware that the wind had changed, and that unless the boats arrived in time, there was little hope of their being able to prevent the escape of the brig from the bay.

The cheering light of dawn now enabled the major and his daughters to take a better survey of the spot which had formed their first resting-place on the shores of their adopted country; and although the southern and western coasts are remarkable for their general rugged and barren appearance, the sheltered nook in which they found themselves presented some of the most pleasing features of the country; and the more so, from its contrast with the bare hills and sterile character of the country beyond. The girls felt the influence of the scene; and had it not been for the expedition of danger on which their father and Mr. Trevor were intent, they would have keenly enjoyed the change, from the boisterous storm at sea of the preceding day, to the present tranquil scenery of their encampment.

The morning was clear and bright. The cold southern gale, which had driven the shattered brig into the land-locked bay, had been succeeded by a gentle air from the warm north; and the rising sun gave promise of one of those genial spring days in September, which delight so much with their enlivening freshness in Van Diemen's Land. The melodious note of the native magpie was heard welcoming the dawn. A flock of white cockatoos from a neighbouring gum tree surveyed the strangers with curious eyes, as they elevated

their yellow crests and chattered among themselves, without betraying the slightest alarm at the presence of their enemy — Man. Mr. Silliman wanted to have a shot at them; but the sisters prayed him to desist; and with some reluctance he obeyed; for with the true instinct of a Cockney, he wanted to fire at everything he saw, without caring much what it was that he killed, so long, as he expressed it, as he “brought ‘em down.” A kangaroo rat would now and then hop across the grass, and scurry away when Jerry tried to catch it by the tail; and the shy bandicoot would timidly poke its nose out of a bush to see what was going forward. On the withered branch of a distant tree sat a pelican, gravely watching the waters of the bay, on which a group of black swans were sporting, unconscious of danger. A pair of black cockatoos, in a thicket hard by, were busy building their nest. Numerous Rosina parrots, with their bright green plumage, and pink heads and throats, flew hither and thither; and Mr. Silliman horrified the gentle Louisa by informing her that, according to the information of his vulgar friend, the constable, they made excellent pies! A pair of eagles, soaring in circlets close above their heads, gave indication that the nest of those kings of the air was somewhere near, as with discordant screechings they strove to scare away the intruders from their haunts; while the singular cry of the little bird, not inappropriately called by the colonists “the laughing jackass,” and which particularly attracted Mr. Silliman’s attention, added variety to the sounds of the awakened bush.

These novel sights and sounds were little heeded, however, by Mr. Trevor and the major, who had other matters of more pressing import to attend to. The one had to consider the best means of regaining possession of the vessel, in which nearly the whole of his property was embarked, and the loss of which would leave him almost a beggar in a strange land, where the worst of all conditions is that of a poor gentleman unskilled in mechanical employments and without capital; and the other was impressed with the serious responsibility that attached to him, as the official commander of the party, if, in spite of him, the convicts should succeed in effecting their escape with the brig from the island; and, in defiance of the measures taken by the colonial government, set the dangerous example of a successful piratical expedition for the imitation of the other convicts, too many of whom would be ready and eager to make similar attempts at plunder and escape. He had plenty of force to cope with a much larger body of bushrangers than those on board the brig; but without the boats his men were useless, and many accidents might prevent the arrival of the boats in time; and in such case it was impossible to prevent the escape of the brig to the open sea, where pursuit would be difficult, and perhaps impossible. Under such circumstances, all he could do was to take the best means in his power to intercept the brig at the entrance of the bay, with the faint hope that by a lucky shot some important rope might be cut in two, which would lead to a confusion on board, of which he might be able to take advantage.

Having refreshed his men, therefore, and seen that nothing was deficient in their equipments, he marched them to a platform on a rock which commanded the passage. As it was of importance to have as

heavy a fire as possible directed against the sails and rigging of the vessel, he did not think it consistent with his duty to leave a single man behind; but as Mr. Silliman could hardly be considered in a condition fit for active service, he left him in charge of the cave, which was turned into a temporary fortress for the protection of Helen and Louisa, and, with the aid of some dead timber, scientifically disposed, it was deemed that the safety of the ladies was secured against any sudden attack of the natives, should any be lurking in the vicinity; an event, however, which was regarded as quite beyond all possibility.

Mr. Silliman therefore remained on guard, to his infinite satisfaction; and, stifling his feelings in respect to the ills which remained behind, the warlike Jerry placed his hand upon his chest, and assured the major that before any harm should happen to Miss Helen or to Miss Louisa, the savages should eat him, musket and all! Shouldering his weapon with martial energy, he gave the departing body a military salute by holding up his firelock in a style which was a very good imitation of that military courtesy as performed by the soldiers, and which, to judge from the smiling sign of approbation of their officer, and the grins of the men, seemed to afford to those professionals not less amusement than satisfaction. The scene, however, presently grew more serious.

The sails of the brig meanwhile became gently distended with the favourable breeze which had sprung up from the north with the rising sun; and it was observed by the major that a sort of screen had been erected aft on the starboard side of the vessel to protect the man at the wheel from the fire of a hostile party on shore. Saving this indication of the presence of a steersman, there was no sign of a living soul on board; the sails seemed to act without the direction of human agency, and the gallant brig glided slowly through the tranquil water as if by the power of its own volition.

"That bushranger," said the major to the commander of the party, "neglects nothing; our only chance was shooting down the man at the helm, and taking our chance of the vessel being swayed against the wall of rock on either side; and now there is no hope of that, for so far as I can make out, he has raised an effectual bulwark between us and the wheel. Musket balls will be of no use against that mass of canvass and stuff that he has built up so ingeniously. What is become of the boats?"

"They are here," said the ensign, as he pointed to the head of one of them which at that moment came in sight from behind the projecting cliff, and which was quickly followed by the second, the larger one of the two; "and they are just in time, for in another half hour the brig would have been out at sea! Now, Major, what do you advise to be done?"

"We must try to board them at once, and without giving them time to prepare themselves; although I fear that crafty freebooter has not left any thing undone for his defence; but we must try at any rate. Let the brig come up close enough to allow the fire of half of your men to take effect from the shore, which will clear their decks, and give the opportunity to the boats to get alongside without

loss. 'That shall be my duty in the large boat, while my mate commands the other. Do you back me up with your party from the top of the rock, and keep up as brisk a fire as you can, and try to keep the rascals on board below till we get alongside.'

The boats were not long in coming within hail, and the plan of the major was immediately acted on; "with the difference only, that Trevor insisted on going in one of them, as it was the service of danger, leaving his sergeant in command of the remaining military on shore, with directions to support the movements of the boats by keeping up a sharp fire at all who appeared on the deck of the vessel. In the mean time the brig advanced slowly on towards the entrance of the bay, where the boats were lying in wait to intercept her.

The vigilant bushranger, however, who surveyed the preparations made for his reception with a cool and deliberate eye, was well aware that if he persisted in attempting to force his way out through the enemies who were assembled to greet him, the chances would be prodigiously against him. He had only six followers, making, with himself, seven in number; whereas the party in the boats could not be less, as he calculated, than twenty persons or more, many of whom, he could see, were soldiers; and besides, there was a party of a dozen soldiers or more on the top of the rock at the entrance, in a position to sweep his deck with their fire. Under these circumstances, it was clear that while his enemies remained together he was by far the weaker party. His game therefore was to entice the boats from the entrance of the passage, and if possible to divide them. He was inclined at one time to run the gauntlet and take his chance; but his usual habit of cool and cautious policy prevailed; and he judged it best to endeavour to gain time, and wait for the breeze to freshen, which it seemed likely to do, and which would give him a better chance of baffling the boats and of shooting through the narrow entrance of the bay. With this intent, he kept the vessel steadily on her course, the sails requiring no trimming, as the wind was nearly fair; but when he had advanced within a quarter of a mile of the boats he suddenly changed her course, and directed the head of the vessel towards the opposite side of the bay.

"Now for it!" called out the mate; "we have him now. Give way, boys!"

"Stop!" said the constable, standing up and addressing his commander, who was in the other boat; "don't be in too great a hurry; depend upon it, Mark Brandon has not made that movement for nothing: he has some design in it, I'll swear. You see, sir, so long as we stay here we are sure of him, for he can't pass us—he sees that—but if we go after him, we may not catch him, perhaps, and we shall leave the passage open."

"You are right," said the officer, who was by no means offended at the interference of the constable, who was an experienced hand, and bush expeditions always allowing liberty of speech and of advice to those qualified to give it; "but suppose the other runaway convicts that we have had notice of should come up and join the party on board the brig? They might be too strong for us then; or at any rate it would cost the loss of more life in the capturing of them."

"That's true," said the constable; "but all I say is this, that Mark Brandon has not made that move for nothing; he is up to some dodge, depend upon it."

"I am inclined to think," said the major; "but our surest plan is to wait for him here: if we leave our position we leave the passage free, and he might slip through before we could come up with him."

"No, no, Major," said the mate, whose head was too clear not to see at once the best course to be pursued in a case requiring nautical skill and judgment; "it will never do to stick here: it's all very well so long as there is but little wind, because we can be on him before he can help himself; but if it was to come on to blow a stiffish breeze, do ye see, he might bang through us, and run down one of the boats, perhaps, before we could be aboard of him. My advice is to go slap at him. Lord! we are enough to eat him; and with two boats he can't get away from us. There he goes about again: you see what he's after; he's manœuvring for the wind to get up, and then he'll pass us with a wet foresail, and leave us to grin at him!"

The harangue of the mate was received with a general hurrah by the sailors, who had their own wrongs to avenge, and the soldiers showed by the restless handling of their firelocks that they were not less pleased at the prospect of getting at the possessors of the brig; although the habit of military discipline prevented any outward expression of their inclination.

"Why," continued the mate, "we can take them with one boat, and the other can remain here, to catch 'em, if they get away from us. If the major will say the word, I'll be bound to have the rascals under the hatches, with our own men, without troubling the soldiers."

"I think that is a good plan, Mr. Trevor," said the major; "sailors are best for boarding. But we will alter Mr. Northland's plan a little, this way. I will go with him and the bluejackets in chase of the vessel; while you, with your own boat, can keep steadily on in a straight line, so as to intercept her either way, and then we shall be able to close with her fore and aft."

This plan was instantly adopted, and an interchange of the men in the boats having been effected, the major, in command of the bluejackets, having his trusty mate as his lieutenant, immediately started in pursuit.

These arrangements were not unobserved by those on board the brig. The dimensions of the bay being about five miles from the entrance, and three broad, it seemed impossible for the brig to escape one or the other of the boats, although the wind was most favourable for her manœuvres, as it blew directly from the north towards the open sea, and gave the advantage to the vessel to make tacks on her quickest point of sailing from one side of the bay to the other.

But this game the bushranger was aware could not last long, if both the boats did their duty, and his only chance of escape was to delude them into pursuing him to the bottom of the bay, from which the fair wind would enable him easily to emerge; and then, as he calculated, if the breeze would only freshen a bit, he should be able to distance the boats, and get out to sea. As to the party lying in ambush for him on the rock at the entrance, he cared very little for their

opposition, as the worst that their musket balls could do would be to riddle his sails here and there; and if the wind kept up, he should soon be out of their reach. But when he saw the systematic plan adopted by his enemies, he began to fear that for once he had met with his match, and that his fate, so far as the brig was concerned, was sealed. With these thoughts he turned his attention to the possibility of making his escape to the shore; but before he did that, he was resolved to try every possible means of getting the brig out of the bay, either by stratagem or force. An unexpected occasion of strength seemed to favour most opportunely the latter plan.

The second body of convicts which had taken to the bush as the ensign had informed the constable when he first joined that party, and whose escape had caused the authorities at Hobart Town to despatch the auxiliary detachment of soldiers under an officer's command, had made their way to the southern part of the island, whither, the report was, Mark Brandon had led his followers. They formed part of a road gang stationed about six miles from Hobart Town, on the road beyond Sandy Bay, and were most of them characters of the worst description, having been returned from settlers' service up the country to government employ, on account of bad conduct and insubordination. It was the monotonous work, the restricted indulgences, and the severe discipline to which they were subjected when working on the roads, that had prompted them to the desperate expedient of taking to the bush, to which they had been stimulated also by the report that was abroad of a brig having been telegraphed which had not come up the river, and which led them to surmise that its capture was the object of Brandon's flight, a man who was well known to all the prisoners as one whose cunning in difficulties and daring in danger was sufficient for the successful exertion of almost any enterprise howsoever difficult.

By dint of forced marches, which nothing but the desire of liberty could have enabled them to sustain, the runaways had contrived to make their way to the southern part of the coast, and to reach the hill which overlooked the bay—and which was the same on which Mr. Silliman had performed the part of a native with such dramatic effect—by daylight, on the morning when the boats commenced their active hostilities against the brig. For some time they were doubtful how matters stood, and which was the party of Mark Brandon—that in the boats, or in the brig; and they watched the proceedings of both parties with intense interest from their covert behind the crest of the hill. But when the brig neared that side of the bay where they were concealed, and the rising sun glancing on the polished firelocks revealed the presence of the military, they had no doubt of the presence of enemies in that quarter; the more especially as the ensign standing up in the boat betrayed in a moment by his dress and demeanour his soldierly character.

They could see only four or five figures on board the brig, which confirmed them in their belief that it was in the possession of Mark Brandon, who was reported to have taken to the bush with half a dozen followers. Fired with the prospect of escape which this state of things afforded to the runaway convicts, and seeing the dispro-

portion of strength between the attacking party in the boats and the small number which they concluded to be on board the brig, they saw at once that if they could add their additional numbers to Mark Brandon's force they might be able to beat off the boats, and fight their way successfully to the open sea. A consultation was immediately held between them. They found that all their party were in an efficient state, notwithstanding the fatigue of their forced march through the bush, which nothing but the fear of pursuit and the desperation of their condition could have enabled them to perform. They had among them one musket and five fowling-pieces, which they had contrived to purloin previous to their escape from camp, with a dozen axes. They had no doubt of finding more arms on board: once there, they felt sure of the result. But how to apprise Mark Brandon of the arrival of friends—that was the point. It was proposed that one of them should endeavour to swim on board; but that experiment was rejected as too hazardous. Another suggested that a signal should be made to the brig from the shore; but that course it was feared was as likely to attract the observation of the boats as of the vessel, and then their project would be defeated: besides, how was Mark to know from whom the signal proceeded—from friends or foes?

The attempt of communicating with the brig might have been altogether baffled if one rogue more ingenious than the rest, who had been a long time in the colony, and was well acquainted with bush expedients, had not thought of making a bark canoe after the manner of the natives, which would enable one of them to get afloat and reach the vessel. This idea was unanimously approved, and half a dozen immediately repaired to a cluster of stringy-bark trees, which were observed about a quarter of a mile off, in a hollow, sheltered from the cold and boisterous south winds.

One of them being mounted on the shoulders of the rest, cut the bark horizontally all round, while the same operation was performed below; then slitting the bark in a vertical direction from top to bottom of each cut, they peeled the bark from the tree, which came off in a single piece, about ten feet long. Gathering up the two ends, they tied them firmly with such materials as they had about them, at either end, so as to prevent the admission of water, and the machine then presented the appearance of a long and narrow canoe, in which two men could sit easily, but which, from its shape and frail manufacture, was liable to overturn, or to split at the slightest impediment. The man who had suggested the expedient volunteered to make his way on board, and "whether he was drowned or whether he was shot," he said, "made little odds, for he was tired of his life of slavery, and he would as lieve die as live any longer in such a wretched state."

Two branches were cut down and shaped as well as the hurry and circumstances permitted to serve as paddles, and the man putting the canoe on his shoulder and taking the paddles under his arm, went stealthily down to the edge of the water. Having launched his canoe, and creeping into it carefully without his shoes, to prevent its upsetting,

he balanced himself in a sitting posture in the centre, and by the aid of his paddles propelled his light bark with extraordinary rapidity over the water in the direction of the brig.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BUSHRANGER'S NEW STRATAGEM.

THE canoe lay so low in the water, and the two boats were so intent on the movements of the brig, and the brig of them, that it entirely escaped the notice of both parties; but as it was directly in the course of the vessel, the man on the look-out forward presently sung out to the bushranger, who was aft attending to the steering of the vessel, that there was a canoe right ahead with a man in it.

Brandon had scarcely time to put the helm hard up before the brig was close upon the frail machine, and at the same moment the man in the canoe recognising a fellow-prisoner on board, called to him by name. His comrade without hesitation threw a rope to him, which its occupant instantly securing round his body, he was pulled out of his canoe and dragged for a few moments astern as the vessel continued her course. When he was hauled up on board he quickly explained to Brandon that there were eight-and-twenty of them ashore, some with firearms, and all with weapons of some sort or other ready to join them, and to take their chance on board the brig.

Mark, who was as quick as a bandicoot and as cunning as a platypus in perceiving and avoiding danger, was not less ready to take advantage of all opportunities in his own favour without regard to the interests or safety of those whom he made use of for his purposes. Despairing of making his way out by force, but seeing at once the advantage of making a diversion so as to draw off one of the boats from the pursuit of the vessel, he pretended to hail the news of such an accession of strength with delight, and proposed that the messenger should without delay assemble all his comrades on the beach, from which the brig would contrive to take them off by means of ropes and other contrivances, which he would invent by the time they were ready to avail themselves of them. To this effect he kept on his course towards the land till he had arrived within less than a quarter of a mile of the beach, and then urging the messenger to do his best in swimming on shore, he dropped him into the sea, and turning the vessel's head round on the other tack, shot over to the further side of the bay.

The hoisting of the man on board from the canoe which had been just visible on the surface of the water, but which had turned over with the jerk of his being pulled out of it, and was no longer to be seen, was not unobserved by the vigilant mate, who was standing up in the boat, and who was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of it, and which was rendered more puzzling by the vessel running the needless risk, as it appeared to him, of keeping so close in-shore. He kept his eye on the spot, and shortly he saw a something which he presently made out to be a man emerge from the water, and make his way

rapidly up the slope of the bare hill. Struck with this circumstance, he bade the men lay on their oars a moment while he pointed out the object to the major.

"What can be the meaning of that?" said the major: "that's a man making his way up that hill as plain as can be; but whether it is a native or not, is more than I can tell."

"Whatever it is," said the mate, "I saw him come out of the water in that direction, and he must have come out of the brig; where else could he come from?"

"There he goes," said the constable: "now he has disappeared over the top of the hill. What the deuce is the meaning of this? Some new dodge of Mark's. Depend upon it, whatever Mark does he has reason for it; but what his game is in sending that chap over the hill beats my guessing."

"Can it be to see what we have done with the girls at our fortress?" asked the major of the mate, with some anxiety—natural under the circumstances. "There is only that poor fellow Silliman to protect them."

"No fear of harm there," said the constable: "if the young ladies' sentinel only keeps himself close, and shows the muzzle of his musket through the barricade at the cave's mouth, no single man will venture to attack him; but after all, that man's leaving the vessel in that way means something. Mark is as full of tricks as a hunted fox; but what this new move is, is more than I can tell."

"Never mind," exclaimed the mate; "don't lose time in guessing; our business is to get possession of the brig, and have her we must; for you see we are regularly chasing her into a corner, and we must bring her to close quarters at last, and then we will at her, and huzzah for the first in! Now, my men, give way."

"Stay," said the constable; "keep the boat steady a moment longer. I see a body of men coming over the hill; there are twenty or thirty of them. What's the game now?"

"I see them," said the mate; "and look! the brig has gone about to meet them. Hulloa! we shall have a spree by-and-by. If those chaps are Mark Brandon's friends, and they get aboard the brig, we shall have more work to do than we reckoned on. And here comes the soldiers' boat, pulling with all their might: hold hard, my sons: the soldier officer, I suppose, wants to speak to us."

"Have you observed that body of men?" said the ensign eagerly to the major as his boat came up alongside. "From all appearances they are friends of those on board, and I have no doubt that they are the other body of prisoners escaped from camp. If they join those who are on board they may prove too strong for us: I have counted nearly thirty of them."

"Bless your heart!" said the mate, "they will make no difference; it's only a little more fighting, and it's all in the day's work! Why, such fellows as those can do nothing when it comes to downright hard knocks. We can take 'em easy. Hulloa! what's that lubberly bushranger doing with the brig, knocking her about that way! Going about again—what's that for? Isn't he going to take the other fellows on board? No: he's about again. Major, we are only losing time;

we had better make way and join him in the bottom of the bay; we must have him then."

"Those fellows on shore," said the major, "may be making their way to our fortress. Don't you think your party on the rock would be well employed in making head against them before they do mischief?"

The ensign eagerly caught at the suggestion. There was no knowing what outrage a band of desperate miscreants might commit on defenceless women. Their only protection at present was Mr. Silliman; and the party of soldiers on the rock was at least half a mile from the fortress,—a long distance, as he had already learned, in the pathless bush.

"I will make my way back to the rock," he said, "and direct the sergeant to march his men against this new body of marauders. If it is done promptly, it may have the effect of preventing their junction with their friends on board the brig."

"Do so," said the major: "we will lay on our oars till you come back; and then, as the brig cannot escape us now, we will attack her in concert, and bring this affair to a conclusion. The sight of the two boats together may perhaps frighten the rascals, and cause them to surrender without bloodshed."

"Not he," said the constable, as the ensign's boat left them. "If you think Mark Brandon will let himself be taken without fighting, you are mistaken, I can tell you that. Mark will have a tussle for it, depend upon it; but I think we have him at last. I don't know, though; he has so many schemes in his head—has that man—that you never know when you have got him and when you haven't. After all, I should not be surprised if he was to slip through our fingers—sure as we are of him."

"Never fear," said the mate, rubbing his hands impatiently, "I only wish I was as sure of the command of an East Indiaman as I am of grabbing that rascal. I wouldn't give up my chance for . . . See! the fellows on the beach are going back: and now the brig goes about again. Hah! they see it; and now they are coming down to the beach again. What is all this backing and filling for? Is the brig going to take them on board or not?"

"That's more than any of us can tell," said the constable; "nobody knows Mark's plans but himself: but depend on it, whatever he does, is done with a reason. He is watching us now, and knows what we are about as well as we do ourselves, I'll be bound. He has seen the ensign's boat join us, and go away again towards the rock where the other party of soldiers is, and I'll swear that he knows at this minute what it's for. But why he waits for the soldiers to attack his fellow prisoners on the beach is more than I can tell. You might as well try to fathom the middle of the sea as Mark's deepness."

"Our friend Trevor has reached the rock," said the major: "I see the men saluting. Now he is giving his orders; now they move on. That's right, double-quick time, my men. Now—I lose sight of them—I see; they are going to take the rascals behind, and hem them in between themselves and the sea. Only twelve file, though. However, they are soldiers, and the others are raggamuffins; so there's

force enough; and they can fire three times for the others' once. Here comes Trevor again. Now, my boys, we shall wait no longer; the brig can't escape us. We will board her while the red coats engage her attention in another way. Hard case this, Northland, to be obliged to take our own vessel again by force of arms."

"Force of arms!" said the mate, disdainfully, and with a contemptuous motion of his hand towards the brig; "force of a fiddlestick! Those fellows will never stand us; we have only to show ourselves on board. And suppose they do fight?—all the better. I'm blest," said he, with a jovial grin at his brother blue-jackets, "if we arn't all of us getting rusty for want of a scrimmage! Hurrah! here's the red-coats! Now Major, I suppose we may be moving?"

The breeze from the north in the mean time had freshened considerably, and it threatened to blow hard, so that the advantage on the side of the brig was considerably increased, and she made her way so rapidly through the water as to give hope to the bushranger that he should be able to baffle his enemies by her speed of sailing. The boats however neared him every minute, and he made up his mind to make a dash through them with the fair wind which he had in his favour, when one of those changes occurred so frequent at that season of the year. The wind suddenly lulled; the boats set up a cheer, and pulled vigorously to their mark. They were within half a mile of the brig when a blast of air from the high hills on the other side of the bay suddenly filled her sails, and she again shot through the water.

At this time the party of convicts on shore had caught sight of the soldiers coming down upon them over the bare hills, and they hastily retreated, keeping within reach however of the margin of the bay, in the hope of being taken on board the brig. But the wind now began to blow from all quarters of the heavens, and it was impossible for the brig's crew to lend their assistance to those on shore, even had they been willing; and as Brandon had accomplished his object in making use of them for the purpose of the diversion which he desired, and had succeeded in drawing away the party of soldiers which had been stationed on the rock at the entrance of the passage, he would have had no objection to receive them on board had the opportunity been afforded to him. But it was too late; it was as much as he could do to attend to the sails and steering of the brig, feebly assisted as he was by his companions, unused as they were to manœuvring a vessel.

In the mean time the retreat of the convicts on shore had drawn the sergeant's party round the bay to the further side, and a few shots were faintly heard, indicating that the fray was becoming serious in that quarter. In the mean time the elements seemed to be mustering up their strength, and a squall from the south-east twisting round the brig, drove her furiously, and before those on board could trim the sails or avoid the danger, to the bottom of the bay. There was a low sandy shoal stretching from the shore far into the water, towards which the brig was propelled rapidly. There was no help for it. The bushranger saw that all exertion was vain; all hope of escaping by the brig was lost. Making up his mind on the instant, with the rapid decision for which he was so remarkable, and which in an honest

course of life might have raised him to high fortune and distinction, he summoned up all his energy to bear the bitter disappointment with fortitude. He knew that if he allowed his mind to be depressed by the failure, his ideas would become clouded, and his invention blunted, so as to lessen his chance of escape from the imminent danger which now hung over him. In a very few minutes he had formed in his head a new scheme, by which he calculated he might make terms for himself in case of extremity ; and in any event, he considered he could take to the bush, and wait for another chance, though he did not disguise from himself that taking to the bush was a desperate expedient, and to be had recourse to only in case of the failure of all other means of safety. He had no sooner made up his mind as to the best thing to be done under the circumstances than he set about its execution.

He immediately collected in the cabin, which at the moment was the place most easily got at, all the combustibles that he could readily heap together, which, with the assistance of his companions, was quickly done, and he then disposed it so as to be readily fired, taking care that the materials were so placed as to make as large a blaze as possible. The sight of the brig on fire he calculated would cause his pursuers to busy themselves in the first place with extinguishing the flames, without busying themselves about him, which would give him time to execute his ulterior project. He had scarcely made this arrangement, and prepared himself and his companions for leaving the vessel, when the brig struck violently on the shoal, and swinging round, while the mainmast went by the board with the shock, presented her broadside to the sands.

Mark Brandon instantly set fire to the lumber in the cabin, and then, descending the ship's side with his confederates, they made their way to the top of a low hill in the immediate vicinity of the shore.

In pursuance of the plan which he had formed, and knowing well that numbers are an inconvenience in the bush, unless so great as to defy attack, which in the present case was out of the question, he immediately selected two men on whom he thought he could entirely depend, and who had not the ability to outwit him, but on whose dogged courage he could rely, and at the same time he directed the remaining four to lose no time in joining the party who kept up a running fight with the sergeant's party of soldiers.

"Our only chance, my mates," he said, "is to keep together ; but we must try to draw off the attention of the soldiers in the boats, and lead them in a different direction. Tell our friends to keep up the fight, and retreat towards the north, while I will, with Jim and Rodger, entice the boat party to the westward. And, do you see that sugarloaf-hill yonder, quite in the distance — may be a dozen miles off, or more ? Well, rally round that hill, and before night I will meet you there, and then we can consult together as to the best course to be taken. See ! the soldiers have turned our party of friends somehow, and they are retreating inland. The sergeant's party will not follow them far ; it's only for every man to make the best use of his legs, and get at once into the bush. Now, my men, start, and do the business cleverly, and leave me to do mine."

The four subordinate ruffians, unable or unwilling to dispute the direction of a leader, whom they had become accustomed to obey as much from the superiority of his force of mind as by their voluntary adoption of him as their chief, lost no time in following Mark Brandon's directions, and in a brief space they had joined their new companions, and given them the word. But the soldiers in pursuit had pushed them too closely to allow them to put Mark's advice in execution, and, by a quick military movement, they contrived to place the convicts between their fire and the water; and the fugitives thus turned, were driven in the direction of the burning brig, towards which the boats were rapidly hastening.

"It will do," said Mark, as he cautiously peered over the top of the hill and observed the progress of affairs below; "it will do; and now for my work. Rodger, tread like a native; there must be no noise. Jemmy, my man, wind yourself after me like a snake; sharp's the word; — but there must be no sound — not a word spoken; and mind, the report of a musket would ruin all my plan." So saying, he proceeded by a circuitous route, and at as rapid a pace as possible, to the back part of the rock which had formed the site of the major's temporary encampment the preceding night, and the exact locality of which he had marked from the light of the bivouac fires which had been lighted on the occasion of the junction of the ensign's party of soldiers with the ship's crew of the brig. The bushranger went on with confidence; and conscious of his powers in plots and stratagems, with a sort of joyous prescience that his artful and diabolical plan would be successful.

It is necessary, however, to return to the scene of the advancing boats and the devoted vessel, from the stern windows of which volumes of smoke and flame now broke out with appalling fury.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SKIRMISH.

It is impossible to describe the mingled rage and sorrow of the mate, when he beheld the gallant little brig, which he had brought safely fifteen thousand miles over the sea, from the other side of the globe, with its mainmast lying shattered on the deck, and its stern-ports evolving clouds of smoke and flames, — the wicked work of the ignorance or the malice of the pirates. All the epithets of execration which nautical or other phraseology could furnish, were lavished on the rascally bushranger and his villanous crew. Regarding, as the affectionate seaman did, his ship as his mistress, and personifying it, as sailors love to do, as a thing of life, he felt the ravages inflicted on her beautiful frame as much almost as wounds on his own body. Nor was the major less exasperated at the sight of his burning vessel, on board of which was nearly the whole of his fortune, and which now seemed consigned irremediably to the flames. He forgot the bushrangers and everything else, in the all-absorbing desire to save his property, without which life would be to him a weary exile indeed

in the colony of Van Diemen's Land. The ensign, also, was quite alive to the ruin which threatened to overwhelm his anticipated father-in-law, and he urged his rowers to put out their utmost strength, in order to reach the vessel before the progress of the flames should render all assistance hopeless. But of the three, the mate was the most energetic in his action, 'as he was most eloquent in his exclamations :—

"Give way, boys," he said, as he stood up, and endeavoured by the motion of his own body to add impetus to the movement of the boat; "give way, as you would save your souls! Oh, the infernal rascal! To set fire to her! What harm had the poor little brig done him, I should like to know? The dirty, sneaking, cowardly, shore-going, long-tailed blackguard!—There goes the sergeant after the other fellows! Pepper them well, my lads; stick it into 'em; they're all alike! There comes more smoke from the stern port-holes! It's only smoke, perhaps, after all! No: its flame too! Give way—bend to it; stretch to it; that's the stroke; hurrah! now she goes. Shouldn't I like to put out that fire with the lubberly carcasses of the villains! Hanging's too good for them,—the murdering, fire-raising thieves! Hurrah, my boys, we are just on her. Hold hard; jump ashore; no ceremony; follow me."

So saying, the mate, seizing a rope which was hanging from the bowsprit, quickly slung himself on deck, and was followed with cordial promptitude by the crew of the brig; and with not less alacrity by the sailors belonging to the government boats. As in all cases of difficulty and danger, where the most skilful and courageous are instinctively looked up to for advice, he at once assumed the direction of those on board.

"Major, make half-a-dozen fellows clear away the mast. Carpenter, come along with me. Get the buckets, and pass them aft down the companion-ladder. Boy, get the swabs and soak 'em well; and quick! be alive! I'll try to find my way down below, if it's a thing that's possible."

Thrice did the sturdy mate endeavour to force his way through the smoke and flames below; and thrice was he repulsed by the heat and vapour. But at last he was able to reach the cabin door, and he contrived to throw in a few buckets of water: he was relieved by the carpenter, who in his turn was compelled to retreat; and in this way the crew, taking it by turns, were able to withstand for a brief space the stifling effects of the smoke, and to deluge the cabin with water.

In the mean time the sergeant's party had driven the convicts close to the brig, and the ensign, seizing the opportunity, added his own force to that of the assailants, and hemmed in the prisoners on the beach, in a hollow descent, close to where the brig was burning.

"Surrender yourselves," he called out; "you have no chance of escape; you see we are too strong for you. Surrender yourselves, and trust to the governor's mercy."

There was a pause for a moment on either side. The convicts looked at one another, and looked at the soldiers. There were only nineteen against them; and their own party, by the accession of the four from the brig, was raised to thirty-two. It was nearly two to

one in their favour ; and the four muskets of their new comrades were an important addition of strength. But their habitual dread of the military, and the smart of the wounds which one or two of them had already received, made them waver in their determination. At last one of them acting as spokesman, came a step forward, and asked, "if, on surrender, their lives would be spared?"

"I have no authority to promise that," replied the officer ; "but as my desire is to prevent the shedding of blood, I will promise to make the most favourable representation of your submission to the governor, but your surrender must be unconditional."

"What's the use," said one of the convicts to his fellows, "of having our lives spared, as you call it? If they are spared, we shall be sent to Macquarrie harbour, and that's worse than death. If we can't get our liberty, let us die where we are. We are two to one, and it's hard if we can't beat those soldiers: they are only men like ourselves ; and when it comes to close quarters, one man is as good as another. I'm for fighting it out, and taking our chance."

"If we can only make our way to the sugar-loaf hill, which you can see from the top of the ridge there," said one of the men from the brig, "we shall meet with Mark Brandon and two more, and then we may be able to have a try at the vessel again, and get clear off—who knows? There may be luck for us, as well as another."

"I wish Mark Brandon was with us," exclaimed several ; "we want a leader ; there's nothing to be done without a leader."

"If Mark was with us, he would soon hatch a scheme to outwit that young officer, there. Let us take our chance, and try to join him ; we can but surrender at last."

"Hurrah, then! let us make a rush, and break through the soldiers ;—if we can get into the bush, we shall be more of a match for 'em. Now, then, all together!"

With a loud hurrah the prisoners fired a volley, and rushing forward, made their way through the soldiers, killing one, and wounding two more. But they had received a deadly discharge from the few whose position in front enabled them to take aim with effect ; the soldiers at the sides of the short crescent being prevented from firing, from the consideration that if they did, their balls were likely to take effect on their comrades opposite. Three of the prisoners fell on the beach ; but the main body effected their retreat over the brow of a low hill, hotly pursued by the soldiers, who were exasperated at the death of one of their comrades. Their escape, however, did not avail them long ; for as the country was nearly bare of trees in that direction, they were exposed to the practised aim of the military. Three more prisoners were the sufferers by this running fire, both parties hastening forward at their best speed. But the prisoners, who were weary and footsore with their long and hurried journey from the camp, were outstripped on this occasion by the soldiers ; and had not the latter been delayed in their pursuit by their occasional halts to reload, and by the habit of military precision which caused them to keep together, they would soon have overtaken the runaways, and have brought the matter to a sharp conclusion. As it was, the prisoners might have succeeded in effecting their escape had not an unexpected

obstacle stopped their further progress. This was the inlet of the sea, branching out of D'Entrecasteau's channel.

The ensign, at the instigation of the constable, had edged away to the left, by which manœuvre he forced the prisoners to continue their flight more towards the right, whither they were gradually propelled, till they were stopped by the broad part of the inlet in which the constable's boat had taken shelter, and in which recess the ensign's boat had afterwards joined the first pursuers. The prisoners saw the trap into which they had been driven too late; they found themselves enclosed in the angle formed by the channel on the one side, and the inlet on the other; the soldiers' line, which now advanced in order, forming the base of the triangle. Without giving them time to recover themselves, the officer instantly summoned them a second time to surrender, and seeing that they turned round in an attitude of offence, he at once gave the word to fire. Three volleys from the military disabled fourteen of the runaways, and their number being now reduced to twelve, Trevor gave the word to charge, when the prisoners, bewildered and panic-struck, allowed themselves to be taken without resistance.

Being disarmed, and bound with their hands behind them, they were carefully secured on the spot; and as the number of wounded was too large to be transported to the bay, the officer despatched half a dozen of his men back to the boats at the bay with orders for the larger one of the two to be immediately brought round by the government sailors in order that the captured runaways might be transported with as little delay as possible to Hobart Town, where the wounded could receive the necessary medical assistance, and the whole be dealt with according to law. On questioning the prisoners, he learnt from some of them who were now willing enough to make terms for themselves by any disclosures they could offer, that Mark Brandon was to meet them at the foot of the sugar-loaf hill, which they pointed out in the distance; and that the soldiers would be sure to find him there if they did their office warily, as Mark would have no suspicion of their having being set after him. This prompt betrayal of their associates by the sneaks who trembled for their own skins, while it inspired the disgust with which it could not fail to strike an honest man's heart, abated considerably the commiseration which the ensign, as a brave soldier, could not avoid feeling for the sufferers which he was compelled to inflict in the execution of his duty.

"The dirty scoundrels!" said the constable, "they would betray their own father, most of them, for a glass of rum! And this you see," he said to the ensign, "is what enables us to keep them down; they can never trust one another; every rascal knows that his fellow-rascal would sell him if he had the opportunity. Do you know," he continued, "I have my doubts about Mark having intended to join them again. If he wanted to join them, why didn't he do so at once, and while there was a chance of their being able to resist us successfully? That Mark Brandon is up to some dodge, depend on it: no doubt he set the ship on fire that we might busy ourselves about putting it out without going after him; and — the sugar-loaf hill? let me see:

that lies to the north, and if Mark takes to the bush his game would be to go to the westward. By George, it looks very like it!"

"Looks very like what?" asked the ensign.

"Why, you see, dealing with Mark is like playing at all-fours, or cribbage,—or drafts, more like: it's all a matter of circumventing; but I'm up to his game; I've been after him before."

"And what is his game, as you call it, now?"

"Look!" said the constable; "here's the north, and there's the west. Now, if Mark wanted to draw you and your men away from himself, what could he do better than tell these poor devils that he would meet them at that hill yonder, and so egg 'em on to fight their way there, and you after them, and that would leave the coast clear for himself?"

"But there was the major's party to watch him," said the ensign, a flush coming over his face, as if struck with some sudden thought.

"He had provided against that by setting the ship on fire; and sailors would never leave their ship, he knew very well, at such a time, to go after all the bushrangers that ever went out."

"You think then that this Mark Brandon, if he took to the bush, would go westward?" said the ensign, with much interest.

"To be sure he would! Why, he never would run into the lion's mouth by going on the road back to camp; and he can't go eastward, because there's the broad channel between him and that side of the island. No; he has started off to the west, depend upon it, and he is going to try his chance in the bush, and that's why he has allowed only two of his six men to be with him, because he knows that in the bush the great point is to avoid being tracked;—besides, it's easier to feed three than seven."

"If he has gone westward," said the ensign, meditatively

"No doubt of it."

"The place where the major left his daughters is on the west side of the bay?"

"To be sure it is."

"Do you think he would visit it?"

"I don't know," said the constable; "it would be running a risk: to be sure there's only that poor Mr. Silliman there. What have they got with them? any money, or watches, or trinkets? any thing valuable that is easy to be carried?"

"I rather think the major said he had secured one or two bags of dollars; but there are the young ladies—of more consequence than money."

"I don't know: women are all very well in their way, but they are dreadful troublesome in the bush. I don't think Mark would be bothered with them. He likes a pretty gal, though, if all stories be true, and"

"Could you engage to take charge of these prisoners," said the ensign, suddenly, "if I left you?"

"Ay, ay: leave your sergeant here with his party, and I'll engage to take care of them. We have 'em now as safe as bricks. You are going after Mark, then?"

"I think that unless we take him we shall effect but half our ob-

ject. I will give instructions to the sergeant, and leave you in charge. The corporal and his two men will go with me."

"Take care," said the constable, as the ensign hastily took his departure, "that you don't lose your way going back: a man's easily lost in the bush, especially a new hand."

"Now, corporal," said Trevor, "we must put our best legs foremost; our work is not half done yet. Are you in good marching order?"

The corporal answered for himself and his men gladly, preferring much the roving and exciting life of such expeditions to the dull monotony of barracks and daily drill; and full instructions having been left with the constable and the sergeant in anticipation of all accidents, Trevor set out on his way, his mind filled with the most lively apprehensions of alarm for the fate of Helen and her sister, should the bushranger take it into his head, for any purpose of plunder or violence, to visit the place of their retreat.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. SILLIMAN MAKES A DECLARATION.

THE sisters in the cave suffered the deepest anxiety during the events which have been related; but as their father and Mr. Trevor had exacted from them the promise that they would not on any account quit the protection of their covert, but wait with patience the issue of the conflict, they were precluded from attempting to ascertain what was going forward in the bay; and their ignorance of the posture of affairs between the bushrangers and their own friends added to the painfulness of their apprehensions.

"Could not you climb that tree," asked Louisa of Mr. Silliman, who was assiduously keeping guard at the entrance behind the bulwark of dead timber, which had been erected for their defence, "and see what they are doing?"

"I've had enough of climbing," replied their sentinel, with a rueful countenance, at the remembrance of his reception by the opossums; "but to oblige you I would do it with pleasure, only, as I have been left here by the officer, as a sort of sentry, you see, Miss, I am doing military duty, as it were, and a soldier must not quit his post."

"I thought you prided yourself more on being a sailor," said Louisa, with that sweet smile which the sex are always ready to exhibit when they want any thing to be done for them; "and sailors are always such good climbers!"

"I could climb," replied Jeremiah, with enthusiasm, "any thing for you, Miss Louisa, if it was the biggest tree on all the island! But"

"Mr. Silliman is right," said Helen; "he must not leave his post; as soldiers' daughters, we know that; but this state of uncertainty is really very painful. I will try to explore the inside of the cave."

"Don't be so foolish, Helen," said her sister; "it is too dark for

you to see where you are going ; and perhaps there may be savage animals, or snakes, or something."

"I will take care of myself ; I cannot bear standing still, doing nothing ; perhaps this place has an outlet at the back."

Jeremiah and Louisa were left alone.

Jerry's heart had been excessively touched by the amiable manner in which the major's youngest daughter had recently been pleased to address him ; and her preferring to remain with him to accompanying her sister on her exploring expedition, seemed to him a favourable sign. His heart beat with great bumps, and he experienced, as he afterwards described it, a feeling of alloverishness, which convinced him that it was to Louisa, and not to Helen, that his heart was entirely devoted ; a fact which he had doubted before, never having been able to make up his mind as to which of the lovely sisters he preferred. But his present symptoms decided him as to his predilection. Oppressed, however, with the pleasing sensation, he heaved a prodigious sigh !

"What's that?" said Louisa, ready to take alarm at the slightest sound, and coming closer to Jeremiah. Jeremiah's heart beat quicker than ever ! As he characteristically explained the emotion, "it went up and down just like the steam-engine in the Margate packet !"

"It's me!" said Jerry, pumping up another sigh, and looking at the young lady with eyes squeezed into the extremest point of tenderness.

"You, Mr. Silliman ? Heavens ! what's the matter ?"

"Ah ! Miss Louisa !"

"Are you in pain ?" asked Louisa ; for she was a kind and gentle girl, and she spoke with the sweetest commiseration.

"Ah, Miss Louisa ! the wounds which you have inflicted on . . ."

"You mean the opossums?" said Louisa.

"No, Miss ; it is not the opossums. Sharp as their bites and scratches were, the wounds that I feel are sharper still !"

"Good gracious ! Mr. Silliman, what do you mean ?"

"Do you not feel," said Jerry, "the genial influence of this beautiful morning ? The bright rays of the sun, and the notes of that melodious bird, which the ensign said was the native magpie, although for the life of me I can't make out how that can be — but I suppose it is so"

"I hear nothing at present," replied Louisa, "but the curious cry of the bird that Mr. Trevor calls the laughing jackass."

"Think only of the agreeables," resumed Jerry. "I have been thinking how happy two people might live together, in a beautiful cave like this — loving one another ! and listening to the birds, and gazing at the cockatoos as they fly about ! eating the wild fruits of the earth, and drinking the water from the spring . . . all love !" . . .

"What ! without any bottled porter, Mr. Silliman ?"

"All love, Miss, and a little bottled porter ! This is a beautiful country — Isn't it ?"

"You have not had a very beautiful reception in it," observed Louisa, looking round for her sister, and rather desirous to avoid a declaration, which, with the instinctive prescience of her sex, she felt

was on the point of exploding; "it was hard to make your first acquaintance with the land, by being thrown into the sea by those wicked bushrangers!"

"It was hard, that! but it was for the best; for my being chucked into the sea was the means of making known to the constables and soldiers that the bushrangers had got possession of the brig."

"Was not the coming to life again, after being drowned almost as you were, a very curious sensation?"

"Not so curious as the sensation I now feel, Miss Louisa, nor nearly so delightful! I . . ."

"Dear me! I should have thought it was rather a painful one! And did you not say," she continued, wishing to force the conversation from the point that Mr. Silliman was obviously seeking, "that you were bitten by a great tarantula spider, as big as a cheeseplate?"

"It might have bitten me, perhaps, but I killed the nasty thing; — but do you not think that two . . ."

"And the scorpions! Didn't they sting you?"

"No; I escaped them; but I was very near sitting down on a whole nest of the little wretches. I was going to say, Miss Louisa . . ."

"How horrible it must have been when you found yourself again in the hands of that dreadful man! — Mark Brandon, isn't he called? and when the kangaroo had hold of you — gracious! were you not frightened?"

"A man, Miss Louisa, is not easily frightened," said Jeremiah, assuming an heroic air. "I was not aware that kangaroos have such long sharp claws, or I should have killed the plaguy beast at once."

"And when the bushranger put his pistol into your mouth — heavens! what a mercy it was that it didn't go off! Were you not frightened then?"

"I was astonished, Miss, but not frightened. A man to whom lovely woman looks up as her protector," said Jerry, putting his hand to his heart, "must have courage. How could I ask you to depend on me, if . . ."

"But how did you feel when Mr. Northland caught hold of your leg? The mate said that you didn't cry out, but stood as firm as — I forget what . . ."

"No, Miss Louisa, it does not become a man to cry out in danger like a woman: of course a woman cries out naturally when she is in a fright, because that is all she can do; but I fired off my musket, as was my duty, to give the alarm. But, dear Miss Louisa, this is not what I want to talk to you about. If you could see into my heart . . ."

"O I have no doubt I should see a great many curious things! but I want you to tell me about the opossums . . ."

"You would see in it your image," continued the impassioned Jerry; "and your beautiful face engraved . . ."

"Dear me! that would be comparing it to a wooden one! But I wonder what is become of Helen?"

"She is not wanted at this moment. She is very pretty; but you, dear Miss Louisa," said Jerry, growing dangerously energetic, "are prettier still! You are indeed! And I always thought so — all the

way out—though I never told you so ! I never did, because I feared I should offend you”

“Where can Helen be ?—Helen !”

“Don't call her, dear Miss Louisa ; let me tell you how I”

“Really, Mr. Silliman, I'm quite frightened that Helen does not come. I must go and see after her, while you keep watch here. Stay ; look there ! Is not that smoke rising, a long way off, over those low rocks ?”

“What is the matter ?” asked her sister, returning hastily from the interior of the cave.

“The smoke, Helen ! Do you see the smoke ? there”

“I do ; and, listen ! Was not that the sound of muskets firing ?” said Helen, excited.

“The sound of firing,” said Louisa, trembling.

“Yes, the sound of firing. There, again ! I am sure it is ; but it is a long way off : it comes from a point to the right of the smoke.”

“O Heavens !” exclaimed Louisa, “then they are fighting at this very moment, and dear papa perhaps is killed !”

“I hope George will not be rash !” unconsciously uttered Helen.

“It must be the boats attacking the brig,” said Mr. Silliman.

“What can the smoke mean ?” said Helen, anxiously.

“I know that something dreadful is happening,” said the timid Louisa, bursting into tears, and sinking on to the log of a tree, which had been placed in the cave for their accommodation.

“Go,” said Helen to Mr. Silliman, “and try to see what is going on.”

“But, Miss Helen,” he remonstrated, “remember that I promised not to leave my post.”

“Then I will go myself,” said Helen. “Don't be frightened, Louisa ; Mr. Silliman shall remain with you, and I will go to the edge of the bay, and try to find out what is going on. There can be no doubt of our party getting the better ; but, perhaps But the shortest way is to go and see.” So saying, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Jerry, who was sorely perplexed between his notions of gallantry, which prompted him to accompany Helen, and his sense of duty, and his inclination also to remain with Louisa, the spirited girl issued forth from the cave with a ship's cutlass in her hand, and was presently lost to their sight behind the rocks and bushes.

“The smoke grows thicker, but the firing is more faint,” observed Jerry.

“I hope nothing will happen to Helen !”

“There is no danger, Miss ; the bushrangers are far away, to judge from the sounds ; and they say there is no fear of meeting with natives in this part of the island.”

“But natives perhaps might come ?”

“I wish your sister had not gone,” said Jerry ; “but she will soon be back.”

There was a pause in the conversation for some time. Louisa was anxious and nervous, and Jerry was endeavouring to contrive some means of renewing the declaration which the return of Helen had interrupted.

"I wish you would have the kindness to stand up on these pieces of wood, and try if you can see Helen," said Louisa.

Jerry mounted on the wood.

"I can't see any thing of her," he said.

"Don't you think she has been gone longer than was necessary?"

"She has been gone a little longer than I expected," replied Jerry, doubtfully.

"Had you not better go and see after her?" said Louisa, anxiously.

"And leave you alone, Miss Louisa?"

"If you wish to oblige me," said Louisa, hesitating and crimsoning slightly, you will do what I wish."

"I will go directly," said Jerry, dismounting from the pile of timber. "But I don't like to leave you alone."

"It will be only for a minute; just go to the other side of that rock, and look about you."

"I will run there and back, then, as fast as I can," said Jerry.

"Take this pistol; you are not afraid to fire off a pistol? See, it's quite a little thing, compared to my musket; and if you hear any sound to alarm you, let it off. Not that it will be necessary, for I shall not be away more than a minute or two, and you will scarcely lose sight of me all the time. Now I'll run as quick as I can; and when I come back, perhaps you will allow me to . . ."

"Run—and run quick," said Louisa.

Jerry girded up his loins, and ran as quick as he could.

Louisa remained at the entrance of the cave behind the wood-work for some time listening attentively, and straining her eyes to discover her sister or Mr. Silliman coming back; but to her surprise the latter did not return as she expected. She held her breath and listened, but she could hear nothing; and neither her sister nor Jerry came. She had her right arm extended, holding the pistol as far from her as possible, and in no inconsiderable fear lest it should go off, with a terrible shock, of its own head. In this posture she remained for many minutes, which seemed to be as many hours, waiting, and listening, and trembling with apprehension. She cast her eyes back into the interior of the cave; but on that side all was dark, and the obscurity of its uncertain recesses chilled and frightened her. She began to experience the fear which is apt to overtake the timid, and especially those of the gentler sex, when they find themselves alone and exposed to unknown danger. She tried to fire off the pistol; but in her state of alarm, not understanding how to set the lock, she pulled at the trigger with her soft and feeble finger in vain; and every now and then she endeavoured with anxious eyes to penetrate the depths of the cavern, whose darkness filled her with vague fears of some native, or something on the point of emerging from its recesses. At last, her fear altogether mastering her, and feeling it less terrible to seek for her sister in the bush than remain where she was, with the courage of desperation she clambered over the fortification of logs, and with her pistol in her hand, which she feared alike to hold or to relinquish, she rushed towards the bay, in the direction taken by her sister.

She looked around her, but she saw nothing. She listened, but

she could hear nothing. There was a high ridge of rocks between her and the bay : remembering that it had been planned that a party of soldiers should be stationed to the right, she ran forward in that direction. She wandered for some minutes, lost, and confused, and frightened at meeting with no one, when on a sudden a sight met her eyes which stopped the current of her blood, and froze her heart within her ! She could not scream ; she could not move ! She sank down behind some rocks, and with eyes glazed with terror, stared through a cleft at the appalling scene before her !

THE PRESS.

For this great fact all men must now confess —
 A power exists which reigns supreme — THE PRESS !
 A power for ages to the world unknown :
 A tyrant now — to despotism grown —
 It swallows up all others in its own. —
 A wonderful embodiment of mind —
 Monstrous — intangible — and undefined : —
 A modern hydra — which, with countless heads,
 O'er the whole earth its voice in whirlwinds spreads ;
 Rousing men's angry passions at its will : —
 Who shall foretell its course — for good or ill ?

A Fragment.

THE BAR OF ENGLAND.

(FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE J—— E—— A., ESQ.)

THERE is one quasi-professional class, however, in whose favour the rule of a cessation of their occupation at any period, either before admission or call, seems to be tacitly abandoned. I now allude to that important body of individuals, in whose presence is lodged a silent power of control, equal, if not superior, to the highest authorities of the realm, over every court and assembly from the House of Lords to a Police Office,—the Reporters of the Public Press. Of these I have known several who have been admitted and called, without a moment's intermission of their active duties, nay, whose only means of reaching the Bar was derived from the remuneration received in their capacity as Reporters. In this situation a certain law adviser of the crown remained for some years, both as a student and a barrister, though he is foolish enough to repudiate his early connexion with the newspapers.* It will not require much research to discover the cause of this exemption from a scrutiny imposed on other applicants for admission to the brotherhood. A contest between the Press and the Inns of Court is by no means desirable. For many years past, therefore, while Reporters have refrained from thrusting their occupation before the Benchers, and thus compelling the latter to notice them, they have been suffered to glide quietly along the road to legal rank and dignity. On one occasion only were they threatened with banishment from the legal forum, and, as the circumstances under which the attempt was made deserve a more than cursory allusion, I make no apology for stating them.

In the month of February, 1810, the lawyers in the House of Commons were startled by a notice from Mr. Sheridan of the presentation of a petition, praying relief against an oppressive order of the "Council" (for so the Bench is there called) of Lincoln's Inn, "That no one who has written, *for hire*, in the Newspapers, shall be admitted to do 'exercises' to entitle him to be called to the Bar." This extraordinary specimen of aristocratical presumption, though including, in effect, all the working establishment of a journal, from the chief editors to the printer's devils, was very well understood at the time, as my father has informed me, to be levelled principally against the Reporters. As it happened, a well-known Reporter in the Courts of Law and Parliament, named Farquharson, was the first to feel the weight of it. Applying to the steward of Lincoln's Inn for the necessary forms, that officer apprised him that by virtue of the

* Many eminent lawyers are now acknowledged to have been reporters. Lord Campbell is the highest living proof, he having been for many years employed by Mr. Perry (or more correctly Pirie) of the Morning Chronicle.—ED. H. M.

above rule he could not be admitted for the purpose of being ultimately called to the "Bar." In every respect, save being a Reporter, he was acknowledged to be eligible. The mere barren dignity of "membership" of the Inn was, however, left open to him. Declining to assume a rank which, under the circumstances, would have been equivalent to a voluntary degradation, and without seeking admission into another Inn of Court, Mr. Farquharson at once consulted Sheridan, and under his auspices presented a petition to the House of Commons, detailing the facts. This was done February 23, 1810, and the short but sharp and earnest debate which ensued on it, on the 23d of March following, was well calculated to blanch the cheeks of the proudest of the illiberal and vainglorious parties to the order in question. Sheridan and Dr. Lawrence ably showed the inevitable results of such a rule from the operations of the past; when, had it been in force, many who, connected with newspapers, subsequently became ornaments to the profession, would have been unknown, while it tended to stigmatise eminent characters like Johnson and Burke. It was also publicly stated that of the Reporters then attending Parliament, eighteen, being I believe a majority of them, were actually graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, a circumstance demonstrative that the rule was operating not against the illiterate, but the educated. But the most effective, as the longest, speech of the evening, was that of Mr. Stephens, afterwards a Master in Chancery, and for thirty-five years a member of Lincoln's Inn, whose manly, bold, and independent candour seems to have stopped, at once, every attempt either to retain or excuse the objectionable order. First drawing an affecting picture of a student of family and fortune, educated in the midst of comfort and plenty, early destined for the Bar, and pursuing his course to it under the most favourable circumstances, he supposed misfortune, beyond his power to control or avoid, suddenly clouding his prospects and depriving him of all the resources on which he depended for a successful career. While suffering under this calamity, he further supposed him to receive and accept an offer of employment for his talents, on a public journal, with a view to be thus enabled to maintain his position so far as to continue in the course marked out for him in happier days. He then showed him, while depending for his support on his situation as a Reporter, yet ready to perform all the preliminary obligations required of him, applying for leave to go through the ceremony of "exercises*," and experiencing another heart-rending disappointment, in a reply that he had disqualified himself to join the Bar, because — he had written — for hire, — for a newspaper.

"But," Mr. Stephens then added, "this case is not an imaginary one. It really did exist. All but the rejection, which did *not* take place, because no such rule as that in question had then been made. Thirty years ago † it was the case of the individual who has now the

* The meaning of this term will be hereafter explained.

† Mr. Stephens thus appears to have been one of our earliest parliamentary reporters. There were persons living at this time who well recollected him "in the gallery." He was also the author of a pamphlet, called "War in Disguise, or, the

honour to address you. Many a time in yonder gallery have I noted down the speeches of the members of this honourable House. I had otherwise never been qualified to advocate in it the cause of those with whom I was once associated." Then after mentioning the names of several other members of Parliament who had also been Reporters, he added, "But if poverty, or humility of origin are to become reproachful in the Inns of Court, many a proud escutcheon must be taken down."

I am informed by a gentleman who was present, that Mr. Stephens' address occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. In vain the law officers* of the crown suggested that the judges were the proper authorities to decide on the matter of Mr. Farquharson's complaint. They were compelled, at last, to pledge their influence towards the abrogation of the rule, and, on this assurance, the petition was withdrawn by consent. The obnoxious order was consequently repealed. Mr. Farquharson then, contented with his victory, declined contemptuously to be admitted.

I should omit an interesting fact, if I failed to advert to the curious origin of this order. From the statement of Sir John Anstruther, a member and benchers of Lincoln's Inn, and the Solicitor-General, it appears that about three years previously, some barristers *after dinner* in their hall, having determined that the company of Reporters was derogatory to their "caste," prepared a written resolution to this effect, which they immediately forwarded to the benchers, who had now retired to their private room. When I mention that the first signature to this resolution was that of Mr. Clifford, the celebrated leader in the O. P. or Old Price disturbances at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1809, there is some ground to presume that one of the party, at all events, was not actuated at this instant by *sober* reason; and another argument that the evening was somewhat advanced may be found in the fact, that when the proposition reached the benchers' room, it was received by *four* only of that body. Which of the four presided on the occasion of considering the resolution does not appear. The Solicitor-General asserted that Lord Erskine was in the chair, and proposed an order in the terms of it; but that Noble Lord, on the following evening, from his place in the Upper House, unequivocally declared that he was not only not present, but that he knew nothing of the order, of which, moreover, he disapproved. As I do not find that the learned law officer of the crown ever ventured to repeat his assertion, and as Lord Erskine's public character for liberality well justifies us in crediting his counter-statement, we may safely conclude that if the Solicitor-General himself was not one of the four benchers, he had, at least, received his information from some others whose recollections were rather obscured. Then, pursuing the natural train of reasoning arising from all these circumstances, we cannot avoid a strong suspicion, that when the order was proposed

Frauds of the Neutral Flags," which attracted much attention in 1807, when the assistance afforded to France by America under a neutral flag was in question.

* Sir Vicary Gibbs, Attorney-General, and Sir Thomas Plomer, Solicitor-General.

and made, both barristers and benchers were too much engaged to give it due consideration.

The other Inns do not appear to have ever adopted the order; but I have been informed that while the "Temple" would give no opinion on it, Gray's Inn met it at once with a decided negative. This I can readily believe, as Gray's Inn has always been regarded as less exclusive than the others, though in one instance it was certainly found wanting in liberality. I allude to the case of Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, in which the question was mooted whether persons who had acted on the stage were fit to be members of an Inn of Court.

Mr. Murphy having succeeded as a writer for the stage, was probably possessed with an idea that he should be equally successful as an actor on it. Accordingly, in October, 1754, he made his first appearance as Othello at Covent Garden Theatre, where he performed for a few nights. The next season witnessed a second attempt at Drury Lane, with as little success as on the first, and he then appears to have abandoned the sock and buskin, his aspirations in this respect being, no doubt, like those of the artist in *Rasselas*, a little beyond his powers of execution. In a short time, desirous of again appearing before the public, though in another character, he applied to be admitted as a student of the Inner Temple. The benchers of this Inn, however, considering that he had already "unlaced his reputation," by his failure in one part, declined to afford him an opportunity of appearing in that of advocate, and, therefore, refused his application, notwithstanding his assertions that his performances were the results only of a humour of the moment — that he was not paid for them — and that he never designed to pursue the avocation of an actor as a profession. Not satisfied with this judgment, he next applied to Gray's Inn; but the benchers were here equally inexorable as those of the Temple in regarding a stage-player as unfit for the Bar, although one of his Majesty's servants, and, consequently, neither a rogue nor vagabond.* At Lincoln's Inn he was more fortunate. Here he was not only admitted, but called through the influence, as stated by himself, of Lord Mansfield, who overruled so "frivolous an objection as that of having been on the stage."†

I have some doubts whether, in point of fact, Mr. Murphy was not admitted at Gray's Inn, though he might have been refused a call there. He is reported to have asserted that he ventured on arresting the treasurer for his fees‡; but these would not have been required of him, had his admission been originally refused. Or, it is barely possible that he might have deposited them, under expectations of admission, which were not realised. At all events, the stage-player

* The performers at the theatres in Drury Lane and Covent Garden are thus styled, because they perform by virtue of Royal patents, while the actors at any theatre, within twenty miles of London and Westminster, not similarly favoured or licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, were considered "rogues and vagabonds," as acting in disorderly houses within the statutes 10 G. 2. c. 28. s. 2, and 25 G. 2. c. 36. s. 2, the justices' license, being confined to singing and dancing. The curious on this point may consult the case of *Parsons v. Chapman*, Carrington and Payne's Reports, vol. iv. p. 33.

† Stephens' "Life of Horne Tooke," vol. ii. p. 15.

‡ Ibid.

was called, and thus we have a precedent for supposing, under the authority of Lord Mansfield too, that, if a person be tired of "fretting his hour on the stage," he may, on compliance with the rules applicable to other classes, be allowed a chance of fretting in another sphere.

There is one class whose avocation, once followed, is declared to cause a perpetual disqualification for admittance, like that of the clergy. This is composed of persons who have held the situations of clerks to barristers, conveyancers, special pleaders, or equity draftsmen, and actually received the perquisites of such service.* Let an individual have successfully emerged from any other lay employment, though the most humble, he may freely traverse the road to the highest distinctions and dignities attainable by a lawyer; but the clerk of a barrister, or other certificated practitioner of an Inn of Court, is as much forbidden the hope of reaching the level of his master as a Hindoo swineherd of becoming a priest. There is room to suspect, that this harsh provision has been evaded in one or two instances; but the mystery often attending the origin of fortunate barristers, who have risen from low beginnings, prevents our ascertaining whether our suspicions be really well grounded. This regulation is said to be founded on a supposed impropriety of the servant ever meeting his master in the same circle. However little regarded in other walks of life, the Bar carefully repel it. The clerks and other servants of merchants, attorneys, tradesmen, &c., may meet *their* masters in the sacred halls—these may salute each other—"da jungere dextrane"—but the presence of barristers' clerks is profanation. Their company at a "Bar mess" is spoken of as forming an intolerable incongruity, only to be contemplated to be guarded against. A barrister (if no one else) would feel it difficult to reciprocate compliments and familiarities over the bottle, in the Hall, with a man who, perhaps, but a few short years, in the memory of all, had received his gratuities, run his errands, and, it might have been, served as his groom, lacquey, or shoeblack, as well as clerk. Then, how could a former master call his quondam servant in court, "My learned friend?" Impossible! "Confusion worse confounded" could not equal that which would follow the admission of such persons to the honour of the Bar;

— the treasure
Of Nature's germens tumbling altogether,
E'en till destruction sicken,"

would afford only a faint comparison to it.

As I am addressing myself to unprofessional readers, it would be unfair to them to withhold any information by which they may form *their* opinion on the subject. I must apprise them, therefore, though a little in advance, that barristers, certified conveyancers, and equity draughtsmen, are not supposed to receive their briefs and fees directly from their clients, whom they see only under particular circum-

* The son of a barrister's clerk is not under the same ban as his father, as a present eminent Queen's Counsel can testify.

stances. The clerks are, or are supposed to be, the medium of all *monetary* and business arrangements. The result is, that while the acquaintance of the principal and client is confined to professional intercourse, the clerk and the client may, and often do, extend their intimacy, the former being thus oftener on better terms with the latter than the master. If, therefore, the clerk could reach the Bar, he might prove a formidable rival to him. This is the reason for his exclusion, suggested by those who forget the claim of the Bar to an elevation above the meanness and jealousy implied in it. For my own part, I will not assert

That the probation bears no hinge, nor loop
To hang a doubt on,

but leave it to the reader's judgment.

From the period when the lesser ceased to prepare for the principal Inns to within a few years a liberal education seems to have been viewed as of minor consideration, in the admission to an Inn. The nature of the profession affords a presumption of its necessity, and the benchers have long ceased to make it a condition of membership. Latterly, however, the Inner Temple has instituted an examination into the classical attainments of every applicant, who is required to be proficient also in the general subjects of a superior education. The tendency of the order requiring this examination places its design beyond a doubt. If persevered in, the Inner Temple will become invidiously exclusive, while it remains unadopted by the other Inns; and, if adopted by all, it will render an early preliminary (perhaps collegiate) course of study necessary for the Bar as for the professions of divinity and medicine. The ultimate result must be to limit materially the number of applicants for admission, and thus to render legal preferments unattainable except by a class. The humble individuals to whom the road is now open will then aspire in vain. The example of Scotland and the continental states* is certainly in favour of creating education as a standard of qualification for the Bar; but the question whether it is advisable to follow them in England, at the present day, and in the present condition of society, admits of many arguments into which it is not my intention to enter, as beside my purpose.

Whether a person who has been a bankrupt, or has taken the benefit of the Insolvent Acts, will be admitted, is a very doubtful question. In a case† to which I shall hereafter allude, two persons are referred to, though not specifically, as having been called under the circumstances, but I do not know that the question has arisen in regard to admission.

* In Scotland two years' attendance at a university is required before an individual can become even a writer to the signet, much less an advocate. In France the degree of "licentiate at law" must first be attained, after three years' study in "law faculty," and a similar preliminary study is required in Germany, Spain, Italy, Holland, and, as far as I can learn, in all the other states of Europe. Even the United States, the offspring of England, have deserted our customs in favour of preparatory studies.

† *Rez v. Benchers of Gray's Inn*, 21st April, 1780, 1 Doyle's Reports, 353.

The power of the benchers over the admissions has been declared absolute and uncontrollable.* The candidate may deservedly bear an unexceptionably moral character, and not be engaged in any occupation incompatible with the rank that he seeks to acquire: his qualifications may not be less than others who are pressing before him, but the benchers may yet pronounce a hostile decree, without assigning a reason for it; and the justice of that decree cannot be controverted by any tribunal whatever, not even by the judges of the superior courts, to whom, as visitors, an appeal is open when a call is refused. Such was expressed to be the "negation of law," to use a phrase of Jeremy Bentham, in the case of Mr. Wooler.

This individual, as some of my ancient readers may recollect, was in early life a compositor. During the tumultuous period that marked the declining years of George the Third, and the earlier years of his son's reign, Mr. Wooler was a conspicuous advocate in the popular cause, and in this character it is acknowledged he displayed talents and acquirements of no common order, even in a rank superior to his own. He was an ardent attendant at the various debating societies of the time, and, in addition to thus publicly avowing his principles, he sought to promulgate them by a periodical publication, edited by himself, called the "Black Dwarf," in which he attacked the government and its supporters. Some numbers of this paper are remarkable for a feat, which had only once before been successfully attempted.* Mr. Wooler's articles were "set up," as the printers say, in type, *without any manuscript*, the author being his own compositor, and composing in both senses, at the same time. By these means, unfortunately for himself in one respect, he became a sufficiently notorious public character, as a leader of the party denominated Radicals. At length, acting on the suggestions of some professed friends, having meanwhile retired into quiet life, he determined on seeking his fortune at the Bar, at which more than one of those who had distinguished themselves as the principal speakers at debating clubs, and not improbably for hire, were now practising with success.† He accordingly applied for admission as a student at Lincoln's Inn, in Michaelmas term, 1824. That his application was not regarded as that of an ordinary individual may be naturally inferred from the fact, that the benchers postponed their decision on it until Hilary term, January — (a circumstance which also bespeaks uncertainty and division of opinion), when the steward informed him of the rejection of his application. As the list of benchers contains the names of Lord Sidmouth, Lord Bexley, Charles Bathurst, Mannors Sutton, and of others, members and connections of the government which he had stigmatised, on the one hand, and Jeremy Bentham, and others of

* Mr. Tytler, brother of the well-known Dr. Tytler of Edinburgh, and compiler of the first edition of the "British Encyclopædia," published a volume called "Unwritten Essays," embracing observations on natural and revealed religion, without a note or manuscript, composing them in type as the ideas occurred to his mind. And this volume is the more remarkable, because the author, unlike Wooler, was not bred a printer, but a scholar only.

† A cousin of Mr. Baron Garrow told me that his success at the Old Bailey was owing to his acquaintance contracted at the Coachmakers' Hall, and other noted assemblies of the same date. But he did not publish a "Black Dwarf."

“the adverse faction,” on the other, we may presume, not only that the resolution to reject was not unanimously carried, but that it was the result of party feeling, rather than of any objection to the private character of Mr. Wooler, which I have always understood to be beyond dispute. His next step was, the transmission of a petition to the benchers, praying to be heard in his own behalf, and to be informed of the reasons of his rejection; but this petition was not even acknowledged. He then addressed the judges; but was answered by letter from the clerk of the Chief Justice of the Queen’s Bench, that they had no power to interfere in the matter.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Wooler was advised to apply to the Queen’s Bench for a rule, directed to the treasurer and benchers of Lincoln’s Inn, to show cause why a *mandamus* should not issue, commanding them to admit him a member of that Inn, with a view to qualifying himself to be called to the Bar. He moved the Court accordingly in person, on the 26th November, 1825, his address being more like that of a practising barrister than of one seeking to be initiated; at least, in my opinion. It was characterised throughout by great fluency of language and power of argument. His effort, however, was in vain. A few moments sufficed for deliberation, ere the Court declared that it had no authority over the Inns of Court, as these were mere voluntary bodies, not liable to any foreign jurisdiction in respect of persons not actually members, or having an inchoate right of admission, and then only to the Judges as visitors.*

It is, no doubt, presumptuous in a stuff-gownsmen to distrust the judgment of his seniors, but I cannot help thinking that the Judges wronged themselves, when they confined their authority to the calls. I can see that such a decision extricated them from a difficulty, but I discover no solid foundation for it. If the privilege which the Inns of Court enjoy of calling persons to the Bar is “no more,” as was observed by the Court in the above case, than “a permission given to them by the Judges” — that is, a mere delegated power — surely the principals can control the agents, throughout the full extent of their subordinate authority? If they can control at the end, cannot they control them at the beginning? What said the Court? “If, indeed, the benchers of these societies should carry the system of exclusion to such an extent, that the number of persons called to the Bar would be too limited to transact the public business with convenience, it was possible that the Judges might then interfere, and compel them to call more persons to the degree of barrister.” But, as the *call* implies a *previous admission*, it follows, in the opinion of the four Judges (out of twelve) who formed the Court, that, as visitors, they could compel the benchers to *admit* more persons. If, then, they have jurisdiction in an extreme case, can it be possible they do not possess it in an ordinary one? Does not a conclusion to the contrary, with all humility be it asked, look very like a *reductio ad absurdum*? For this reason, though I have stated the authority of the benchers as to admission to be absolute, because it has been so decided, I humbly conceive that the decision is open to question, should the Judges be

* The refusal of the benchers to admit Mr. Wooler excited much comment at the time, and a good deal was promised to be done to compensate him on account of his loss.

ever required to consider it. At all events, Mr. Wooller's case is a lesson to all young men coming to the Bar, not to become political adventurers until they have made their "calling sure;" though I sincerely believe, at the present day the benchers would regard only the moral fitness of the applicant for admission, and not his political conduct.

If a person be refused admission into one Inn, a note of the rejection is immediately transmitted to the others, pursuant to a rule that no person be admitted of one Inn who is rejected by another.*

Having thus alluded to the circumstances affecting the propriety of the admission, I will now suppose the applicant to be *sans peur et sans reproche*, and, consequently, fully qualified to enter on his noviciate. The selection of the Inn for this purpose depends entirely upon himself. As regards rank, all are equal; and the members of one has no superior professional advantages over those of another. A slight *prestige*, perhaps, prevails in favour of Lincoln's Inn and the Temples, but it is perfectly delusive. Those to whom facility of admission, of keeping terms, or a small difference in the expenses of admission and the annual dues are objects of consideration, usually give the preference to Gray's Inn, which is certainly less expensive and troublesome than any other. But every Inn is now governed by the same general principles, although they differ in their practice.† As, however, I have not constituted myself a mere "Law Student's Guide," I shall refer the reader to the work bearing that name, and the respective stewards for precise information upon these points.

Whichever Inn be selected, the applicant must obtain a printed form from the steward, which he is required to fill up with a statement of his name, residence, and condition in life, and, usually, the name and occupation of his father, and such other particulars as may be required to show that he is a proper person to be admitted. This form is transmitted to the bencher acting as treasurer for the current year, who, if satisfied, will issue his fiat accordingly. The party must next enter into a bond with sureties for the payment of his annual dues; pay about 30*l.* for fees and expenses, and then the desired certificate of studentship will be handed to him.

The student may consult his own convenience as to the period at which he will commence keeping terms, or "enter into commons," as it is sometimes termed, but he will not be allowed to do so unless he be sixteen years of age at least‡, and have previously deposited one hundred pounds with the steward.§ As graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin Universities of two years' standing, however,

* This rule was made subsequently to the case of Arthur Murphy, I believe a few years afterwards, as at the period when that occurred the Inns had no uniform regulations as to admittance and calls as they now have.

† Some of these variances will appear as I proceed.

‡ The age at admission does not seem of any consequence. I know a gentleman, a retired official, who entered his son — then two years old — to secure the rights of seniority to him. I am doubtful, however, how far the same liberty would be extended to a humbler individual than the one to whom I allude. In fact he hinted as much.

§ It has been said, certainly, that this deposit is only meant as a test of the party's means, but surely the preliminary inquiry should be sufficient on this point.

are exempted from making this deposit, *speciali gratiâ*, it constitutes a glaringly invidious distinction between a small portion, and the large majority of the population, which is aggravated by the reason alleged for requiring it, namely, as a security for the payment of the commons. But this implied insinuation against the honesty of those who do not happen to belong to these Protestant Universities looks so like an acknowledgment that the benchers are capable of admitting dishonest people, that I wonder they have not long since removed what is in fact a reproach against themselves.*

Since Michaelmas Term, 1835, however, the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn have placed all sects on a level, by requiring every person to deposit the above amount, whether graduate or not; the Middle Temple followed next, but Lincoln's Inn retains the regulation. It is probable, however, that this exception, emanating, no doubt, from the religious rancour of former years, will soon, like many others, be a mere record of expired prejudices.

Another small class of students, forming a perfect solecism in the system of the Inns of Court, is also exempt from this deposit. They are known as "Tancered's Students †," and belong only to Lincoln's Inn, under a will of Christopher Tancered of Whixley, in Yorkshire, who died in 1754, leaving considerable property to trustees for the education of twelve *poor* gentlemen, eight in divinity and physic, at Cambridge, and four in the Common Law at Lincoln's Inn, the treasurer of which is appointed one of the trustees. To be eligible as a student on this foundation, the candidate must be a native of Great Britain, a member of the Established Church, at least sixteen years of age, and in such humble circumstances as to be unable to obtain the education directed in the will, without the assistance of the charity; all which facts must be stated in a petition to the trustees, accompanied by a certificate of his nativity, religion, and baptism, by the minister of the parish in which he was born. The election is made by the trustees in Lincoln's Inn Hall, as a vacancy occurs, and the fortunate individual is entitled to an annuity of fifty pounds, from the time of his election until three years after he is called to the Bar: in return, he must deliver a Latin oration in yearly rotation, upon the subject of the charity, in the hall of the Inn.

The initiatory process completed, we will now follow the new-made student to the hall, where punctual attendance at dinners there prescribed for him, according to the ritual of each Inn, is an essential requisite for the degree of Barrister-at-Law. Entering the vestibule, he is clad in a black gown (one of a stock preserved, perhaps, through ages for the purpose), by the porter of the Inn, or his representative,

* It is said that Sir Frederick Pollock moved its repeal at the Inner Temple (*Law Magazine*, vol. xiii. p. 535.). I believe this report, because I know him to be a most liberal, kind-hearted man, notwithstanding his politics. Few persons suspect how much we owe to him for preserving us from the efforts made by gloomy fanaticism a few years since to deprive us of all enjoyment on Sundays.

† Considering the presumptions, as I have already explained them, that students are not in humble circumstances, this charity is certainly a solecism, as I have termed it, though I am very far from objecting to it. I may remark, for the credit of all parties, that, during the long time I have known the Bar, I never knew an individual pointed at or even named as a "Tancered's student."

to whom a gratuity of one shilling is payable for its use in every term. Without this gown he will not be allowed to dine, so strict is the adherence to some, if not all the ancient forms. The steward, or other officer of the society will next record his presence, and then he may take his seat at one of the tables provided for those of his class. The regular order of dining is that of seniority, according to the date of admission; but the rule on this point is seldom enforced.

Why "Dining in the Hall" should have been retained, while other and more useful ceremonies have been suffered to fall into desuetude, is an interesting question for the curious. The cessation of legal tuition — the neglect to provide for a course of study by the Inns of Court, have been attributed by an eminent writer to the progress of luxury, producing idleness and dissipation both in teachers and scholars, and the profits of practice alluring men of abilities from the less distinguished employment of instruction. I have some doubts of the validity of this reason, which are strengthened by the successful establishment of Law professorships in the two colleges of the London University, where talent of no mean order is engaged "in communicating the principles of the science" to pupils. Deficiency of funds cannot be alleged, for the Inns are actually plethoric with wealth, which they can scarcely contrive to dissipate*, and which is yet daily increasing. A dearth of able instructors cannot be predicted, for no experiment has yet tested the fact, and I am well persuaded that men of competent abilities and acquirements would be found to accept the honourable post of teachers, as readily as Blackstone accepted that of Viverian professor, at Oxford.

When I dine in my hall every term, and survey the groups below me, both students and barristers, I feel humbled at the singular means allotted to them by which to rise to my station. The mark of intellect is nowhere perceptible. They are mere animals, with superior powers of taste and gratification. They must partake of made dishes and strong liquors ere they can be qualified to enter the higher branch of a profession, while a five years' apprenticeship is required for the lower one. Surely the real dignity of the former is not consulted by the present course of qualifying for the Bar. My remarks may seem too strong to some, perhaps be unpalatable to others, but I make them with the sincerest desire to see the Inns of Court assume the station to which they are entitled. Eating and drinking answers no purpose that would not be as easily and more honourably attained by a series of lectures on that law, the interpreters of which are created by them. I am no enemy to social and convivial meetings, but to make them conditions of rank appears to me humiliating to every member of the Inns whose halls are thus made to remind us rather of Odin's palace of Valhalla, than an assembly of students on their course to an honourable profession. However, such is the mode, and as such I have to describe it.

* Witness the proposed new hall in Lincoln's Inn, and the library of Gray's Inn. The contract price for only building the former is £75,000*l.*, while the total cost will probably exceed 100,000*l.*! For the latter 40,000*l.* is intended to be expended! [A survey of the costly fabric now completed will remove any doubt on this point. — Ed. H. M.]

RAMBLES THROUGH BOHEMIAN VILLAGES.

BY A WANDERER.

It is the Countess HAIN-HAHN, I believe, who says, in one of her many published "*Travels*," that Bohemia is a melancholy, colourless, and uncomfortable land. The far-travelled Countess asserts much that she does not give herself the trouble to prove. She is one of those who satisfy themselves by gliding along the surface of things, and who have no object in going deeper. She puts to paper that which runs first to her pen; and, indeed, cannot be blamed for so doing, since her aim is, in the first place, to amuse and please herself, and in the next to amuse and entertain others. In respect of Bohemia, her ladyship has committed a grievous error. All that she knows of Bohemia is that portion of it that lies behind Prague, looking to Crenna,—a very small portion of the kingdom, and certainly not the most attractive. The Countess may certainly lose sight of colourless Bohemia by journeying eastwards, where she shall receive wholesome counsel for the future from the variegated and glowing scenery that must inevitably enchant a spirit so enthusiastic as her own.

What pen shall faithfully describe the gorgeous forest-land, the deep and stilly vales and hollows, the mountain views, the innumerable and towering hills, the marvellous and fairy hues in which the landscape glows at the hour of sunset! In the hot South—in Spain, Italy, and Greece—colours may be warmer and more intense: it is impossible for them to be more ethereal and softer, more touching, and (dare I say it?) more elegiac. And then the autumnal tints that linger on the foliage,—deep red and orange glittering through the dusky pine and fir, like some mysterious fire streaming over the mountains. Is there a landscape-painter devoted to his art, and eager to associate her with fresh and undiscovered beauty, let him come hither and take delight in the wild but incomparable bed of the foaming Isère. He shall do himself some service, but the world more; and they shall reward him better than the poor author who lacks the ability to present a true and satisfying picture of this romantic and sublimest portion of neglected Bohemia.

We proceeded on our way, with the true Bohemian step, that is to say, running rather than walking, still ascending and descending, now amongst scattered groups of houses, now through villages with churches and chapels, across small bridges and wooden pathways, by rushing saw-mills, by fulling and glass-cutting mills, until we reached St. Stephen's height. The sun was hastening to his repose, but illuminating the widely extending prospect before quitting the scene entirely. Before us, covered with a light blue mantle, rose the lofty cone of Jeschken; at a lesser distance, in part dark violet, in part deep black, was an irregular hilly district, whose countless points of land sparkled like steel in the sunshine. In the valleys, night had

already appeared, attended by white streaks of vapour, that represented spirits. The view was grand and most peculiar; so strange, so chaotic and primeval, that we were both suddenly impressed with the deep awe. We stood in the heart of the Bohemian villages. All that received light above us at the mountain edge, all that steamed beneath our feet in the gloomy valleys, were genuine Bohemian villages, attractive yet repulsive, uncanny-looking, yet most alluring.

Upon a small ridge of the hill stood, as usual, a custom-house. An old Bohemian, with a manly and open countenance advanced towards us, whilst we were still revelling in the beauty of the landscape.

"Does the path lead to Tiefenbach?" we asked the official.

"At your service," he answered, in a friendly tone. "Whence come you?"

We named Neuwald.

"Ah! Been to see the glass-works! A splendid sight!"

We agreed with the officer of police, and then inquired how long it would take us to reach Tiefenbach.

"Ah, you see," replied our new acquaintance, "that just depends upon yourselves. Put a brisk foot forwards, and in a good hour you are in Tiefenbach. If you saunter like a fine gentleman, it shall take you full two."

We thanked the man for his civility and information, and were already a step or two forwards in our deep descent.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," began the custom-house officer anew; "you are no subjects of the Emperor?"

"I am a Saxon," said my German companion.

"Ask your pardon a thousand times, gentlemen!" exclaimed the speaker, taking off his hat. "Saxony must be a fine country, and so free too! Are you going much further into the kingdom?"

"Possibly."

"Pleasant journey, gentlemen, and good quarters! But stay a moment. If you have a mind to lodge well, and to quaff a pitcher of good Austrian, go on, it may be a mile further to the fir-wood, where you shall see the sign of the Paddle-staff. I'll warrant you'll find quality company at the Paddle-staff, and first-rate people from the great spinning-mills. Pleasant journey, gentlemen. God be with you!"

The instructions of a Bohemian official may be relied upon. We resolved at once, in spite of the distance, and the rugged road which we were sure awaited us, to trudge on to the fir-wood, and to resign ourselves to the good keeping of the Paddle-staff. We rather leaped than walked into the wild but in many parts richly cultivated valley of the black Desse.

Meanwhile night came on; the stars shone brightly, but the air was very cold. The mountains, strewn with grotesque groupings of rock, with their numerous side valleys, stepped forth in dusky softness from the moving greyiness of the night. We could only, alas! guess at the loveliness of this endless valley; but we were soon amply indemnified by the singular view of Tiefenbach, that most busy of Bohemian watering-places.

The Bohemian is called lazy, and the charge that is brought against

him is not wholly without foundation. It is true that he quietly lets things come to him; but once engaged in the practice of an art, and there is no one who shall outstrip him in the prosecution of it. Like all Sclavonians, he possesses an extraordinary talent of imitation, and a quick eye for artifices, which he knows how to exercise for his advantage. Manufactories, although less numerous and extended than in Saxony, have still secured a firm footing in Bohemia; and the land itself, rich in its powerful and many mountain streams, is favourable to the establishment of great works which require the energy of the watery element to give them activity. The Bohemian avails himself of the aid of the harmless water rather than of the costly steam-engine; and hence it is that one perceives, in most of the valleys watered by brooks and streams, high, many-floored manufactories, in which such an occupation as cotton-spinning and cloth-shearing are most industriously pursued.

The magnificent valley of the Desse with its rapid waters, seem created for the establishment of such factories; and the Bohemian, who is ever a speculating character when once roused, has not been slow to perceive and use his opportunity. We counted not fewer than six considerable establishments which already in the distance, looked out unto the dark night, like fairy palaces built in the air, in which elves and fairies and the spirits of the mountain are wont to hold their nightly festivals.

After a long and fatiguing march, the narrow valley was suddenly closed by a colossal edifice, ornamented with a tower. The red light which streamed from its side wing explained its destination, although at first we were held in doubt respecting it, by a shrill and, at a distance, melodious tone, which issued, we thought, from the building. Upon our nearer approach the sound degenerated into a noise caused by the quick revolutions of a gigantic iron wheel. The street, here assuming the shape of a bad highway, curved into a kind of side valley, from which there poured a quick and vigorous rivulet. Houses lay on all sides, and further away, towards the closing mountains, were more and less clear points of light. Every thing announced the presence and activity of human beings. From a large stone building issued the hollow buzz of many voices; two or three jaded horses were satisfying their hunger from a manger, close to which stood a jolly-looking fellow smoking his wooden pipe. We had arrived, without hurt or accident, at the *Paddle-staff*.

The inn was crowded with guests—a confusion of all sorts of people. It is true there were few of what is generally called *genbúg* there. Half-civilised factory men or secretaries (as I heard some of them called), or whatever else they might be, made a great noise, and seemed to be the spokesmen for the rest. In one corner of the room a few Bohemian boors were taking their pleasure out of a drunken butcher—a perfect model for Caliban—whose wits were running wild in loose and profane ribaldry. The whole company smoked so fearfully, that upon our entrance we could at first distinguish only a mass of human figures, moving through the grey atmosphere, in which the tallow candles burned with a very sickly light.

The belated guests caused a slight interruption to the hubbub. A man, whom we accounted our host, stepped up to us with many profound bows, kicked out his hind leg, and asked our pleasure. At the moment every one was silent but the besotted butcher, every eye was turned towards us, measuring us from head to foot, and seemingly with the greatest curiosity. The landlord made another low bow, and again asked our pleasure. My companion looked at me smilingly, as I regarded our host with suspicion.

"Why do we cause this sudden silence?" I half whispered in English.

"I'll wager you a hundred pounds," replied my friend, in the same tone, "that they mistake us."

"We shall see," said I, turning to the landlord, whose gaze was fixed upon me with the greatest interest. "Well," I continued, addressing the master of the house, "our pleasure is to have as good a supper as you can put before us, a generous glass of beer, and then a wholesome bed to pass the night on."

A scrape of the foot and a sly laugh was the acquiescing answer; but this was quickly accompanied by the following words:

"Ah, sir, you are a great wag. You come a great way, sir, don't you?"

"Yes; tolerably far: but now, sir host, as you have heard our pleasure, as quickly as you can, attend to it."

"Now, don't take it rude of me, sir; but tell me honestly, are you not a wedding bidder?"

"A what!" I exclaimed, laughing aloud, until the landlord himself was obliged to join in, and, with him, all the previously silent guests. "A wedding bidder!" The landlord read in my astonished face the mistake he had committed. He held his peace with the best grace he could command, and conducted us immediately with many apologies to a corner of the room where stood an unoccupied table. In another minute or two he placed fresh lights before us.

"But tell me, sir," he said, in a voice which could not be heard by any but those to whom it was addressed, "if you are no wedding bidder, why do you go dressed as one?"

"How so?" I asked the man, puzzled to know to which portion of my attire he referred. The landlord laughed, and pointed to my breast.

"Ah!" said he, "what means that little fir-branch?" and he winked his eye knowingly at the same time. His hand touched a small branch of a tree, which, on account of its singularity, I had broken off on my journey, and had stuck into my coat for want of a better place. Upon explaining the history of the branch amidst renewed laughter, I learned from our honest landlord that it is the custom, in these mountain valleys, for the man who bids the wedding guests to a marriage to wear upon his breast a green fir-sprig, which is usually bound round with a red fillet of silk. The latter, in our case, was indeed wanting; but the landlord concluded, from its absence, that we had come from remote parts, where the silken band might be dispensed with.

After this agreeable interlude we had no cause to complain of our

host. He answered our questions with the utmost readiness and good will, and was full of praise of the great spinning manufactory at which we had arrived, and which he boasted had not its equal in the world.

"It is a pity," said he, "that you had not come a quarter of an hour sooner. The Baron was here, who lives above in yonder fine house, and he would have been glad to show the gentlemen over the factory as early as they pleased to-morrow morning. But I dare say we can manage it now. If you have a mind to it, I will send your names to the Baron. Oh, he is a splendid fellow! Kind-hearted and good — a true-born nobleman!" —

Our time, or rather that of my travelling companion, was scantily measured out; but water-wheels were nodding, spindles and cylinders were whipping; a large and crowded factory — a small world, in the contemplation of which both of us took delight, stood before us, and we formed our determination. Meanwhile the landlord had covered the table. A stout Bohemian girl, with a dark countenance, and raven black hair, with a black velvet band and golden medal about her robust neck, approached us with highly seasoned dishes — just as the Bohemian loves to eat them — and wished us, in a friendly voice, "a good appetite" for our luxurious repast.

Every thing was thoroughly Bohemian, — the apartment, the doings, the people, and, most of all, our night quarters, of which more anon. Outside the house, nationality was as distinctly impressed. Notes from a violin came across the rapid stream, to which a clear voice sung some bold Bohemian ballad. Nothing was wanting to complete a picture as novel to me as it was original and picturesque. Of the company present, many listened to fearful tales of robberies and murders which had come to pass in the neighbourhood a short time before. One read aloud the life and adventures of a six-fold murderer, (written in prose and verse,) who had been hanged two days before. The whole scene would have afforded no little enjoyment, had it not been for the overpowering tobacco-smoke, and the unbearable drunken butcher, who tumbled about the room like an animated beer barrel, and would get into conversation with every body. To escape this gentleman's civilities we were at length compelled to visit our sleeping-room. A pretty bedchamber, with a charming prospect towards the vale of Desse, was assigned to us; not, however, without the intimation given, as a matter of course, that we should find in it a third companion for the night. It is not generally known, perhaps, that in the villages and towns of Bohemia, people of both sexes sleep unconcernedly in the same room, whether it be a large saloon or the smallest chamber. I mentioned the custom to a German friend with some expressions of surprise. "Why should it not be so?" was his reply. "Have we not myriads of priests, and confessionals in superabundance? How should the former be paid, and the latter filled, if there were not a great deal to confess and much to absolve? Could our numerous clergy look so cheerful and contented with less sin and repentance?" The words were somewhat harsh, but I must confess that I have oftener than once heard the clergy of Bohemia openly accused of being the originators of this national but unseemly custom.

We were obliged to reconcile ourselves to a practice which prevailed wherever we travelled in Bohemia (except in Prague and the watering-places), and we made no opposition on the occasion of which I speak. As it happened, however, our companion for this time was a gentleman, and not a lady.

About midnight we were disturbed by the shrill tones of a bell. It was the signal for changing hands in the manufactory. Those who laboured up to midnight were relieved by others who quitted their beds at the same hour. Modern competition and speculation do not allow one minute to be lost, but compel their tributaries to uninterrupted villanage. Shortly after the bell had given its last sound, the door of the bedroom creaked, and our promised companion sought his pillow with a heavy sigh.

The bright and early morning presented to us a new guest in these mountain regions—winter. Mountain and valley were covered with a glittering network of frost,—the water-troughs and the very windows were frozen. The pure serene air, however, promised us a fine day, and enabled us to take no thought of the suspicious appearances on the small glass-panes.

"I tell you what," said my companion, putting his nose out of bed, "it is absurd to think of sending to the Baron. You won't catch him leaving his snug box up there to walk us over the factory this cold morning. Let us take our luck, and go to the factory alone. They'll never think of refusing us admittance, especially if you stand foremost, for you look like a personage of distinction."

"Or a wedding bidder," added I, interrupting him. "Do as you will, but let us lose no time."

My friend was right. We were received politely at the factory. The secretary, who was already in attendance, sent our names up to the Baron, and then conducted us himself through the various chambers of the extensive building. I shall not attempt to describe the certainly very artistically constructed water-mill, which by itself sets the whole of the monster machinery in motion. I know too little of the matter to dare to speak with authority respecting it, or to hope to give sound information to readers who take an interest in such particulars. More important than the machinery are to me the results with which such machinery is necessarily accompanied. There were some sixty carding machines in operation, which drew the raw cotton up in flakes from a species of trough, and deposited it again in broad woolly bands in another reservoir from which it was drawn ready for spinning. The remaining portions of the building were filled with spinning machines, two thirds of which were rendered useless in consequence of the want of water. All the machines in operation employed about 400 persons; could all be rendered available, 600 hands would be required; and how few, compared with the number of whizzing spindles, 160 of which are set in motion by the working of a single machine—tended by a boy.

The secretary entered unasked upon the details of the establishment. We learned from him that the owner of this cotton manufactory (the largest, as it is said, in Bohemia) is the rich banker of Vienna, Mr. M——, and that the steel and iron work of the machinery alone cost upwards of 80,000*l*.

"A large sum," said my companion.

"Nothing to signify," replied the secretary. "The Baron makes the thing answer well. You see labour is very cheap. We employ only boys and poor wenches to attend the machines, for grown up people are of no use to us. We tried it on at first; but we had so many broken arms and legs, that it cost the Baron more in doctors' bills than the creatures earned. 'This will never do,' says he; 'this work will make a bankrupt of us in less than no time. We must get brisk lads. They have supple limbs, can stoop and escape in a moment, and if any chance to suffer, we shall be let off cheaper in the end. There are plenty of poor who will be glad to earn a few pence, and poverty is always moderate in its demands and wishes.' Since that time two thirds of our hands have been made up of boys, girls and children, and we manage cleverly with them."

The secretary smiled with true enjoyment as he pointed with his finger, in exemplification of his words, to the confused mass of little labourers and labouring machines. Boys and girls, from eight to ten years old, with crooked legs and misshapen feet, with dwarfish bodies even for their age, made their way like gnomes among the metal instruments — shafts and bolts, all of which seemed so many instruments of torture, craving for their fragile little limbs. My blood chilled within me. All the children looked pale, scrofulous, and weak. I could not fix my eyes upon a single exception. Either their unnatural condition robbed them of their pith and marrow, or the tainted atmosphere was carrying on a slow destruction of their vitals.

"How often do these children work?" inquired my friend.

"When they are in health, every day," replied the secretary, smiling again. He had a pleasure in smiling: there was a constant smirk on his countenance. He must have acquired it elsewhere — not here.

"And when do they go to school?" I asked.

Our conductor shrugged his shoulders. "That is no affair of the Baron's," was his answer. "The parents don't trouble themselves much about it either, so long as the children can earn money; and as for the boys and girls, — why they, you know, hate school, as a matter of course."

"And the authorities? — the clergy?" added my friend, very violently, for him. "Can they look upon such neglect with quietness? or are they ignorant of it?"

"I can't exactly say," answered the secretary, with his odious smile again. "If they were paid for it, perhaps the clergy would bestir themselves in the matter. As it is, they let things take their course."

My friend heaved a deep sigh, and from that moment lost all interest in the manufactory which he had entered with such delight. We could not remain longer in this cruel house of punishment for the unoffending young. We thanked our smiling secretary for his attention, and departed. Scarcely were we in the open air, before my friend relieved himself of the anger which had accumulated in his honest bosom.

"These are the people," said he, "who demand constitutions, and who talk themselves hoarse to maintain them when they have once

got them. Here are the people who preach liberality in their journals and pulpits; who do homage to the awakened freedom of the new generation, and boast that they have cast off for ever the ancient fusty chains of slavery. Oh, you deceive yourselves, ye clear-sighted blind ones! All your noise and boasting brings no freedom to the miserable people who dwell in lowly huts,—a people whom you do not know, have never known, and of whom you take no care, for you have never heard their voice; and how should you hear it,—when they have no time to cry aloud, chained as they are to the benches, at which they scarcely earn their daily miserable bread?"

During our short visit to the factory, the bright autumnal sun had forced the unexpected and unwelcome winter back to his mountain lurking-place. A brisk wind arose, and formed, of the dispersing frost-white, flocky clouds, which passed like sheep across the sky. A lover of mountain scenery should visit this neighbourhood as a pedestrian. My companion was charmed with it, and, notwithstanding his previous discomfort and present haste, lingered to make his observations upon the various characteristic formations of the primitive rock and the horizontal layers.

The road from Taunwald to Reichenberg runs through a number of villages, which for the most part join one another. The most considerable of them is Morchenstein, beautifully situated on the Kamniec, with a church and chapel, both—particularly the latter—overlooking from above the broad and beautiful landscape. Here, too, the shuttle and the grinding-mill, for the most part, give nourishment to the inhabitants. The cultivation of the land is unimportant, although the industry of the people and their need have taken possession, for the purposes of tillage, of every serviceable spot of ground up to the steepest margins of the rock. Intercourse increased. We met again light waggons that dragged their frail contents in an inconceivable manner safely over the rocky and ill-made road, here and there repaired, as it would seem, by left-off boots and shoes, instead of stones. It occurred to my companion that a speculative pedlar might start a good trade here with little trouble. At Merchenstein, our roads divided; official duties called my friend back to Lusatia. Whilst he started with redoubled speed towards the Bohemian *Manchester*, I struck off at a path at which a sign-post stood with the words "*Cesta do Gablonze*," written upon it. Towards Gablonz I desired to bend my steps;—first, that I might enter the territory of the Iser from another point; and secondly, to find myself in a district of Bohemia which has played a momentous, if only a short part in the eventful history of Germany.

ENDYMION.

It fell upon the night,
 And through its dark entangled hair
 Passing like a maiden's finger bare,
 'It struck the earth with quick delight,
Endymion.

II.

Lightly fell it as the dew,
 Softer was the waking touch it had ;
 With its low trail it ever drew
 A smile into the heart of shade,
Endymion.

III.

On the grass it trembled .
 And moved along among the silent trees,
 And swept over the sullen leaves
 In the vale, like flocks assembled
 By the shepherd breeze,
Endymion.

IV.

With a swift inclining
 Glides it toward the dewy woods,
 With serpent-coil and serpent-shining,
 Over the floods,
Endymion.

V.

It search'd their inmost bowers,
 And like a tone upon the silence, fell
 Into each dewy cave and holy dell,
 And drew its hand across the face of flowers,
Endymion.

VI.

To a hill it crept,
The which an oak's huge arms enclose ;
Shadowy fall the earth-seeking boughs,
And below all softly slept
Endymion.

VII.

Since fall of day,
And the early moon hath shone,
Fair and chill as dreaming clay,
Sleepeth soft, sleepeth alone,
Endymion.

VIII.

It fell upon his brow,
It fell upon his dark and cover'd eye ;
Beneath the warm wing of his lid
It softly slid,
Endymion.

IX.

The coldly-kissing ray
His features fair yet whiter made ;
His wet locks gone astray
To the dark ground gave darker shade,
Endymion.

X.

The while he doth recline,
Deepen from the trees the shadows fine,
Lighten from the sky the pale moon-rays,
Shedding unearthly grace,
Endymion.

XI.

Not one shaft alone
Glances from the clouds upon the woods ;
All the earth and sky, the moonlight floods,
Gazing upon
Endymion.

XII.

Through the charm'd tree
Streaming, leaf and bough it seems to wake,
Round it lying folded like a lake,
That she full clear may see
Endymion.

XIII.

Then the light and dew
Mingling scatter forth a dream-like hue,
Falling on his cheek, a chilly vest,
Earth-enveil'd he lies, and heaven-carest,
Endymion.

XIV.

Sound like a step is heard
Beating the silent earth with busy feet,
Hunter-like falling, rising still and fleet,
'Neath the moon-raining sky,
Endymion.

XV.

Garments appear and fade,
Fluttering, cleaving through the wondering trees,
And on the eager quick-pursuing breeze
Tresses are laid,
Endymion.

XVI.

Now the light intense
Rises roundly into form and face,
Folded about a garment and a sense,
A robe of grace,
Endymion.

XVII.

Rest the pale feet,
Glancing from the gloomy touch of night,
Falls the long tress, trailing like a light:
The moon hath come to meet
Endymion.

XVIII.

She came all swift and bold,
 And arrowy rays she at her girdle had,
 Wherewith she pierceth through the shade
 That doth her path unfold,
Endymion.

XIX.

But the heavenly beam
 Which within her as a soul doth move,
 And without doth swathe her as a sense,
 Was of a keenness too intense
 A mortal vision to beseem,
 And of a lustre all too cold for love,
Endymion.

XX.

Then she backward drew,
 And threw the golden shadow of her hair
 Across her face; but 'twas too bright in hue
 Such glory to impair,
Endymion.

XXI.

Trembling now and shy,
 She puts her glory and her terror by;
 And with a sudden earth-born fear,
 She starteth back — yet ever lingereth near
Endymion.

XXII.

Then through her motions rung
 A music she could not repress,
 That spoke her love with softer tongue;
 The heavy dew of tenderness,
 'Neath which a still night-flower she hung,
 Gave her a gentle grace,
Endymion.

XXIII.

Anon more brave,
Secing he is on sleep intent,
She his hand doth coyly crave,
While silence maketh soft descent,
Endymion.

XXIV.

And o'er his slumber deep,
Bending, she doth touch his sealed eyes.
Still dost thou sleep?
Waken to a glad surprise,
Endymion.

GERARD FRANKLIN.

AUTHOR'S DIET.

An author lives upon the breath of fame!
Poor diet, by-the-bye — but that's no matter:
Beef-steaks and beer are things too coarse to name.
He wouldn't write so well if he was fatter!

THE CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

No. V.

CHAPTER II.

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

I SMOKED three pipes that night, and I mention the circumstance to show how trivial circumstances often lead to very important events; for if I had not smoked that third pipe, I should not have met with the little accident that has given rise to the above observation. In talking of smoking, I must say that there is something very soothing in the enjoyment of a pipe; as to your cigars, and cheroots, and such things, they are mere vanities; there's nothing like a clean white pipe, with its taper waist, and graceful bend in the back. It certainly is a great help to contemplation. And it is worthy of observation, that in all countries there exists a practice either of smoking tobacco, or chewing a betel nut, or sipping strong tea, or doing a something which is midway between employment and absolute idleness. Besides, the fumes of tobacco have a narcotic effect, which lulls the irritability of the nerves, whether arising from mental or corporeal causes; and the little fussy manipulation required, of filling your pipe, and taking a few whiffs; laying it down and taking it up again; knocking your half-smoked tobacco more closely together; managing your pipe gracefully, caressing it, and so on,—I say, that all these little actions beguile one of the tediousness of time, which, Heaven knows, sits heavily enough on us sometimes in this weary prison!

Well, as I was saying, I had just got to the end of my third pipe, and was thinking very earnestly of Ned—for I liked the young fellow—and of the cruelty of shutting such a buoyant young spirit as his in a debtor's prison for life, perhaps, when I fell into a little doze, and my pipe falling down on the stone floor awoke me. I cannot express in words the sudden shock and affliction that the sight of that broken pipe caused me. I was dreaming—or fancying, half-asleep and half-awake—that Ned had climbed the high wall of the prison, and had reached the revolving iron spikes at the top, when, the spikes turning round, he had lost his hold, and had fallen into the yard below, where he was dashed to pieces! The little crash of my pipe on the flags concurring with this point of my dream, struck me painfully, and seemed like an evil omen of the fate of Ned's enterprise. I was fidgety, and as the fire had gone out—for I was rather short of

coals just then—I did not like my solitude, so I thought I would see if the shop was open, and get another pipe.

Very luckily, as I thought, for me, though, as it proved, more luckily for others, I found the shop not shut up, and Nancy alone in it, clearing the counter before closing the door for the night. I saw in a moment she was very restless; and when her eye caught sight of me, as I came into the light, she blushed, and looked in an alarmed manner to the inner room, where her mother was sitting; it was her father's turn that night at the gate, so he was not there. There was a flap on the counter, turning backwards, to let persons in or out of the sacred interior within, and which was of course open at the bottom, the flap forming part of the counter when closed. Paying a little compliment to Nancy, I asked for a pipe; but before she gave it to me, she went into the inner room, and asked her mother whether she should open the new box, as they were much better than the others?

"To be sure not, silly girl," said her mother, in a half-whisper; "use up all the old ones first; you will never make your fortune by shop-keeping that way, Nancy."

"Ah! mother," said the sly puss, "you can't expect me to be so clever as you:" and as she said this, with her elbow she just gave the open door a little twitch, as if accidentally, which caused it to close nearly; and in a moment she took a bundle from a corner and thrust it softly under the counter, where the flap was, so that it was easy for me to take it up.

"What do you shut the door for?" said her mother, from the inner room.

"Nothing, mother, it caught my dress, I suppose. I'll just give the gentleman his pipe." Taking down a quantity, she told me aloud to choose one, and making as much clatter with them as she could, she said to me in a whisper—

"Take away the bundle—quick!" at the same time giving it a push with her foot, so that it was thrust outside. She was going to say something more, but in her hurry, forgetting the bundle of pipes at the edge of the counter she whisked them off, and they all fell on to the floor with a terrible smash, which brought her mother into the room in an instant.

"What in the name of all that's precious have you done! Here's half a gross of pipes broken all to bits! What will your father say?"

"I hope there's one left for me," said I, in a laughing way, wishing to divert the mother's anger from Nancy; but sadly perplexed to know what to do with the bundle close to my feet, while poor Nancy was as pale as a ghost, and trembling with fear lest her mother should put her head over the counter and see the article prepared for contraband exportation.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Seedy," said the mother, as she picked up the pieces very ruefully; "but Lord's sake, child!" seeing her daughter's perturbation, "you needn't take on so."

"I'm afraid I was the cause of the accident," said I, giving a look at Nancy. "I fear it was her eagerness to find a good one for an old friend like me that made her drop the pipes," said I, bowing, and giving the bundle a gentle kick behind me.

"Ah! Mr. Seedy," said the old lady, "you and I have seen a great many curious scenes in this place! But these times are not like the old ones! Things get worse and worse it seems to me instead of better. There's not near so much money comes into the building as used to. I've heard talk too, that there is to be no more imprisonment for debt, and then what will become of us! The parliament folks ought to think of the mischief they do to all the people employed about the prisons before they deprive us of our bread that way! I'm sure the Fleet is the genteelst prison of any of 'em. The Bench to be sure is more flashy, and the country air there is better perhaps for some people; but it's not anything so snug and comfortable as the Fleet; and then our place is so handy, a friend can pop in and see you without going out of his way; and we are nearer the markets."

"Very true," said I, heartily wishing the old lady was not in such a chatty humour.

"And I think, too," said she, "that the Fleet is more respectable than the Bench, though Mrs. Strongbolt—she they call Brandy-faced-Kitty—will have it that all the lords and such like go to the Bench, because it's more stylish than our place;—but lor! what's in that? Don't they send people there for libels, and assaults, and all sorts of swindling! which must make the company very promiscuous to my taste. But with us there's nobody allowed to come in but gentlemen, who of course can't help getting into debt, as is natural to a gentleman, and they ought to be pitied instead of being put in prison; though of course, inside it's different; and I think that any one not paying what he owes here, ought to be punished, and shut up in the strong-room."

"Better not trust them," said I.

"And then we might shut up our shop!—No, Mr. Seedy, credit is the soul of trade, as my husband says; and that's why we always give credit in the most liberal manner to all those who we know can pay. —Nancy, what are you fidgetting about so for?—As I was saying, no one is confined here except for debt, or for what they call contempts of court; which is proper, Mr. Seedy, as it stands to reason that the Lord Chancellor and the judges don't like to have contempt shown to them; we shouldn't like it ourselves!"

"I don't think," said I....

"Just as you say, Mr. Seedy; I don't think it's of much use sometimes; and I must say, it seems rather hard to keep a poor man in prison for not doing what it is not in his power to do. There was poor Captain Hardfast—he was in for near fifteen years, and was found dead in his bed—starved to death, some say;—but I'm sure I don't know the rights of it.—I often used to ask my husband about him, and he always told me that he was committed for not paying costs; I don't know what costs, but some costs of court; and the law courts and the people about them, I understand, are very particular about getting their own money. Well,—the poor man had no money to pay the costs, and so how could he do it! But the Court said that it was being in contempt his not paying them! I'm sure I don't understand it:—my husband has often tried to explain it to me, but

he never could. For my part, as I said to him, it was more contemptible of the people of the Court to be so hard on a man for their money! Hah! hah! Mr. Seedy. Don't you think so? But he is dead and gone now, poor man, and so there's an end of that story. Nancy, my dear, why don't you go to bed, and not sit up talking? Mr. Seedy, as you've got your pipe, perhaps you'll excuse my frankness, but you're keeping us up."

"Can you," said I to Nancy, "take the candle and look in that corner for one of the Dutch pipes with a Venus on the bowl?"—for I was puzzled how to get the bundle out through the door. "Don't let it fall down," said I, "and go out, or we shall be in the dark."

The baggage understood me in a moment, so clever and sharp are girls when they are about any thing they have a mind to, and pretending to stumble over the broken pipes on the floor, she let fall the candle, which was extinguished in a moment. I took advantage of the opportunity, and picking up the bundle, I wished Nancy and her mother good night, and groped my way out, leaving Mrs. Ward to scold her daughter at her pleasure, which I heard her do at a most vigorous rate as I made my way up the steps into the Hall. I confess, as I found my way to my own room, I had some misgivings as to whether I was doing right or not, for the abstraction of the bundle from the shop, although it was at the instigation of the daughter, seemed to me to have a very unpleasant resemblance to petty larceny: but as I was aware of the terms on which Ned and Nancy were, I concluded that it was something relating to the understanding between them; so I quieted any scruples of conscience on the score of my being a *particeps criminis* in the affair, by considering that in love stratagems are lawful, and that the bundle might contain something useful for Ned's intended attempt at escape from the prison. However, as it was necessary for me to examine the contents, to ascertain if there were any directions concerning their use or destination, I opened the bundle as well as I could, though I pricked my fingers dreadfully with the pins which it was done up with. I recollected too that Ned had told me that he should want to make use of me to assist him in his escape; so I thought it likely that the bundle might contain something for my own employment in the affair.

The first thing that I clapped my hand on was a lace frill, or collar, worked with little white patches and sprigs, which had a very pleasing effect. I put it round my neck; but it was too small, and it did not seem adapted for the frill of a shirt, so I fished up something else.

The next article spoke for itself; it was a pair of stays. I began to think that there must be some mistake in the matter. At first, seeing that it contained linen things, I thought that the girl, observing perhaps that my shirt was somewhat frayed in the collar, and that it wanted a new front (for I had but one, and when I wanted it washed, I was obliged to lie in bed while the old charwoman washed it out in my hand-basin);—I say, I guessed that she had intended to make me a little present of linen, as a sort of bribe to engage me to lend my assistance to helping her sweetheart to scale the wall of the prison, for it never occurred to me that he would be so rash as to try to pass the lynx-eyed turnkeys at the gate. I thought there was no

great harm in that perhaps, though she ought to have known that I was quite above receiving anything for doing a friendly service to a fellow-prisoner, though it was a hazardous one. It was in this mind that I pulled the things out of the bundle; but the sight of the stays puzzled me, and as I have said, made me think there was some mistake. Or was it a little waggy on the part of the jade to send me stays? for in truth, I was always a little portly in my person, constitutionally, and not from good living, for God knows I had little enough of that. Not to be behindhand, however, in receiving a jocose present good-humouredly, I tried to put them on over my waistcoat,—I had no coat at that time, having sent it to my uncle to take care of,—and I wore a light and easy dressing-gown when I went abroad; but it was soon evident that the joke would not fit; so I went on to the next article, and caught up a jaunty little cap, which, however it might improve the look of Nancy's face, I confess, as I looked at myself in my shaving-glass, which had once been the lid of a Frenchman's snuffbox, did not become me at all, which convinced me that when a man is good-looking for a man, he makes a very uncomely woman. I thought, however, that if it had been a little larger and thicker, and lined with some warm stuff, it might make me a very comfortable nightcap; so I kept it on, as there was nobody to see me, to try how it felt on wearing.

With my new stays under my chin, and my fancy cap with cherry-coloured ribbons on my head, I dare say I cut a queer figure, had there been any one there to see me; but as I was alone I didn't care, and I went on pulling the things out of the bundle.

The next article of dress that I lighted on, I could not make out the use of at all! It was a broad band of linen or cotton, or some such stuff, about four feet long, and in the middle of it there was a pad like those which I have seen used at a hospital for broken limbs; but it was plumper, and stuck out more than a surgical bandage; besides, its length was unnecessary for such a purpose.

I tried it on in various ways, but I could make nothing of it. I tied it round my head and round my waist, and everywhere, but could not hit on the use of it any way, so I went to something else. There were two petticoats, a flannel one and a white one. I put them on, and I thought they felt rather comfortable than otherwise, but I fancied they made one look rather a droll figure. A sort of muslin dress with blue flowers upon it, carefully done up with a great many pins in a piece of whity-brown paper, I tried to put on, but not knowing the ways of it, I could make no hand of it at all; so I gave it up, and sitting down by the fire-place, I lighted my pipe and set myself down as I was, to consider what was the meaning of all this, and what was the object of the girl in investing me with such an extraordinary addition to my wardrobe. I had scarcely smoked a few whiffs before my door was suddenly opened, but slowly and cautiously, and Ned coming in, closed it behind him; but he no sooner caught sight of me than he fell as if he was shot, on his hands and knees, I feared in a fit, for I had forgot in my smoking how I was apparelled, and lying on my stone floor he burst into such an immoderate fit of laughter that I thought he would go into hysterics, and

the more I moved about the room seeking for this thing and that to restore him, the worse he seemed to be. At last he screeched out—
“Look at yourself in the glass!”

I hadn't got any glass except the little one contained in the lid of the Frenchman's snuffbox, and that was by no means large enough for a full view of my person; but on regarding myself and my hybrid dress, I became aware of the ludicrous appearance which I must have made in the eyes of a second person, and joining heartily in the laugh at myself in my female habiliments, I reached the other chair for Ned, and we sat down very sociably together; and as he gradually came to, which was not, however, until I had divested myself of my incongruous garments, he explained the meaning of it all, and communicated to me the plan of escape which he and Nancy had contrived between them; or rather it was Nancy's doing, — for it was she who proposed it; and I was to be a confederate in the plot. As Ned had brought with him more than a pint of gin in a flat stone bottle, which, although I was by no means addicted to drinking, looked very cheering, I placed a tumbler before him, and took the large tea-cup for myself, and we entered into the matter together very merrily. But it had like to have had a tragical ending, as will be seen by the sequel.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER we had taken a glass each, and Ned had made his joke about our being over our cups, for, as I said before, having only one tumbler, I was obliged to make use of my large tea-cup for my share, which Ned pleasantly said was not fair, as it held twice as much as his glass, and I said, to cap his fun, that he could not say that it had not a handle, as it served as a handle for his joke!—after we had laughed a bit at this—for in the Fleet we are glad to laugh at any thing—it's generally all the other way—for Ned was in high spirits, and his good humour and the gin-and-water raised mine, he proceeded to talk of business; and then he told me that Nancy's mother had “twigged,” as he expressed it, what was going on; so that when he had been down in the fair to the shop for the last few days, she had watched her daughter and him so close, that they had scarcely the opportunity of communicating together. But they had contrived to convey their letters to one another, he said; for the opposition of the mother only sharpened the girl's wit the more, as is often the case, to circumvent her; and sometimes she would convey a note to him in a twopenny loaf, and at others she would boldly give him a pen'worth of cheese wrapped up in her own letter under her mother's very nose, so cunning and audacious does love make the sex, usually so artless and timid. In this way she made him acquainted with a plan that she had contrived in her head for getting him out of the prison in woman's clothes; and as Ned was rather fair than dark, and had not much of a beard, the plot was feasible enough so far as his face and

figure were concerned, for he was a slim fellow, and with a little contrivance, could be made to pass for a woman well enough, although one of rather "strapping proportions," as the saying goes. Nancy had engaged a cousin—a young girl as bold as she was, and as ready as all women are to have a hand in such love disguises, to assist in the stratagem, and it was arranged that her cousin should come in to visit her the next morning, and prevail on her mother to allow Nancy to accompany her on some pleasure party or other, I forget what; and then that Ned should go out with the cousin through the lobby in open day, as it was more likely that the two could pass out unnoticed among the many people going in and out at such a time, and that Nancy should join them afterwards;—though what was to be done then, it seemed, was not exactly agreed on, as the main point was to get Ned out and away;—the details were left to be settled afterwards.

It was no wonder then, as Ned said, that poor Nancy was in such a fidget to get Ned's female attire safe out of the shop; and she had been looking out for some opportunity to do it, he had no doubt, he said, all day, but could find none, till the accident of my broken pipe, as I have related, caused me to go down into the fair to get another. It was planned, he said, that I was to escort him and the cousin out of the prison, and engage the gate-keeper in conversation, so as to draw off his attention while they quietly slipped out; for they were aware, as Ned told me, of my conversational talents, which made all the turnkeys pleased to have some talk with me about politics and the general affairs of the nation.

I told Ned that I thought the bundle had contained a ladder of ropes or some such contrivance, and that it had never occurred to me that the petticoats and flounces, and such like, were intended for a disguise, which I frankly said was a most dangerous experiment, and calculated to bring down most grave inconveniences on himself and on me; and that, in truth, it was an affair that I had no mind to engage in, and that I thought it would end ill for both of us.

But somehow the young fellow had such a way with him, that before I had finished my third cup he had contrived to talk me over; and he made me promise to perform my part in the plot, and by degrees I got to relish it as a capital piece of fun; and so it was agreed between us what each should do, and we parted for the night, for I began to feel a little sleepy; and I remember my mind was so absorbed in thinking of what was to be done next day, that when Ned was gone, and I had turned the stone bottle upside down to see if there was any gin left in it, I burned my thumb by mistake very severely from putting it into the bowl of my pipe while the tobacco was red hot, which I did not remember at the moment, my thoughts being so abstracted, and—I don't very well know why—a little confused and wandering; but it was past two in the morning, and I dare say I wanted to go to bed.

I forgot to say that Ned took away with him to his own room all the female gear, the cap and the gown, and the petticoats, and the strange band with the pad, and it was agreed that I should go to his room in the morning to dress him, and to have a sort of rehearsal. So after breakfast, which was seldom a very splendid affair with me

—just a ha'porth of milk and a penny roll,—sometimes I had a bloater, but that was rare, as it was expensive and required fire to cook it, and mustard—well, after breakfast I went to Ned's room, and found that he had passed but an indifferent night, thinking of the girl and of his projected escape, and he complained that his head ached a little; however, that soon went off, and we went to business.

It was the first time in my life that I had performed the part of a lady's maid, and I pricked my fingers cruelly in the operation; and there were so many strings to tie here and there that I was sadly puzzled to know how to make them all come together. But when all was done, and I made him walk up and down to see how he looked, it was clear to me, though I did not pretend to be a great connoisseur in the matter, that there was something wrong, though I couldn't make out where the fault lay, for he had not the air of a young girl by any means, but looked a very gawky figure of neither man nor woman. It struck us then that the mysterious band with the pad on it had something to do with the failure, for not knowing its use, we had left it out as something that had been sent by mistake, and so we tried it on in various ways. First, Ned tied it on with the pad in front, as the length of the band seemed to point out that it was to be passed round the body, but that caused him to have such an appearance as convinced us that we were wrong there; then we tried it on behind; but that gave him such a funny look that we could not bring ourselves to believe that it was properly placed in that position, and what to do with it we did not know, so we laid it on one side again. But as it was clear that the disguise would not do as it was, I was perplexed how to compass it; and we both of us came to the conclusion that without a female hand to put the finishing touches to the toilet, we should only make a mess of it, and that he would be discovered in a moment. So I cast about in my head what to do in the difficulty; for the danger was in the trusting of any one with our plot, as, from the hope of some reward, or for the sake of currying favour with the warden, it was to be feared that our secret might be betrayed, and then the consequences to him and to me would be very serious.

However, as we had a little time before us, I took my pipe, and walked up and down the gallery, meditating on what I should do; and then I thought, that as Ned was engaged to marry the girl, there could be no great harm in getting her into his room if it was possible, to dress him; though I was aware, of course, that there was an impropriety in it which it did not befit a man of my age, and I may say, of my standing and respectability in the prison, to be concerned in. So I went down to the shop, and in an easy, careless way, asked for an ounce of short-cut, which I said I would pay for another time, as I had no small change about me, and Mrs. Ward served me with it very readily, as she knew my punctuality in such matters; but as the shop was continually filled with customers at that hour in the morning, I could not engage the old lady in a chat, which was what I wanted to do, in order to find out incidentally how things were going on there. But as I was lingering and cogitating, who should

come in but the cousin, in her bonnet and shawl, and all complete—and a very good-looking girl she was. Nancy, who was in the back-room, came out to her immediately, and there was the my-dearing, and kissing, and embracing, usual with ladies on such occasions, although I have often thought it was done maliciously, to tantalise the men. Nancy turned her eyes to me inquiringly; but I shook my head, which made her look very downcast all in a moment.

"What do you shake your head for, Mr. Seedy?" said the old lady.

"I was thinking," said I, "that your daughter looks very pale and delicate in comparison with this young lady, who is come so fresh and rosy from the outside." And that was true; for Nancy was looking pale enough to warrant my remark, the poor girl being in a state of tremulous excitement and nervousness, from the idea of what she had to do that day, and not being able to fathom, perhaps, what would be the end of it exactly as it concerned herself.

"She does look very pale," said her mother, fixing her eyes on her very tenderly, which I saw made the tears start in Nancy's eyes; for the mother's look went to the heart of the child, and Nancy felt that she was deceiving her. "What is the matter with you, Nancy, dear?"

Nancy could not speak; she had a little choking at the throat, for she was an affectionate girl, and was very fond of her mother; and I am inclined to think if her cousin had not been there, who was not affected with the same emotion, she would have abandoned her enterprise on the spot. But in a moment her cousin—these girls are so quickwitted—put in her word, and turned the scale.

"To be sure, Mrs. Ward," she said, "how can you expect Nancy to look anything but pale, moped up here as she is, without a breath of air to blow on her, and suffocated with the smell of cheese, and butter, and bacon, and I don't know what besides? The wonder is, that she can live at all in such a place!"

"Should you like to go out, and take a walk with your cousin?" said her mother, kindly, "and breathe the fresh air a bit?"

"Fresh air!" said the cousin; "there's no fresh air to be had in Fleet Street, and Bridge Street, and Ludgate Hill! We are going down to Greenwich to-day in the boat, father, and mother, and I, and aunt; and if Nancy likes she can come with us."

"To Greenwich?" said her mother; "that's a long way off:—when shall you be back?"

"Oh! we shall be back before dark; and the air of the water will do Nancy good."

"Well," said the mother, "I don't care:—but mind you are back before dark. I don't know what her father will say to it. He don't like her going out much. Well, Nancy, if you are to go, you had better get ready at once."

The getting ready did not take long; for as all this had been planned beforehand, she was soon equipped for the excursion; but she looked very pale, and her mother could not but observe it; and if it had not been for the presence of her cousin, I do believe she would have given up the attempt. But there was a powerful auxiliary on Ned's side;

and that was the girl's love for him, which triumphed over all other feelings and considerations, and made her glory, as it were, to run risks for her lover's sake. And this passion, no doubt, is wisely ordained by nature to overrule all others; and, although the intensity of it sometimes leads to inconveniences, it cannot but be considered that, on the whole, the balance is in favour of its supremacy; for, as it has been said of old, that when a woman chooses a husband she cleaves to him to the exclusion of all other affections, or, at any rate, in preference to them; and therefore it is that she consents to leave father, and mother, and sisters, and brothers, and home, and friends, and all long-cherished associations, for the sake of the one being to whom she has devoted herself heart and soul, and who is to become for ever hereafter bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. It is, I say, a beautiful and profoundly wise provision of nature, that the passion of love should be all-absorbing in its nature, for nothing but the most intense passion could induce a young girl to leave her mother's side, and give up all for another. But this is a digression.

As far as we had gone, things went on very well, but the principal person in the drama was still to be got off the stage, and there was Ned in his room waiting to be dressed. The cousin was a girl six or seven and twenty, with the look of one who knows what's what, as the saying is, and as chance would have it, rather a tall and fine young woman; and she wore a veil too. It struck me all of a sudden that if I could get her to let him dress himself in her clothes, and for her to take the dress which Nancy had given me for him, that it would make the success of the project more likely. But how to make them understand what I wanted to have done was the difficulty! Fortunately the cousin again came to my relief.

"Dear me!" she said to Nancy, "what a strange place this prison seems to be! The people seem to walk about and amuse themselves as if they could do as they liked."

"They can do as they like," said I, "in every thing except that they can't get out." And I gave her a look to make her feel that I wanted her to understand something. She did not know me, so she looked at Nancy. Now Nancy had already told her cousin that a respectable middle-aged gentleman, an inmate of the place, was to help them in what they were about, and had told her my name in order that she might be prepared for it; but the cousin, as I said, was not acquainted with my person.

"Mr. Seedy," said Nancy, looking at her cousin, and speaking quick and thick, "has been so long in the Fleet that it is a sort of home to him."

"Oh!" said the cousin.

A happy thought struck me immediately. "Perhaps," said I, "the young lady would like to see the building; the racket ground, and the kitchen, and the galleries?"

"I should like it by all means," said the cousin, though she did not see my drift; "but how am I to find my way about?"

"I can't go with you," said Mrs. Ward, "because I am so busy in the shop, but I dare say Mr. Seedy will be gallant enough to show you the place. You will be safe with him."

"Come," said I, "and I will show you all the curiosities; there is one in particular," I added, giving a peculiar look at Nancy, "that I am sure, it will amuse you to see."

When I mentioned that I would show her cousin my "curiosity," Nancy knew at once that I meant Ned; and from that feeling of undefined jealousy which exists, I am sometimes inclined to think, as an innate idea in women, she coloured up, and immediately proposed to accompany us. Her mother objected to this at first, as she had a very strong objection to her daughter going about the building, not knowing what accident might happen to her in a moment in such a place; but as her cousin was with her, she assented after a little demur, and we three went off together.

As time was every thing, I at once mounted to the gallery where Edward's room was, receiving the congratulations and remarks of various acquaintances as we passed along, to see me so accompanied.

"Have you courage?" said I to Nancy.

"Yes," she replied, trembling like a leaf.

"Will you go into Edward's room?"

She shrunk back. "What for?" she asked.

"To dress him," said I.

"Oh! goodness, I could not do that," said Nancy, blushing more than ever.

"Then," said I, "he must just stay where he is, for I don't know how to do it. We have been trying at it all the morning. Look at my fingers," said I, showing them the marks of the points of the pins. "We put on all the things very well," said I, "but one which we could not make out the use of."

"And what was that?" said the cousin, a good deal amused.

"We could not make out what the article was, for," said I, very gravely, "it was a long band with a stuffing in the middle of it."

The cousin burst out into a laugh at this, and whispered something to Nancy, which made her laugh and blush too.

"What's to be done?" said I. "Here's no time to be lost."

We were standing by the grated window in the top gallery, at the end of which was Ned's room, so that we were close by his door. It was the gallery the least frequented of any, and no one was in it at the time but ourselves.

"I have been thinking," said I, "of the best thing to be done; and my opinion is, that the safest course would be for this young lady, meaning her cousin, to let Ned put on her clothes, and for her to take those intended for Ned."

"But you do not mean that she is to dress him?" said Nancy, very quickly.

"No," said I; for I saw in a moment that Nancy did not approve of that plan at all; "you must both dress him together."

"I don't mind," said the cousin; "being together is not like being with him alone."

"And I shall be there," said I, "as master of the ceremonies."

"I don't like it," said Nancy, palpitating.

"There's no help for it," said the cousin; "let us go through with

it, my dear, now we have begun it ; after all, it is to get a poor fellow out of prison."

To put an end to the discussion I knocked at Ned's door. It was opened by Ned, who was about to shout out his joy, but I held up my finger for silence, and we all went in together. Nancy trembled very much ; but her cousin laughed, and seemed to enjoy the fun of it.

"This," said I, "is what we can't understand the use of."

Nancy snatched it away, and put it out of sight. Her cousin laughed loud.

"Go out," she said to me and Ned, "and leave me and Nancy together. I will open the door when you are to come in again."

In a very few minutes, but which appeared a long time to us, the door was opened, and we found that the good-natured cousin had taken off her own dress and put on the one intended for Ned.

"Now quick," said she, "let us dress the gentleman."

The moment was so exciting ; the opportunity was so inviting ; and Nancy, with the colour in her cheeks and her eyes glistening, looked so very pretty,—really it was excusable—the poor fellow could not help it,—he put his arm round Nancy's neck, and before us all gave his sweetheart the first kiss which he had ever imprinted on her lips. I was looking out of the window with my back towards them, but I heard the smack, and turning round involuntarily, I saw Nancy put her hands to her eyes, and sinking down on the sofa which served Ned to sleep on, she burst into tears.

There was a general pause at this.—

"I am afraid," she said to her cousin, when she was able to recover her voice, "that we are doing wrong : let us go back. My mother will be wondering what is become of us !"

Nancy was alarmed at Ned's vivacity, and certain misgivings came over her as to the prudence of committing herself to his discretion in the way which she was doing. Her cousin guessed her thoughts.

"Come, Sir," she said, "none of this. These are liberties that we can't allow. You must not take advantage of our generosity. Wait, Sir, till you are married."

"Married !" said Nancy ; "good heavens ! I did not mean that !"

"What did you mean then, my dear ?" said her cousin ; "I supposed that was to be the end of it, or I would not have interfered in the matter ;—don't you know your own mind, my dear ?"

"What I wanted to do . . . first . . ." said Nancy, sobbing,—"was to get him out of prison . . . and then . . ."

"And what then, my dear ?"

"I don't know—I didn't think of that . . . You say things so suddenly."

"My dear Nancy," said Edward, "if you repent of the step you have taken—and are going to take, do not suppose that I am so selfish as to risk your happiness or peace of mind for the sake of my escape from this prison ! I would rather remain here to the end of my days, and perish and rot within the stone walls, than cause sorrow to you, my dearest girl ! Take off my cap, then, and take off these petticoats."

This he said with an heroic air, which made such a droll contrast with his dress and bonnet, which was perched on the top of his head, that it was impossible to help laughing; and the cousin, who was ready enough to indulge that way, could not resist it.

"Nancy," she said, "make up your mind quick, my dear, for after this beautiful speech, I shall take him for myself if you don't."

Whether this jesting threat had any effect on Nancy or not, I cannot say; perhaps she was penetrated only with Ned's fervor and enthusiastic love for her: but without more hesitation, and with a sort of desperate manner, she earnestly busied herself in completing his disguise, and then it was that I became initiated into the application of that mysterious article of a woman's dress which had puzzled me so much, and which the cousin, laughing almost to split her sides, as the saying is, attached in the proper manner, Nancy laughing and blushing all the while, but determined to go through what she had begun. And now that Ned was becomingly dressed, with veil and reticule all complete, the next thing to be done was to get him cleverly out of the prison. And this was the moment when poor Nancy's heart began to fail her, and it was clear that she never would have presence of mind to go through with it. It was promptly resolved, therefore, that Ned and the cousin should go out first, escorted by me; and that Nancy should remain in his room with the door locked for a quarter of an hour or so, until the two had got clear off; then she was to follow, and meet them at a spot agreed on. Nancy, I saw, did not much relish the plan of Ned going away with her cousin, and the idea of her undressing him, perhaps; but as time pressed, and it was necessary to come to a speedy decision, she was forced to assent, though not without a good deal of reluctance and hesitation at being left alone, as she said, in Edward's room, which might give rise to misconception afterwards, if she was discovered. With instinctive feminine art—to bind him the more to her—she permitted him to kiss her again without resistance before he went out, and I think returned it, though, as my head was turned on one side, I could not exactly observe. She was in great agitation, and we both enjoined her strongly not to betray any emotion as she passed through the lobby when she went out; and so leaving her to the resources of her courage and her love in her novel situation, with the real young lady on one arm, and the sham one on the other, we boldly marched down stairs, every one making way for us respectfully, and entered the yard leading to the entrance of the prison.

LINES WRITTEN AT WILDBAD GASTEIN.

How my spirit rejoices in Nature's wild voices
 Outnumbering Echo's ! How sweet to mine ear
 The roar of the billow, the sigh of the willow,
 When silken-wing'd zephyrs are fluttering near !
 From the tossing of ocean, to the soft rippling motion
 Of a rivulet dimpling and dancing in glee ;
 From the whirlwind oak-rending, to the summer breeze bending
 The light whisp'ring reed, all are welcome to me !

O where are the pleasures, O where are the treasures
 Like Nature's, dear Nature's ? How fair to mine eye
 The snow on the mountain, the spray of the fountain,
 The black of the pine-wood against the blue sky !
 From the bright golden noonlight, to silvery moonlight
 Entrancing the soul with a magical spell ;
 From the rock, rude and horrent, and thundering torrent,
 To the flower-smiling valley, all, all I love well !

Away ! ye heart-chilling, ye time and joy-killing
 Re-unions of vanity, pomp, and ennui,
 Where the lip is all gladness, but the bosom all sadness !
 Oh, a circle of crag, lake, and forest for me !
They ne'er can deceive me, *they* never can grieve me,
 My rapturous feelings *they'll* ne'er coldly blight !
Theirs a charm never cloying !—no fear while enjoying
 That possession may brush off the bloom of delight !

ELEANOR DARBY.

FINE ARTS.

AMATEURS, CONNOISSEURS, PICTURE-DEALERS, ARTISTS, AND THE
BOARD OF TASTE.

AN Amateur is a comical person. He usually considers himself a great man among country folk, and the many races of people who think gilt gingerbread as good as a picture. Amateurs dabble with pictures, so called, of a very inferior order for years, sometimes for their whole lives, not having the courage to extend their expenditure on one single work of real art, but choose canvass spoiled and colour wasted not worth 20*l.* *That* with hundreds is a large and extravagant price. These gentlemen, for they are all gentlemen, when they have pictures so called on their walls, are for ever on the sharp look-out for stray and unknown Leonardo Da Vincis, Raphaels, Domenichinos, Claudes, Poussins, Ruysdaels, Hobbemas, Van de Velde of both characters; Teniers, Ostades, and Rubens! It is amazing how stubborn and conceited this class of society is, when questioned as to the painter of any one of their pictures.

All these gentlemen amateurs have the happy faculty of conceiving they always pitch upon rarities no one but themselves ever discover. We may say, that thousands of 10*l.* Claudes, and 2*l.* 10*s.* Poussins, 20*l.* Domenichinos, 30*l.* Carlo Dolcis, 40*l.* Raphaels, and Leonardo Da Vincis, at *no price at all*, have, as these nibblers think, been caught in their wondrous nets.

I have said, that an Amateur is the first stage of a man who would be thought a man of taste. Many of them, I do freely allow, possess a real liking of pictures. But fine pictures are to them what pineapples in a fruiterer's window are to those who long for them,—they have the money but not the heart to spend their shillings to please the palate. The amateurs of art often assume a prodigious extent of knowledge in their line, and are known to combat the opinions of persons whose knowledge is as far above their own as St. Paul's Cathedral is above a tiny village church. The Connoisseur is a gentleman who does not of necessity purchase pictures. But sooner or later he is tempted by some captivating work to break through all his resolutions. That once done, he goes on. A Connoisseur can tell you one master from another. He pores into the handling of the materials till he can discover almost by the odour who painted this or that. The late noted Chevalier de Burtin, of Brussels, who had a large and good collection of pictures, chiefly Dutch and Flemish, said he could tell many masters' works in the dark by fingering them—Peter Neefs, the Cathedral and Church painter, Van Deelen another, and so on. He was a most cunning Connoisseur. He wrote a large book describing his pictures; the art, and how to clean pictures. His connoisseurship brought him in about 600*l.* a-year, as the housekeeper lady had strict injunctions to urge all visitors to buy his book. Five

or six francs was the price. A Connoisseur is not of necessity a good judge, but he may become one by perseverance. He is not proof against mistakes. He is not of necessity, from his title, a person who can declare off-hand a picture to be original or a copy. His function is to tell a Wynants from a Hackaert or a Weenix, to tell a Hobbema from a Ruysdael — a Metzger from a Vander Werf — a William Van de Velde from a Backhuysen — a Terberg from a Jean Steen, and so on. If an Artist of eminence meets a Connoisseur so styled, some modesty is displayed at first; but in a quarter of an hour he lets loose his knowledge at the expense of the feelings of the Artist, who often, through courtesy, gives way, but is sure to tell his story on the first occasion, at the expense of the Connoisseur, because Connoisseurs frequently outstep their knowledge. It is an extreme rarity to find Amateurs or Connoisseurs possess any real soul for expression in art. The Artist of old describes truly a time of day under circumstances of the evening, or an overcast effect, a twilight or some poetical sentiment of fine feeling. If the Amateur and Connoisseur meet, the former is sure to say, "I don't like that picture, it is too dark for my taste; I like cheerful furniture pictures, not your dingy ones. You may talk about Rembrandt as long as you like; but I'm not to be persuaded to like pictures apparently painted with pitch and ivory-black, with a dab of yellow ochre in some part, and tell me *that* is fine — Pooh! I'll not swallow such nonsense!" The Connoisseur speaks and tells the tyro he will in due time alter his opinion. The Amateur asks a question of the other about some Italian picture they are facing. "Why," says the Connoisseur, "to tell you the truth, I don't study Italian pictures; they are not after my taste. I only relish the Dutch or the Flemish. I like the high finishing of those Dutch fellows; but as for Italian pictures, they require more study than I can give to them." He will probably say, "How am I to know the difference between what they call a Schiavone and a Schedone, or a Guido from an Elizabeth Serani? How am I to know a Salvati from a John di Udine? I can remember Ruysdael, and recollect there is Solomon Ruysdael and Jacob Ruysdael. The latter is worth hundreds of pounds, when the other is not worth as many shillings. I can remember Wynants, and know he painted chiefly sand and gravel banks with pretty views; but not of much variety. His pot-boilers are poor things."

There is a vast difference between an Amateur, a Connoisseur, and an eminent Artist; because an artist has to study his art for his profession, and he has to read much of that which others leave alone. He must be a philosopher; not so the Connoisseur. He has to learn and be familiar with all that has been done in all ages in the graphic pursuit. To travel is indispensable to enlarge his mind; for the greatest works are on walls, and therefore immoveable, and inaccessible, unless men travel to see and to study them. Vitruvius has given us his views of the requisite qualifications for an architect. The same may fairly be applied to the painter, and even the sculptor. A man thus trained, *must* be a better judge of art than those men who only amuse themselves now and then by looking at pictures. The Artist studies them in all their varieties of excellence. The other, that is the Connoisseur, knows not how to study. I have often heard

repeated the following gross absurdity, by men and even noblemen now in their graves; that artists are *not* such good judges of their own productions as many connoisseurs. He who produces is, in all cases, the best judge. A tailor can tell in a moment far better than employers, whether a coat be well worked or badly put together. A man who makes tools for his own use, which is common, knows far better than he who never uses the like, whether they are well made.

In my opinion the National Trustees ought, on material occasions, to have an assistant council of better judges than themselves,—eminent artists and a couple of the most honest-minded of the cleverest judges as picture-dealers,—the former will be the tribunal of real taste. They alone are competent to determine what sort of works of art should be selected for the improvement of the national taste, and be models for all artists to look up to as well as the people. The picture-dealers may be able to say in some cases, whether a picture be in good order, and occasionally if it be genuine: but not one jot further would I allow these men to advise. Taste they have none. How can they have taste? that is none of their ware. Their constant jargon is, when a collector calls, I can show you this or that; a very fine specimen in *his best time*, or in his early time, or in his latter time. Then follows a long made-up history of where it came from; who had it; what noted collection it came from; in fact it is run up to the skies. But ask an artist, really an artist, his opinion. He probably will say, "The picture may be as you say in his best time"—and as much more as pleases you; "but for me it is a tasteless affair." A picture-dealer often knows better than artists who are not in the trade, when a certain master of any school, as it is termed, is peculiarly rare.

All this is very well; but I have heard numbers of gentlemen express their opinion, that *no set of noblemen can form of themselves a competent council of taste*. Does any one of them buy any expensive work of art on his own sole judgment? I venture to say no!!! Witness what happens at all great sales. Picture-dealers are commonly the sole or chief buyers. Why? because they are better judges. A man of virtue never was known to give advice to a dealer; such as Mr. Buchanan, or Mr. Emerson, or Mr. Delahaute in his lifetime; or Mr. Bryant, or Monsieur Desenfans, long since dead and gone. Noblemen connoisseurs, and noblemen amateurs, have never a sufficiency of confidence in themselves to dictate what to select; what to secure for the country, or what to reject. How can they presume to tell the value of pictures? Artists often put a value on slight sketchy dashing pictures, which the collector, from the want of a certain elevated knowledge in art, would not allow to hang on his walls. No picture should be purchased, and no picture especially should be rejected *on the mere opinion of a Board of Taste*. Some of the Royal Academicians should be assembled to give their opinion. Dealers might be allowed to guide occasionally, as to the market value.

In another paper I shall go further into this subject; but I say thus much by way of preface or introduction to some anecdotes relating to pictures and picture-dealers; not forgetting boards of taste and noble critics, which may perhaps convey some information to the public.

R. R. R.

A TALE OF NEW ZEALAND.

A FRAGMENT.

How beautiful is nature! says the poet. How delightful! sighs the sentimentalist to contemplate man in his natural state untrammelled by the artificial restraints of society!

Such were the exclamations of Mr. Augustus Snivelle as he reclined on a couch in the classic region of Regent Street. His form was enveloped in a garment of variegated colours, in which the green and the red vied with the yellow and the purple. On his head he wore a cap from which a golden tassel gracefully depended; his shirt collar was displayed Byronically; a budding moustache graced his upper lip; an imperial added expression to his chin; and his hair, which was redolent with the odour of a pot of hypothetical bears-grease, scented with real bergamot, hung Germanically down his back in curious curls.

In one hand Mr. Snivelle held a copy of the *Tales of the Colonies*, in which the manners and customs of the natives of Van Diemen's Land are so sweetly described; in the other he held a pipe—not a vulgar thing of clay—but a real Meerschaum—from whose amber mouth-piece he inhaled the fragrance of the Persian weed, and gently puffed the wreathing smoke from his languid lips.

"Oh! where," he said, "is nature to be found in all her pristine simplicity? Not in St. James's Park, nor the Lowther Arcade! I am weary with the deccits and the sophistications of civilised life. Besides, I am getting too fat; I will go to New Zealand."

He went.—

Beneath a roof thatched with the leaves of the flax plant lay Pummereboo. His form was untrammelled by the artificial restraint of braces, because he was without that article of dress which those conveniences are intended to support; neither had he shoes or stockings, or waistcoat, or coat, or shirt, or shirt-collar. His only garment—a sort of mat which adorned his person when he went abroad—was carelessly laid aside, displaying without encumbrance the elegant patterns curiously tattooed in various devices on his bistre-coloured skin; and as he smiled as he thought of his coming repast, he showed a formidable row of teeth strong and firmly set to make a fat man tremble.

In his left hand was a bit of fern root, at which he condescended to nibble while he waited for his breakfast; in his right he held a native tomahawk with which he was wont to kill a slave or a wife occasionally when it pleased him so to do.

He was an unsophisticated child of nature!

Where, he said, as he threw away his fern root, and gave his tomahawk a little flourish; "Where is Wirriwarriwow!"

Wirriwarriwōw appeared.

She was as little trammelled by artificial restraints as her lord. Being engaged in the domestic duty of preparing the matutinal meal she had dispensed with the mat which sometimes shaded her charms from strangers' eyes; and she stood as nature had formed her, perfectly unconscious that her appearance would have excited considerable surprise in the Regent Street of the white people. She stood—in the wilds of New Zealand—in the unsophisticated state of nature's loveliness; and save a row of sharks' teeth round her neck, and a sprig of coral pendent from her nose, she was a practical illustration of that most poetical and delicate idea of "beauty when unadorned, adorned the most."

"Where is my breakfast," said the chief; and as he spoke he played with his tomahawk—promiscuous-like.

Wirriwarriwōw pointed to the path which led to their cottage ornée.

"A white man comes!"

"What sort of a man is he?" said the chief, his mouth watering with anticipation.

"A very fat one!"

The chief's eyes sparkled.

"Cover yourself," said the chief, "with your mat."

His wife obeyed; she threw over her copper-coloured shoulders a sort of New Zealand Polka,—rather scant,—and awaited the approach of the stranger.

Mr. Augustus Snivelle arrived—not at the door—because it had no door,—but at the entrance of the chief's dwelling.

He surveyed the lady with intelligent curiosity.

The chief frowned, and then smiled as he made a rough mental calculation of tenpenny nails.

Mr. Snivelle beheld the natives' teeth, and tried to smile too, but he couldn't.

The chief looked at him earnestly; Wirriwarriwōw was right; the stranger was very fat; but he might get fatter. Pumnereboo meditated.

Mr. Snivelle was rather at a loss to communicate his wishes to these Aborigines,—and very original he thought certainly they were; but, seeing that he could not speak their language, and they could not speak his, he was not unable to communicate his ideas by speech; but he remembered that the language of signs is universal. He opened his mouth, and imitated the action of chewing with much energy.

Wirriwarriwōw comprehended him perfectly: with the willingness to oblige natural to her sex, she immediately presented the stranger with the bit of fern root which her husband had but half eaten. The stranger took it; smelled it; pared it with a knife which he took from his pocket, tasted it, and shook his head.

The chief looked at the stranger's knife, and his mind was troubled with strange visions! He stretched out his hand for it; took it; felt its edge; gave a little chuckle in his throat which resembled the

gobbling of a turkey, and secreted it in a corner. Mr. Snivelle was charmed with this instance of native ingenuousness.

The chief invited him by signs to a great feast. Mr. Snivelle being very hungry, accepted the invitation with the most energetic readiness.

One of his wives was despatched to give intelligence to the tribe that a white stranger had arrived, so far as to be valuable personally, and exhibiting sundry foreign qualities curious and entertaining.

The feast prepared, an old and dignified chief, the superior of the tribe, presided. Having had the advantage of several communications with Europeans, the great man was well acquainted with the manners and customs of the white people, and wishing to show off on the occasion, he commanded that things should be prepared with a sumptuousness suitable to the occasion. The steam of the earth-ovens arose on all sides.

In due time the assembly sat down to table; that is to say, the natives tucked their legs under them and sat on the ground, while their wives brought in the dinner.

The dress of the Great Chief was magnificent in the extreme. He wore on that occasion a drummer's jacket, which being too small for him was necessarily open in front; around his loins was tied a blue apron, which had belonged to a ship's butcher. On his head he wore a judge's wig, intended for a dignitary in New South Wales, but which, having been repudiated by that functionary, had been bartered by a trader with a native for a hog, and had been seized by the Great Chief as an ornament too grand for any other head than his own. At the top of the wig he had placed a cocked hat. His admiring subjects gazed at him with a sort of awe. Mr. Snivelle looked out anxiously for the dinner.

The first dish was a baked young woman. It was borne in with great ceremony. At the bottom was a stewed dog. There was cold boiled missionary as a middle dish. At the sides were two piccaninny pies, with their toes appetisingly displayed through the crust.

Pummereboo sat by his friend's side out of compliment, and to assist him to do justice to the good things before him.

He detached with his fingers a delicate piece of the top dish for his guest, with a cut of the centre one which he accomplished with his tomahawk, and pointed out the piccaninny's toes as the most delicate morsel. But Mr. Snivelle turned very pale, and felt very sick. The Great Chief was pleased to take notice of his indisposition. He pointed to the banquet.

Mr. Snivelle shook his head, and endeavoured to make his dusky friend understand, that he was not hungry.

The natives regarded him with pity and amazement! The feast was delicious.

They talked among themselves and pointed at the stranger; and they regarded him, he began to think, lovingly. They said some words to the Great Chief; fortunately, that distinguished individual was able to speak a few words of English. With much politeness he interpreted the conversation of the unsophisticated savages to their guest. The talk ran thus:—

Great Chief.—“Say you climb tree?”

Mr. Augustus Snivelle.—“No.”

Great Chief.—“Say you catch fish?”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“No.”

Great Chief.—“Say you make mat?”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“No.”

Great Chief.—“Say you fight?”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“No.”

Great Chief.—“Brother say you no good.”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“Eh?”

Great Chief.—“Say you nice and fat.”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“They are very obliging.”

Great Chief.—“Say you no good only to eat.”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“I wish I could get something to eat!”

Great Chief.—“Little mistake! They say not you eat, but they eat you.”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“What!”

Great Chief.—“Say they make you very fat, and then they eat you up.”

Mr. A. Snivelle.—“The devil they will!”

Mr. Snivelle jumped up quickly. The natives jumped up too. They were very merry, and they danced round the white man and sung a festive song. Pummereboo acted as leader of the band; the rest joined in chorus. The following is a translation of the roundelay as sung by these unsophisticated children of nature:—

“Wallaloo! Wallaloo!

Love white man, and eat him too!

Stranger white, but that no matter!

Brown man fat, but white man fatter!

Put him on hot stone and bake him!

Crisp and crackling soon we'll make him!

Round and round the dainty goes;—

Eat his fingers! eat his toes!

His body shall our palates tickle!

Then we'll put his head in pickle!

CHORUS.

On the white man dine and sup,

Whet your teeth, and eat him up!”

The Great Chief had the kindness to interpret these sentiments to Mr. Snivelle for his information; but that gentleman, far from acquiescing in this disposal of his person, capered about with fright even more energetically than his entertainers. But it was in vain that he endeavoured to escape from the charmed circle; he was hemmed in by the savages, and to his terror, the circle grew less and less every moment! In his frantic fear he gave up all his valuables: his watch; his spy-glass; his moustache-brush in an ivory case; his gold chain; his everything! The natives were delighted with his liberality. They sung, and they jumped, louder and higher than ever.

And now they closed nearer and nearer, and Mr. Snivelle screamed louder and louder : at first a friendly native seized his hat ; and then another tore off his coat ; and a third disencumbered him of his waistcoat, while a fourth untrammelled him of that part of his apparel which is ever considered indispensable ; and presently he stood before them in nature's garb alone, as the poets express it, which is the most unpleasant one that can be ; and the savages rejoiced to find him fatter even than they had hoped ; and one, lifting up his tomahawk, was about to salute him with an unsophisticated salutation of its edge of flint, when the unhappy Mr. Snivelle, fear lending him wings, as he afterwards described it, made a desperate bound through the excited throng, and while the savages set up a yell of anger and disappointment at his escape, fled to the woods, and concealed himself in the trunk of a hollow tree.

There, for three long days and three longer nights, did he remain ensconced, hungry and cold, and making many silent vows that, if ever he escaped from the hands of these unsophisticated children of nature, he would ever afterwards content himself with such minor advantages as civilisation offered, without seeking for the attractions of primitive simplicity, of which he had experienced a New Zealand specimen. At the end of three days, hearing no sound of his enemies, he ventured to peep from his covert ; and seeing the coast clear, he made the best of his way to the nearest European settlement, where he arrived "a wiser and a thinner man."

The next day he returned to England, and from that time forward, whenever he heard a sentimental enthusiast extolling the superiority of man in his natural state, he would relate his adventure in New Zealand ; and thanking Heaven that he had escaped from the watering mouths of Pummereboo and Wirriwarriwow, and the rest of the copper-coloured fraternity, he would sing the song of the natives :—

"A nice after-dinner song for a party of gentlemen ; and a nice chorus for a convivial meeting, wasn't it?"

"On the white man dine and sup !

Whet your teeth, and eat him up !"

LIVE AND HOPE.

THE ancients pictured Fortune with a wheel,

To signify the ever-shifting change

(A nuisance puzzling people a good deal,

When accidents their best-laid plans derange)

Which mortals feel in their uncertain stations ;

For when you're at the lowest, something strange,

Beyond all hope of even Fancy's range,

Sometimes starts up, and puts you on full rations :—

A moral which gives rise to pleasing contemplations.

LIFE: A Poem.

SYMBOLIC MONEY.

~~(The recent)~~
 THE recent calamitous conflagration at Quebec, which has caused so much private misery and so great public inconvenience, has been the source of much comment in the newspaper press; and various schemes have been propounded for the remedying of the disaster, and for the rebuilding of the devastated city, by private contributions, and by grants of money to be advanced by the mother country. Among the schemes for effecting the desirable object of the restoration of Quebec, the one most philosophical in conception, and the most easy and safe in execution, seems to be that suggested by the "Society for the Emancipation of Industry," and which appears in the Pictorial Times of August 16.

It is there proposed, that a million of legal-tender money should be created for the purpose of carrying through the operation; and the Society grounds its proposal, not only on theoretical principles, but on practical effects, and on evidences of what has been done in a similar case. It is adduced as a proof of the feasibility and safety of the project, that the meat-market in Guernsey was actually erected by the same means as that which is proposed for the rebuilding of Quebec. We insert the account of that valuable precedent, as we find it in the journal to which we have already referred:—

"*Guernsey Meat Market.* — To erect this market, the States of Guernsey voted, in or about the year 1821, four thousand pounds, and issued four thousand one-pound notes, not bearing interest. The contractor, at dates agreed upon, received these notes in payment of instalments. With them he paid wages, and what he owed for materials used in the construction of the building; and as these notes were sanctioned by a vote of the States, who constituted the parliament of the island, the property of every man in the island, real and personal, was pledged for their validity. The notes consequently obtained free circulation.

"When the market was completed, it consisted of eighty shops, which shops were let at a rental of five pounds each shop, thus yielding an annual revenue of four hundred pounds.

"At the expiration of the first year, notice was given to all persons holding meat-market notes, numbered from one to four hundred, both inclusive, to bring them before the President of the States, and the committee of the meat-market. Then, with the four hundred pounds received from the butchers for the first year's rent, this first batch of notes was cancelled, the notes being burnt in presence of the president and the committee. Thus, in ten years, all the notes were cancelled, and the States left in possession of the building and rental in perpetuity, without the cost of a shilling to any individual. The accuracy of this can readily be tested by a visit to the spot. Afterwards a fish-market was erected, and redeemed in a similar manner.

"Since this much larger operation has been entered upon in the re-erection of a street called Fountain Street, some of the notes of which are now current; and other great works in this island have been accomplished by similar monetary means. Concurrently with this, it may be noted — first, that Guernsey sustains a population of eleven hundred souls per square mile, while England and Ireland only sustain two hundred and fifty per square mile; and, secondly, that while we have four millions of paupers out of twenty-eight millions, a beggar is scarcely to be seen in Guernsey. In confirmation of this remarkable fact as regards Guernsey, reference may be had to an article published in the 'Examiner' newspaper, under date of September, 1832, and attributed to Mr. Frederick Hill, Government Inspector of Prisons in Scotland."

It is with this evidence before them of what has been done, and can be done again, that the Society for the Emancipation of Industry propose that the rebuilding of Quebec should be effected in the same manner; but we will state the suggestion in the words of the Society:—

“With these facts before the world, and for which the authority of Mr. Duncan, the historian of Guernsey, can be adduced, it is submitted that it would be very expedient for the Home or Colonial Government to apply the same principle to the rebuilding of Quebec, and for this purpose to create, say one million of legal-tender money, receivable by Government for duties, and re-issuable to the original amount until the time fixed for their resumption; or a public company might be formed for the purpose of acting under, or in concert with, the local government in creating an authorised currency to the requisite extent, with a view either of rebuilding the city, or of granting loans of such symbolic money, returnable at a fixed period, to be advanced to individuals for that purpose on the security of the buildings, or on personal security. Such a plan, consistent as it is with true and recognised commercial principles, it is submitted, would be much preferable to a government grant of twenty thousand, or even two or three hundred thousand pounds. It presents the most attainable and economical means of calling into action the resources and energy of the colonists, and of giving immediate and full employment to labour, the source of all wealth.”

The suggestion which is thus made by a Society which has already done so much towards enlightening the public in respect to the nature and action of money, and which has, with a singular disinterestedness, expended much labour and much money without any view to personal aggrandisement, but solely with a regard to the public good, is too important to be allowed to pass without the serious consideration of public writers; as it involves a principle which is capable of far greater extension than the rebuilding of a single city, and which affects the whole of the monetary regulations and the prosperity of the mighty empire of Great Britain, and of all the nations of the earth, to an incalculable degree.

The great question now is, what sort of money is to be adopted for the purpose of carrying on the vast transactions of trade and commerce, internal and external, in this as well as in all other countries. In the elucidation of this question, it may be worth while to examine a little into the origin and history of paper money.

In the first rude ages of the world, exchanges of goods, whether the productions of nature or articles of manufacture, were carried on by barter. Homer, it may be observed, when he would describe the value of the weapons of Glaucus and of Diomedes, says, that one “was worth a hundred cattle, and the other nine:”—a rather inconvenient sort of money to carry about with one, looking at cows and bullocks in that light—but this by the way. In such cases then,—that is, when one article was bartered for another article direct—as skins for feathers, cattle for corn, and so on, the parties did not make use of any money. But as this practice was soon found to be a clumsy and inconvenient mode of proceeding, it was found necessary to adopt some other means of effecting the exchanges required. This naturally gave rise to the invention of money; and the sort of money made use of was in accordance with the ignorance and inexperience of such early times. Remembering Homer’s mode of estimating values, it may be considered, that cattle were some of the first money of the ancients,

and a primæval gentleman, instead of lending a friend a five-pound note, lent him five bullocks perhaps — more or less — which the obliged party immediately drove away to his own quarters. So much for Homer's money. In other countries, the money partook of the nature of the local productions.

In the East, cowry shells, collected on the shores of Ceylon and of the Maldivé islands, were the current money : and those shells were the acknowledged money also of the Moguls, of Bengal, and Botan, as well as of Guinca. On the discovery of America, grains of cacao served for money. In Abyssinia, salt is the principal money, and pepper also : in Iceland, a sort of wool. In the exchanges between the Chinese and the Russians, at Kingtu, pieces of nankeen serve for the money of comparison. Among the Greeks of the Lower Empire, pieces of silk performed this function. In ancient chronicles, gold, silver, and silk are mentioned, as equally money. Thus it appears that, in rude and ignorant times, and among rude and ignorant people, as the necessity arose for some mode of representing value, or, in other words, for inventing some sort of money, the contrivances were akin to the ignorance and inexperience of the people. But, as commerce spread and knowledge increased, other sorts of money, more convenient in their use and more general in their application, were resorted to, to meet the demands of industry, and for facilitating the interchange of natural and artificial productions. Metallic money was then employed, and was soon found to be superior to all other money for the purposes required, as its value was more certain than furs or feathers, and as it was more durable and portable, and more generally recognised. Its imperfections, which have been the discovery of modern times, were then little felt, and unnoticed.

All sorts of metallic money were employed, as all sorts of commodity-money had been previously employed, according to the accident of circumstances, localities, and the greater or less facility of procuring this or that sort of metallic money in any particular place or country.

Iron, brass, tin, copper, as well as gold and silver, have all been made use of as the sort of money which we speak of ; and it is to be observed, that in the barbarous times of the early ages it was considered that their money ought to possess intrinsic value in itself, in order to serve as the representative of the value of other commodities ; this barbarous idea is becoming rapidly exploded in the present day, but it existed in its full force among people who were ignorant of the real nature of money, properly so called, which is, as its name imports, nothing more than the acknowledgment, or the token, of the value of something else ; for, the making use of a money possessing intrinsic value, though that money is gold or silver, is as imperfect a token of the values of other things, as cows and bullocks are an imperfect token ; inasmuch as being, like gold and silver, commodities, their value is apt to increase and decrease like all other commodities ; and it is no more possible correctly to measure the values of other goods by gold or silver, the values of which are constantly fluctuating, than it would be possible to measure the dimensions of a bale of cloth by a yard-measure, the length of which, like a sliding telescope,

was constantly changing. It is right to say, however, that there are some few people—that is, of those who think at all about the matter,—who entertain the same erroneous ideas of the nature of money as the barbarous people of primæval times; but there is reason to believe that the number of such unenlightened persons is exceedingly small, and is rapidly becoming less under the influence of the labours of “The Society,” whose arguments on this subject are unanswered, because they are unanswerable. But to return.

So long as the wants of trade and commerce were small, the small quantity of gold and silver procurable was sufficient to perform the office required in the clumsy and imperfect manner which it did; but, as trade and commerce increased, the necessity for more money was felt faster than the gold and silver, in use as money, could be digged out of the known earth; and contrivances were resorted to which we shall have to speak of presently. But the discovery of America, by the quantity of gold and silver which it poured into Europe, gave a vast impetus to commerce, and was of prodigious help to all the operations of industry, in so far as it furnished increased facilities for the interchange of commodities, and for domestic and foreign trade. But, supposing that gold and silver in coins or in bars formed the fittest money for the transactions of life which could be invented—an assertion which we utterly and entirely deny, inasmuch as they cannot be properly called money or tokens of value, but are themselves values, changing and fluctuating like other values, and therefore unfit to represent the value of other things;—even supposing this, it may easily be shown how utterly inadequate they have been, and are, in amount, to serve as money for the multifarious operations of commerce and industry in recent years, as well as in the present day.

To ascertain the exact amount of specie money in circulation in the different countries of Europe, is impossible; the mints can give an account of all that has been coined, but there are no means of determining how much of such coinage has been withdrawn by export abroad, and by manufactures and hoarding at home; an approximate calculation, however, may be made quite sufficient for our purpose.

But we shall have to enlarge on this point in another place; we confine ourselves at present to the historical examination of the origin and use of paper money. But it may not be amiss, in passing, to advert to the condition of Spain, the great primary receptacle of the produce of the American mines, before and after her possession of her abundance of gold and silver.

In the beginning of the 16th century, fifty years before Spain got possession of the metallic treasures which it was fondly supposed was the insurance of her prosperity, the seas were covered with her ships. In the city of Seville alone, there were 130,000 people employed in the manufactures of her wool and silk. Since then—since the discovery, and for many years the primary possession, of the rich mines of America, she has fallen into beggary and decay. In the reign of Philip the Third, in little more than a hundred years after the discovery of America, Spain had neither ships, manufactures, nor

commerce; her agriculture had fallen back, her population had decreased, and she was reduced to such a scarcity of her own abundant gold and silver money — proving thus the *vagrant* character of gold and silver — that she was compelled to have recourse to copper tokens, and to stamp these by the royal authority and effigies with the nominal and forced value of silver. Had she advanced a little farther in a knowledge of the true nature of money, she might have invented the only true money, philosophically considered, namely, a *paper* money, which might have saved her from her consequent disasters, and from her present political and commercial degradation. But she missed that truth; and her position ever since has been one of weakness and wretchedness, and her civilisation, instead of advancing, has stood still to the present day.

This evidence of history, it may be remarked, and experience of a country in times comparatively modern, sufficiently prove, that as the riches of a country are not derived from mines of gold and silver, even the most productive, so neither is it material of what substance its circulating medium or currency is formed, provided it is one not liable to be taken away from the country on account of its intrinsic value as a commodity; and that to endeavour to fix and restrain the precious metals from the movements and fluctuations in amount and value, incident to all articles of commerce, is a vain attempt, and, indeed, utterly impossible.

Having said thus much on the subject of the primitive money of the ancients, and of the metallic money of subsequent times, before we speak of pure money, the token of value, and not itself a commodity of value, or in other words, of symbolic money — and especially with reference to the subject which has given rise to the present observations — namely, the practicability and the facility of rebuilding the city of Quebec, by means of the creation of a sufficient quantity of symbolic money, — it may be useful to take a brief review of the origin and circulation of paper money; which it will appear was far from being the deliberate invention of mankind, but was the result of accident; and the practice of which arose from and was forced by the exigencies and necessity of the moment; and the importance of which discovery, in its late enormous action, was not understood until experience had proved its vast utility. But it must not be supposed that the paper money of this country, as it existed from 1797 to 1816, was the only instance of the use of pure money in Great Britain — meaning, by pure money, a token of value not possessing value in itself; on the contrary, the system of tallies in use in the earliest times of this country, shows that the principle, though not understood, was nevertheless practised; and indeed, in other countries at very remote periods, as we shall have to speak of hereafter. But as this examination is connected with the history of banks and banking, and indeed can scarcely be treated of without reference to those subjects, we propose to continue the subject in another paper; throwing out the present brief remarks rather for the purpose of furnishing materials for thought in others, than with the idea of writing a complete treatise, even on any one point of so vast a subject in its detail, though so simple in its principle, as that

of the currency. With this view we shall conclude the present paper with two extracts; the first from the Life of Franklin, written by himself; the second from Mr. Locke's treatise, intitled "Considerations upon lessening the Quantity, and raising the Value of Money." We shall have occasion to apply the facts and the reasoning contained in these two extracts as we proceed.

Dr. Franklin says:—

"About the year 1730, the people of Pennsylvania felt the want of a medium of currency, and required the continuance of that they had, which amounted only to 15,000*l.* and was about to expire, in its legal term. The wealthy inhabitants, prejudiced against *every sort* of paper currency, through the fear of its depreciation, an instance of which had occurred in New England, strongly opposed this measure. I was in favour of this creation and emission, convinced that the first *small sum*, issued in 1723, had done much good in the province, by favouring commerce, industry, and production.

"Time and experience so fully demonstrated the utility of paper currency, that it never after experienced any considerable opposition; it soon amounted to 55,000*l.* and in the year 1739 to 80,000*l.*, it has since increased, during the last war, to 380,000*l.*, trade, *property*, and population having, in this period, greatly increased."

The observations of Mr. Locke to which we refer, and which we shall have occasion to make use of by and by, are the following:—

"The exigencies and uses of money *not lessening* with its quantity, and it being in the same proportion to be employed and distributed, still, in all parts of its circulation, so much as its *quantity is lessened*, so much must the share of every one that has a right to this money *be the less*; whether he be landholder for his goods, or labourer for his hire, or merchant for his brokerage. If *one-third* of the money employed in trade were locked up, or gone out of England, must not the landholders necessarily receive *one-third less* for their goods, and, consequently, rents fall? a *less quantity of money* by *one-third* being to be distributed among an *equal number of receivers*? Indeed, people, not perceiving the money to be gone, are apt to be jealous one of another; and, each suspecting another's inequality of gain, to rob him of his share: every one will be employing his skill and power the best he can to retrieve it again, and to bring money into his pocket, in the same plenty as formerly. *But this is but scrambling amongst ourselves*, and helps no more against our wants than the *pulling of a short coverlet* will amongst children that lie together, to preserve them all from the cold; *some will starve, unless the father of the family provide better, and enlarge the scanty covering*. This pulling and contest is usually between the landed man and the merchant; for the labourer's share, being seldom more than a bare subsistence, never allows that body of men time or opportunity to raise their thoughts above that, or to struggle with the richer for theirs (as one common interest), *unless when some common and great distress, uniting them in one universal ferment, makes them forget respect, and emboldens them to carve to their wants with armed force, and then sometimes they break in upon the rich, and sweep all like a deluge*."

We shall endeavour to show, in a future paper, that the more that which is meant by money departs from its character of a symbol, the less it is fitted for the uses which it is intended for; and that if the money of the country is a commodity, and, like other commodities, subject of course to rise and fall in value, such a shifting measure cannot be employed as the token of the value of other things, without subjecting the people who so make use of it to all sorts of disasters, and to being crippled and cramped in all the operations of industry, — of agriculture, of manufactures, and of domestic and foreign commerce, — which is precisely the condition of Great Britain at this present moment.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Black's Picturesque Tourist and Road Book of England and Wales ; with a general Travelling Map, Charts of Roads, Railroads, and interesting Localities ; and engraved Views of the Scenery. Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black, North Bridge.

As this is the season of the year when tourists are making up their minds as to the places to which they shall direct their course, we have placed this and the two following books at the head of our list ; and we have allotted to them this place of honour the more readily, as they are really the best books of the sort that have been published ; and travellers and the public in general owe their thanks to the contrivers and publishers of these guides for tourists, for the useful information which they contain, saving to the traveller both time and money, facilitating his movements, and increasing the gratification of his journey. According to our plan of allowing authors to speak for themselves with respect to the object of their works, we subjoin the preface to each volume. The writer of the book under present notice says :—

"The plan and execution of the 'Picturesque Tourist of Scotland,' having met with very general approval, the proprietors of that volume have been encouraged to undertake a work of a similar description for England. Accuracy, conciseness, and a just discrimination of the importance of the several objects described, being the qualifications most valued in a guide book, it has been the aim of the editor to devote his most anxious attention to the attainment of these requisites ; and it is believed that the present work will be found to contain a larger amount of well-digested information than has ever been presented in any volume of such convenient size.

"To have given all the roads of England within the limits of such a volume as the present was obviously impossible. Only the main roads have therefore been described, although the distances between places on the various tours by the cross-roads are very generally given.

"By reference to the maps and charts, the routes by the cross-roads will readily be ascertained ; and by turning to the index, the reader will be directed to the pages where all the places of any importance are described.

"The names, position, and distances of the various places have been copied from the maps of the Ordnance survey ; and the same valuable authority has been the basis of the several charts and district maps with which the volume is illustrated.

"The names of the proprietors of the various mansions described, have been carefully compared with Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and History of the Landed Commoners.

"In consequence of the frequent changes in the possession of the smaller mansions and villas, it has been deemed better to omit the names of the occupants of these, than to give information which a short period of time might render inaccurate.

"The memorable incidents mentioned in connection with the various localities

have been carefully selected from the best county histories and other topographical works of authority. The population is given according to the census of 1841.

"In describing the scenery most worthy of the attention of strangers, the editor has endeavoured to give a plain and intelligible account of what he considered worthy of notice, without aspiring to picturesque or eloquent delineation.

"He has thus been enabled to incorporate with the topographical and descriptive matter, a considerable portion of literary, historical, and traditionary illustration, which may prove at once interesting and instructive to the reader.

"The expense of travelling, and the gratuities paid to servants at hotels, are subjects so materially influenced by the habits of the traveller, and the style of the establishment at which he sojourns, that it is difficult to afford precise information in regard to them. At the same time, the publishers have reason to believe that a few particulars on those heads will be generally acceptable to tourists, and they have accordingly embodied, in the following note, the result of the inquiries which they have made upon the subject."

For the useful information which this note conveys, we must refer the reader to the book itself. We will add, that a copious and well-arranged index is added to the work; and that it contains good and distinct maps of all the localities to which it refers, while several well-executed engravings are a pleasing and useful addition to its pages.

Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland. Fourth Edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, North Bridge, Booksellers and Publishers to the Queen. 1845.

THE plan and execution of the present volume, says the editor, will be found, in an important respect, to differ from any other work devoted to the same object.

In the compilation of guide-books, it appears to the publishers that much eloquence is often needlessly expended in ambitious eulogiums on the beauty or grandeur of natural scenery, of which no adequate idea can be conveyed to the mind by any written description, however graphic and minute. In the present work such attempts have been studiously avoided. A plain and intelligible account has been given of the scenery most worthy of the attention of strangers, without dictating the amount of admiration with which any given scene is to be contemplated.

By adopting this course, space has been found for the incorporation of a large amount of traditionary, historical, and literary illustration, by which it is conceived a recollection of the scenery will be more permanently fixed in the memory of the tourist, than by any original description of its features which the author could himself have given.

Neither labour nor expense has been spared to give the work the greatest possible degree of accuracy. To secure this object, the several sheets, in their progress through the press, have been transmitted to individuals conversant with the topography of the respective districts; while the descriptions of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen have been wholly contributed by natives of those cities. For the favourable reception of former editions the publishers return their best thanks. They, at the same time, express their acknow-

ledgments to the public press for numerous laudatory notices, which, if not unmerited by the *three former* editions, will be found to be still better deserved by the *present*.

The same useful note which is appended to the volume relating to English towns is attached also to the present volume, but we have not room for its insertion. It contains also a capital index, like the former work; with abundance of useful maps, and a larger number of engravings and woodcuts.

The next of these admirably arranged and most useful books is, perhaps, the most interesting of the three, from the popular inclination, which has become almost a point of social duty in these times, to visit the scenery of the English lakes:—

Black's Picturesque Guide to the English Lakes; including an Essay on the Geology of the District. By JOHN PHILLIPS, F.R.S., G.L., Professor of Geology in King's College, London. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THE following is an extract from the well-written introduction:—

“That section of England, to the scenery of which this small volume professes to be a guide, occupies a portion of the three counties of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancaster, and extends over an area, the greatest length or breadth of which is nowhere more than fifty miles. The picturesque attractions of the district are beyond question unequalled by any other part of England; and although some of the Scottish lochs and mountains must be admitted to present prospects of more imposing grandeur, it may safely be said, that no tract of country in Britain combines in richer affluence those varied features of sublimity and beauty which have conferred upon this spot so high a reputation. For the lover of nature, no tour could be devised of a more pleasing character than that which these lakes afford. ‘We penetrate the glaciers and traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, whilst our domestic lakes, of Ullswater, Keswick, and Windermere, exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colourings of rock, wood, and water, backed with so stupendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such as no English traveller should leave behind him.’”*

“Nor is it only to the admirer of external nature that this spot presents attractions. It is no less interesting to the antiquarian, the geologist, and the botanist. The remains of three abbeys—Furness, Calder, and Shap,—of numerous castles,—of one or two Roman stations,—and of many Druidical erections,—afford ample scope for the research of the antiquarian; whilst the rich variety of stratified and unstratified rocks, forming a complete series from granite to the carboniferous beds; and many rare plants, with ample facilities for observing the effect produced upon vegetation by the varying temperature of the air at different altitudes, yield to the students of geology and of botany abundant matter for employment in their respective pursuits. The absence in the Lake country of those traditions, with which other places similarly characterised by nature abound, has often been remarked with surprise; and, notwithstanding what has been urged by Dr. Southey, we are still at liberty to express our wonder that there is not a greater number of legends, superstitions, and tales of stirring incident, connected with a district so richly supplied with all the attributes to which the popular fancy is prone to link

* Cumberland.

romantic associations of this kind. Having made this remark, it is but proper to subjoin the passage from Southey, to which we have alluded:—‘There is little or nothing of historical or romantic interest belonging to this region. In this respect, unlike the Scotch border, where Sir Walter could entertain his guests during a morning’s ride with tales of murders, executions, house-besieging and house-burning, as parts of family history belonging to every homestead of which he came in sight. The border history is of no better character on the English side; but this part of the country was protected by the Solway and by its natural strength, nor does it appear, at any time after it became English, to have been troubled with feuds. The English barons, indeed, were by no means so often engaged in private wars as their Scottish neighbours, or the nobles on the Continent; their contests were with the crown, seldom with each other, and never with their vassals. Those contests were carried on at a distance from our Lake-land, where the inhabitants, being left in peace, seem to have enjoyed it, and never to have forfeited its blessings by engaging in the ways and contracting the disposition of marauders. They had, therefore, neither ballad heroes, nor ballad poets, happy in having afforded no field for the one, and no materials of this kind for the other.’

“An interest, however, of no ordinary kind is imparted to the locality from its being the spot with which many eminent literary men have been more or less connected, and from which several of their finest works have emanated. William Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge, his son Hartley Coleridge, Dr. Southey, Professor Wilson, De Quincey, Thomas Hamilton (author of ‘Cyril Thornton’), Charlotte Smith, Charles Lloyd, Bishop Watson,—all of these, an honoured list of names, are, or were, resident amongst the Lakes. Archbishop Sandys, Hogarth, and Romney the painter, also spring from this country. In directing the steps of the tourist, we have therefore availed ourselves to a considerable extent of the literature of the district, quoting those passages which in any way illustrate the scenery through which he will pass. These quotations, we feel assured, especially those from the poets, will not only contribute to elevate the feelings and improve the heart, while the reader is contemplating the scenes which are there portrayed, but will also form a spell by which, in coming years, he may recall the pleasures of the past, and revisit in imagination the scenery over which we are now about to conduct him.

To the index, engravings, maps, and sections, which render this little work a perfect hand-book of information to the scientific and general tourist, is added a glossary of technical terms used in describing the mountain scenery of the Lakes; and it is no slight recommendation of this book, that it is, like the other two, very cheap, carefully printed, and the matter well arranged. We can sincerely recommend them all to our readers, with a caution not to commence their journey without them, as their possession will save them both time and money.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness: By the Rev. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Supplementary Chapter on Almsgiving, by John Washbourn. London: Wiley and Putnam, 6. Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. Dublin: W. Curry, Jun., and Co.

THIS is the second edition of a little book originally published in the United States; and it is with sincere pleasure that we hail a work so admirable in its intention, and so useful in its execution, as this most kindly emanation from a truly Christian mind. The author treats of “Kindness and Revenge.”

Chap. I. Kindness and Revenge. — II. The power of Kindness. — III. The power of Kindness. — IV. Disarming force of Kindness. — V. Kindness and Insanity. — VI. Kindness and Crime. — VII. Kindness and Ignorance. — VIII. Kindness admired by all people. — IX. National Kindness. — X. Kindness and Persecution. — XI. Kindness and Punishment. — XII. The blessings and duty of practising the Law of Kindness. — XIII. Character of Christ. — Supplementary Chapter, on Almsgiving.

These distinctive divisions point out well the scope and tendency of the book; and we shall proceed to justify the encomium which we have bestowed on it by the following interesting and entertaining quotations: —

The author commences his work thus: —

“As like physical causes produce like physical consequences — as vice most assuredly results in misery — so revenge calls forth hate; for water does not more certainly tend to its level, than the exercise of malice and cruelty kindles the fires of anger and opposition in the soul. To small purpose has that individual perused the history of the world, who has not discovered that the common process of eradicating evil has been to meet it with evil; and who has not seen that the pathway of life has been almost universally lighted by the horrible spirit of retaliation? And to as little purpose has he examined the records of nations and individuals, if he is not convinced that, when the law of kindness has been practised, it has been as much more salutary in its influence, and as much more glorious in its results, than those of revenge, as virtue is more salutary and glorious than iniquity. For while *retaliation* is like the storm which sweeps through the forest in destruction, *kindness* is like the combined influence of the sun and the rain of the cloud, which germinates seed, and unfolds their leaves, flowers, and odours.”

After giving some account of the benevolent labours of the celebrated Howard, the author cites the following: —

“The next instance is that of Fénélon. Fénélon was a Roman Catholic, and archbishop of Cambray, in France. He was a man of the finest feelings, of the greatest benevolence, and he uniformly practised the law, ‘Overcome evil with good.’ He was kind and affable to the lowly, mild and courteous to the ignorant, philanthropic to the miserable, and ever gentle both to friend and foe. The consequence was, that he won all hearts. His diocese was often the theatre of war; but the English, Germans, and Dutch even surpassed the inhabitants of Cambray in their love and veneration for him. At such times he gathered the wretched into his residence and entertained them; for his known goodness had surrounded him with a power which even contending armies could not resist; and the consequence was, that his dwellings were safe, even when towns and villages were lying in smoking ruins around him. The following is an instance of his great kindness. He observed one day that a peasant, who had been driven from his home, and to whom Fénélon had given shelter, ate nothing. He inquired the reason. ‘Alas, my lord,’ said the poor man, ‘in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family. The enemy will drive her away, and I shall never find another so good.’ Fénélon, availing himself of his privilege of safe conduct, immediately set out, accompanied by a single servant, and drove the cow back himself to the peasant. By thus walking according to the law of overcoming evil with good, he gained the affection of all. The peasantry loved him as their father; and, long after his death, their tears would flow when they said, ‘There is the chair on which our good archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall see him no more.’ What a crown of unfading glory the law of love gave him!”

Another illustration : —

"An intelligent Quaker of Cincinnati related to me the following circumstance, as evidence that the principle of non-resistance possesses great influence even over the savage. During the last war, a Quaker lived among the inhabitants of a small settlement on our western frontier. When the savages commenced their desolating outbreaks, every inhabitant fled to the interior settlements, with the exception of the Quaker and his family. He determined to remain, and rely wholly upon the simple rule of disarming his enemies with entire confidence and kindness. One morning he observed through his window a file of savages issuing from the forest in the direction of his house. He immediately went out and met them, and put out his hand to the leader of the party; but neither he nor the rest gave him any notice: they entered his house, and searched it for arms, and, had they found any, most probably would have murdered every member of the family. There were none, however; and they quietly partook of the provisions which he placed before them, and left him in peace. At the entrance of the forest, he observed that they stopped, and appeared to be holding a council. Soon one of their number left the rest, and came towards the dwelling on the leap. He reached the door, and fastened a simple white feather above it, and returned to his band, when they all disappeared. Ever after that white feather saved him from the savages; for whenever a party came by and observed it, it was a sign of peace to them. In this instance we discover that the law of kindness disarmed even savage foes, whose white feather told their red brethren that the Quaker was the follower of Penn, and the friend of their race."

Of all wrongs which can be inflicted by one human being on another, one of the hardest to be borne, perhaps, and especially, taking into consideration the peculiar natures of the "genus irritabile vatum," is to have your mental labours knavishly appropriated by a literary thief, who, with unblinking effrontery, puts them forth to the world as the result of his own researches, or as the inspirations of his own genius. For our own parts, we do not know which is the criminal most to be condemned, or most worthy of punishment, the sneak who steals your money, or the sneak who steals your literary compositions, which to the author is money, and more, except that it is generally considered that the literary thief is the more contemptible rascal of the two. With such feelings, therefore, we cannot fail to view the following illustration as a most extraordinary case of magnanimity : —

"The late Dr. Bowditch, of Salem, Mass., was a man as eminent for his great and useful talents, as he was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. An instance is related of him, which is a complete manifestation of the command, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'

"Dr. Bowditch had been preparing a plan of Salem, which he intended soon to publish. It had been the fruit of much labour and care. By some means or other an individual in town had surreptitiously got possession of it, and had the audacity to issue proposals to publish it as his own. This was too much for Dr. Bowditch to bear. He instantly went to the person, and burst out into the following strain : — 'You villain! How dare you do this? What do you mean by it? If you presume to proceed any farther in this business, I will prosecute you to the utmost extent of the law.' The poor fellow cowered before the storm of his indignation, and was silent; for his wrath was terrible. Dr. Bowditch went home and slept on it; and the next day, hearing from some authentic source that the man was extremely poor, and had probably been driven by the necessities of his family to commit this audacious plagiarism, his feelings were touched, his heart relented, his anger melted away like wax. He went to him again, and said, 'Sir, you did very wrong, and you know it, to appropriate to your own use and benefit the fruit of my labours.

But I understand you are poor, and have a family to support. I feel for you, and will help you. That plan is unfinished, and contains errors that would have disgraced you and me, had it been published in the state in which you found it. I'll tell you what I will do. I will finish the plan; I will correct the errors; and then you shall publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the subscription list with my name."

The next illustration is an instance of self-denial more easily followed, perhaps, than the former:—

"The following incident, for which I am indebted to Colonel Stone's admirable work, the 'Life of Brant,' most clearly shows how irresistibly the law of kindness unnerves the arm of revenge. After the fall of General Burgoyne, the Tories became highly exasperated with General Schuyler, for the very important part which he had taken in defeating the British army, and they determined to murder him. 'For this purpose the Tories corrupted a white man, who had been patronised by the General, and who was even then in his employment, to do the foul deed; and also one of the friendly Indians, whose clan had for years been in the habit of halting upon his premises in Saratoga, during the fishing season, at Fish Creek, which ran through his farm, and in which immense quantities of fish were then taken. To effect their object, the two assassins took their stations under a covert, in a valley about half a mile from the General's premises, and by which they had previously ascertained he was shortly to pass. They soon descried his approach on horseback. As he advanced, they took deliberate aim, when, with a sudden movement, the Indian struck up his associate's gun, with the exclamation, '*I cannot kill him; I have eaten his bread too often!*'"

Among all the illustrations, however, of the good effects of the practice of the law of kindness on all occasions, we think that none will be considered more practically useful than its application to the insane. Here we have an abundance of facts, curious, interesting, and proving, as we think, incontestably the superiority of the mild over the harsh system of discipline, so long in use in public hospitals and in private asylums, in respect to the insane. But although it is now generally acknowledged that the old practice was adapted rather to confirm in violent madness than to cure, and a system of mildness and indulgence is becoming the practice in most European receptacles for the insane, it may not be without use to recur to the evidence adduced by Mr. Montgomery of the decided superiority of the one system over the other; proving also that the practice of the feelings which emanate from those who are imbued with the practical wisdom of the law of kindness, exercises its powerful influence even over minds into which it was heretofore considered impossible that they could penetrate.

"Another most noble illustration," says the author:—

"Another most noble illustration of the law of kindness, as a power to subdue and soften insanity, is found in a scene which occurred in the Bedlam or mad-house of Paris. The account of it is extracted from a letter read at the Academy of Sciences, by a son of the celebrated Pinel, who was, as I suppose from the account, keeper or head overseer in the Bicêtre.

"Towards the end of 1792, Pinel, after having many times urged the government to allow him to unchain the maniacs of the Bicêtre, but in vain, went himself to the authorities, and, with much earnestness and warmth, advocated the removal of this monstrous abuse. Couthon, a member of the Commune, gave way to M. Pinel's arguments, and agreed to meet him at the Bicêtre. Couthon then interrogated those who were chained; but the abuse he received, and the confused sounds of cries, vociferations, and clanking of chains, in the filthy and damp cells, made him recoil from Pinel's proposition. 'You may do what you will with them,' said he, 'but I fear you will become their victim.' Pinel instantly commenced his

undertaking. There were about fifty whom he considered might, without danger to the others, be unchained; and he began by releasing twelve, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of strong waistcoats, with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back if necessary."

The first case is a very striking one:—

"The first man on whom the experiment was tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, *as he had been in chains forty years*. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them. His keepers approached him with caution, as he had, in a fit of fury, killed one of them on the spot, with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said, 'Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well, and to injure no one.' 'Yes, I promise you,' said the maniac; 'but you are laughing at me; you are all too much afraid of me.' 'I have six men,' said Pinel, 'ready to enforce my commands, if necessary. Believe me, then, on my word, I will give you your liberty, if you will put on this waistcoat.' He submitted to this willingly, without a word. His chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell back again on it; for he had been in a sitting posture so long, that he had lost the use of his legs. In a quarter of an hour he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and, with tottering steps, came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, 'How beautiful!' During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases, and uttering short exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord to his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to had been prepared for him, and he slept tranquilly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicêtre he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful, by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion."

The author continues to state:—

"In the course of a few days Pinel released *fifty-three maniacs from their chains*, among them were men of all conditions and countries; workmen, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, &c. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the whole discipline was marked with a regularity and kindness, which had the most favourable effect on the insane themselves, *rendering even the most furious more tractable*."

In Chap. VI. the author treats of "Kindness and Crime." He says:—

"There is yet another department of human life, in which the law of kindness is acquiring extensive and powerful influence. I have reference to criminals—those victims of vice who break the laws of society, and consequently endure the penalties attached to those laws. In times past criminals have been visited with constant severity, and, in multitudes of instances, with positive cruelty. And at the present day, it is not only the fact, in many prisons, that prisoners, in order to subdue them, are subjected to vindictive and frequent corporeal punishments, but multitudes of people still cherish the erroneous notion that prisoners cannot be controlled in any other manner than by unrelenting severity. The annals of criminal legislation too truly prove that this severity has been faithfully administered. To examine the neglect, the filth, the stripes, the revenge, and the vitiating influences to which criminals have been compelled to submit, even in countries which boast of their civilisation, makes the soul thrill with horror. Legislators and public opinion have been entirely, and, in many instances, now are strangely wrong in this respect. If an individual so acts that the law cannot grasp him with its iron hand, and he dresses well as a votary of fashion, he too often is so much countenanced, that he is admitted to gay society, and the smiles of many of the influential, though he may plunder the widow and the orphan, and riot in seduction and debauchery. But let a man commit the smallest crime in the eye of criminal law—let him pass the ordeal of public trial and conviction—let him wear the striped dress of a

convict — and straightway the mark of Cain is on his brow ; and in the wretched prison to which he is consigned, and in the stripes and suffering to which he is a slave, people forget that he is still a man, with feelings that might become active in virtue, if excited by the voice of kindness. *Who cures for him ?* The past answers, *None*, with the exception of here and there a philanthropist, whose voice has warned legislators of the revenge and cruelty they were inflicting on those who should be raised up from their degradation, instead of being crushed deeper into an infamy which destroys all hope of reform."

He illustrates the beneficial results which have been manifested by the steady application of the law of kindness in the case of convicts under legal sentence, by several examples ; and in his opinions on his head we entirely and heartily concur. The fiercest animals may be tamed and softened by kindness ; and so may be the most obdurate reprobates, and the most hardened criminals. Indeed we consider that there is no human being, howsoever depraved, criminal, and vile, who may not be reclaimed by a firm and uniform system of kindness ; no nature can resist it. Like the element of fire, which penetrates, subdues, and purifies all substances, so does the warmth of kindness penetrate and subdue all hearts. The following bears on its face too romantic a character to be true ; but, even as a fiction, it is a beautiful illustration to be remembered ; and with this quotation we must conclude, earnestly recommending this little book of great truths, cheap and useful, and of moral and ameliorating character, as it is, most earnestly to the perusal of our readers :

"The existence of the *love* of kindness in the soul is nobly exhibited in an Arab tale, the substance of which I obtained from De Lamartine's translation of "A Residence among the Arabs of the Great Desert." In the tribe of Nedgde there was a mare of great reputation for beauty and swiftness, which a member of another tribe, named Daher, vehemently desired to possess. Having failed to obtain her by offering all he was worth, he proceeded to effect his object by stratagem. He disguised himself as a lame beggar, and waited by the side of a road, knowing that Nabee, the owner of the mare, would soon pass. As soon as Nabee appeared, Daher cried, in a feeble voice, 'I am a poor stranger ; for three days I have been unable to stir from this place to get food ; help me, and God will reward you.' Nabee offered to carry him home ; but Daher said, 'I am not able to rise ; I have not strength.' Nabee then generously dismounted, brought his mare near, and helped the beggar to mount her. The moment he was mounted, Daher touched her with his heel and started, saying, 'It is I, Daher, who have got her, and am carrying her off.' Nabee called upon him to stop, which Daher did. Nabee then said, 'Thou hast my mare ; since it pleases God, I wish thee success ; but I conjure thee tell me one how thou hast obtained her.' 'Why not ?' said Daher. '*Because some one really ill might remain without aid : you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, from the fear of being duped as I have been.*' This discriminating kindness subdued Daher : he immediately dismounted, and returned the mare to Nabee, and when they parted, they parted sworn friends. This tale shows forth the power of kindness in a beautiful manner ; and the delight with which the Arabs heard it told, demonstrates that they can appreciate true generosity."

Torrington Hall : Being an Account of Two Days, in the Autumn of the Year 1844, passed at that magnificent and philosophically conducted Establishment for the Insane. By ARTHUR WALL-BRIDGE, Author of "Jest and Earnest," &c. London : Jeremiah How, Fleet Street. 1845.

THIS is a *jeu-d'esprit*, written by a clever man, in most eloquent language. It contains the description of a supposed lunatic assylum,

where affairs are so conducted as to suggest to the mind of the reader the very obvious question of, "which are really the insane; those on the outside of the house, or those in the inside?" The illusion, however, is very happily kept up, although the author takes care in his preface to warn his readers respecting the veritable existence of the Institution. He says, "But let them carefully ascertain the locality, before they commence their journey; for—so slowly is unobtrusive worth recognised—if they were to neglect this precaution, they might experience some difficulty in finding the way."

We extract the following as a specimen of the author's opinions and style:

"You commenced," said I, "by affirming that we accuse capitalists of paying lower wages than they ought to pay, and that we consider profits ought to be more equally divided. Now the fact is, that we accuse *employers* of nothing, and direct all our discontent against the *organisation of employment*. Whilst industrial occupations are pursued for the sake of realising an individual money-profit, we conceive that capitalists can act in no other way than they do act; that is to say, *buy* everything—including labour, as cheaply as possible, in order to *sell* cheaply, and thus be enabled to compete with other capitalists at home and abroad. This method, so long as labour was valuable, acted well enough; and all were satisfied with the independence which it allowed; but in the existing condition of affairs, it acts only to the advantage of *capitalists*. This brings me to the consideration of your most important assumption. You seem to consider the position beyond dispute, that labourers have no other claim on capitalists than the *worth of their labour in the market*. Now, such a position, however well it could formerly have been admitted as an abstract truth, must, in the present day, be cast off as no better than a false and heartless assertion. There is a part of capital called *machinery* which has altered all. I use the word *machinery* as the most convenient to express concisely all the inanimate aids in the production of wealth. Machinery, then, has already arrived at such perfection as to reduce fatally the value of labour, and throw into utter and irreparable confusion all the time-honoured and once-mutually-beneficial relations between employers and employed. The new labour-saving mechanical and chemical system is yet but partially developed, and very partially applied. The *cultivation of the land* will probably be the next important point in its progress; and town and country will then alike be under its influence. The ultimate effect of this system, there can be slight doubt, will be to render a distinctive class of society, called a 'working class,' absolutely useless. Human labour, gradually becoming of less and less worth in the market, will at last come to be of so little exchangeable value that wages will be altogether inadequate to support life. Machine labour—not competing with capital, but forming a portion of it—will end in absorbing entirely the department of labour into that of capital. The terms 'capitalist' and 'labourer,' as applied to human beings, will then mark out no division. All will be capitalists, and all will be labourers. The necessary every-day work of the world will be performed by scientific combinations of the inanimate powers of nature; and these combinations will be superintended for the common good by a few men and women, selected in turn from the whole number of able adults in the society. Competition, therefore, as the basis of social arrangements, will successively die away in all the nations of the earth, as the new chemical and mechanical aids in the production of wealth are successively introduced into them, and will at length be known only as a matter of history. Mankind will then read of the fierce contest for such simple requirements as food, raiment, and lodging, which now agitates the world, with compassionate contempt. They will look upon our trading arrangements as we look upon the rude laborious attempts of our forefathers to obtain results which *we* obtain with ease, certainty, and order. Competition, when exerted at all, will be exerted on higher grounds than any but a fortunate few can now occupy. It will be for fame—for improvement—for ennoblement of the individual and the species."

"The Malthusian objection is plausible," said I, "but quite hollow when properly examined. It is correct, certainly, that population, if unchecked, will in time

press upon the means of subsistence, in so far as these means can be furnished by a particular combination of mankind; but in a rational and scientific society so very much more produce would be raised from the same quantity of land than is raised at present, that the surplus of human beings would be longer in arriving. And when it *did* arrive, what, let me ask, is to prevent the superabundant population from 'swarming off,' and settling in fresh localities. Each person, in a state of unrestricted exertion, can produce more than enough for his or her consumption; and if the artificial institutions of a corrupt society do not admit such an eternal truth, and allow its members an even chance, that is its criminal stupidity, not the fault of the new comers. A wise and just social system would require that its citizens should labour for *all*. Every human being, by the fact of *living*, has an equal claim with every other human being to a participation in the benefits possessed by society at the period of his or her existence. If any one habitation be preoccupied by sufficient tenants, it is the duty of those already in possession to find *another as good* for fellow-lodgers who appear amongst them, not by any will of their own, but by the will of the pre-occupiers. And this duty would be performed with cheerfulness, and as necessary to an enlightened scheme of progress and extension. The citizens of a rational social system would, of course,—though you seem strangely to have forgotten it,—be not only as well able as now, but much better able, to keep down the amount of their work by keeping down the number of children born; but such a course, if adopted at all, would certainly be dictated by no fear of *over-population*. For thousands of years the earth will call out for cultivators, and will laugh at Malthus and Malthusians."

"By no means gloomy," said Dr. Elstree; "on the contrary, it is a doctrine that inspires us with the brightest hopes. If we can ascertain that certain effects result from certain causes—by removing the causes we get rid of the effects. That a society based upon the principle of *competition* must necessarily be bad, I consider to be a fact now as demonstrable as any other fact in science which is universally accepted as established. The world will admit this *great new fact* by and by, and wonder how, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it could have been doubted. In the mean time, I act upon it here. Each available patient is trained to some branch of manufacture; and all the men, who are sufficiently convalescent, till the land. But, in fostering the industrial tendencies, we take great care not to stimulate the selfish competitive instinct, and proscribe entirely the lust for *individual accumulation*. 'Each for all, and all for each,' is our cardinal motto."

"What!" exclaimed Bryant, opening his eyes to the widest extent; "'each for all, and——' do you mean to say you make these poor devils work, and pay them nothing for it?"

"Recollect, they are *mad*," said Dr. Elstree, smiling. "They are sent to me from the *sane* world; and I am obliged to adopt measures suited to their unhappy condition. The system of buying cheap and selling dear; of overreaching and underselling; of giving kicks and suffering kicks, to save halfpence or get halfpence—as practised by civilised man, is one which seems not to have agreed with them; and I must try what I can invent better. Now it appeared to me long ago that if the influences of general society render so many people mad, they must have a tendency to *keep mad* those who are so. Therefore, in combining a set of influences to act upon my patients, I made them quite unlike the influences of general society. As *they* all proceed from the principle of competition, *mine* all proceed from the principle of co-operation. As, in the great outer world, agriculture and manufactures stand scowling apart from each other, in my little inner world they ~~are~~ brought up as affectionate brothers. Seeing that the choice of residence was between an ugly, unwholesome, thickly populated mass of buildings, called a *town*, and a dull, thinly peopled expanse, called the *country*, and that either continuously is detrimental, I constructed a residence with the advantages of both, and the disadvantages of neither. Seeing also that the most necessary industrial occupations were pursued to excess, or not undertaken at all; that some suffered from doing too much, and others from doing too little; that mental and muscular exertion were seldom united in proper proportions by the same individual; and that all these matters of commission and omission were highly prejudicial to health; I reformed them altogether, and instituted such arrangements that every available patient was compelled to exercise, regularly and moderately, nearly all the faculties with which the human being is endowed. As, further, the asylum was intended to be

self-supporting, by adopting the principle of co-operation as the basis of my system, I was enabled to dispense almost entirely with the existence of mere *distributors*, who, in the forms of merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, and so on, now abound so greatly, perform their office so imperfectly, and absorb so enormous a share of wealth. And as, according to the principle of co-operation, machinery must be used for the benefit of the whole, and not entirely for the benefit of the capitalist class, as at present, and would, in consequence, be universally accepted with gratitude, I took the utmost pains to procure the best machinery, and to introduce it into the processes of the establishment as much as possible. The land is cultivated by a combined method of ploughing and digging, which method causes it to yield more, and spares us the expense and unpleasantness of much brute labour. The entire produce, agricultural and manufacturing, is stored up for the common use of the inmates; and the surplus is sent to market and sold. The money realised by this is sufficient to purchase those articles which we need, but do not grow or work up; to pay a handsome interest on the capital originally advanced by the shareholders; and to leave a considerable annual sum over, which is allowed to accumulate, with the view of forming another establishment on the plan of this."

It will be seen from these extracts that the author advocates the principle of "co-operation," in preference to the present principle of "competition," in society. That mankind will adopt the principle of co-operation at last, we firmly believe; but whether the world is old enough, and wise enough, to listen to such an innovation at the present time, is another and a very different question.

The Village Paupers, and other Poems. By G. W. FULCHER. Second Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. Sudbury: George William Fulcher. 1845.

BEFORE we proceed to notice the poems contained in this volume, we must direct the reader's attention to its excellent preface, from which we extract the following quotations, as especially apposite to the title of the work:—

"Without attempting to discuss the merits of the New Poor Law *seriatim*, we cannot quit the subject without remarking, that within the last ten years a most sad and dangerous change has been effected,—partly by the immediate operation of that law, and partly by the language used by its defenders,—in the tone and temper in which poverty is dealt with. A dozen years back, the feeling with which the helpless and necessitous poor were regarded, was a kind and sympathising one. No one doubted that among them many vicious and undeserving individuals might be found; but the principle of British law was kept in view, that "it were better for a hundred criminals to escape punishment, than for one innocent person to suffer." Hence, on the great holidays, such as Easter, Christmas, the Queen's birth-day, &c., some share in the general festivities would be conceded even to the inmates of the workhouse; and we can well remember the pleasure we felt, on being taken by the parish officers of our neighbourhood, more than once, to witness the comfortable fare provided for sixty poor old women on Christmas day, not one fourth of whom could be charged with having brought themselves to a state of pauperism by their own misconduct.

"But the whole spirit of those who at first framed, and have since carried out and defended, the New Poor Law, was at variance with this view of the matter. The comfort observable in many workhouses was placed in the very front of the array of 'abuses,' which the new law was intended to eradicate. In the Report laid before Parliament, and on which the statute of 1834 was founded, details of the 'excellent bread,' and 'capital table-beer,' found in some workhouses, were given with great emphasis, and alluded to with marked censure. But let us now see whether the opposite system has conducted us."

The following is an apt illustration of the preceding:—

"Within sight almost of Reading is the Amersham Union, in Buckingham-

shire, and in that Union, at Chesham, the following occurrence has happened within the last few weeks :—

“ ‘ An Inquest was held at Chesham last week, on the body of Mary Jones, a widow of 70 years of age. It appeared from the evidence of Rachael Luckett, that the deceased had been lodging with her for some weeks, and that her allowance from Amersham Union was *one shilling per week*, and a loaf, out of which she had to pay sixpence for her lodging. Her usual living was bread, salt and water. The day previous to her death witness gave her some potatoes, and on the morning of her death, witness went to a friend and *begged two-pence*, with which she purchased a chop and made a little broth. Deceased partook of a little, and died in a few minutes. The medical attendant who was called in to see the deceased after her death, gave it as his opinion that she died of *exhaustion*. ’ ”

“ Such is the working of the ‘ strict and severe,’ the ‘ repulsive ’ system ! It gives a poor woman of 70, who of course is quite unable to earn her own living by labour, ‘ *one shilling per week*, and a loaf,’— to provide her with lodging, food, and clothing ! At an age when some few comforts are especially necessary, this poor old woman is reduced to mere bread and water, and of that, receives not quite enough to preserve life ! Such is the natural result of decrying and condemning a kind and liberal treatment of the poor ; and of recommending that poverty shall, in general, be treated as a *prima facie* proof of criminality, and the condition of the supposed criminal rendered as ‘ degrading ’ and ‘ repulsive ’ as possible !

“ Insufficient as any system hitherto known must prove, to meet the dreadful exigencies of daily-increasing pauperism throughout the country, it is certain that the poor man had once a reliance on the commiseration of those who hold the relieving power, which now he has not. When every applicant was more or less personally known to the dispenser of public relief for his district, a measure of feeling, call it neighbourly, or what you will, might be expected to exist in the bosom of the officer, which is wholly out of the question under an organisation of aggregation. Give a man the supervision of distressed families within an easy walk of his own house, he will know, and if he be a humane man, he will care for, them all : but mass together the heaps of poverty scattered about for miles in every direction, and in places where he is absolutely a stranger ; give him coadjutors between whom and himself as little sympathy exists as between either him or them and the poor ; pay him a salary to deal with all this misery as summarily and as sparingly as he can ; and you make him a mere machine : you seal up every channel of kindly feeling, rendering it impossible for the strivings of humanity on behalf of distressed outcasts to prevail, among the distracting multiplicity of duties imposed on him by an authority so absolute, as to visit the slightest deviation from its arbitrary rules, the smallest concession of general expediency to the heart-rending peculiarities of some extraordinary case, with dismissal from his office. The free, voluntary services of respectable inhabitants, formerly rendered in their own parishes, and the discretionary power lodged in hands well versed in the affairs of the neighbourhood, was one of the fairest features in our national polity as regards the poor ; the hardships inflicted on them under the amended system, can only be estimated by taking in detail the miseries of an extensive Union.”

We now come to the poetical part of it.

Let no one say that the spirit of the poetry is in decay in this country. Truly this is a mechanical and railroad age, but there are poets left among us yet ; and when least thought of, and where least expected, they spring up to redeem mankind from the reproach of the all-absorbing selfishness and hardheartedness of the times. Last month we had occasion to speak in terms of the highest praise of some poetical effusions of Charles Mackay, and we quoted an extract in proof of that opinion, but there was abundant evidence in that single extract of his possessing powers entitling him to be placed on a level with the highest names of the most flourishing days of modern poetry. We know nothing of Mr. Mackay,—we never saw him ; and we are utterly ignorant of his height or breadth, or age or circum-

stances, of the colour of his eyes, or the length of his nose; but we take his book as evidence of himself, and we feel confident that his name will become one of the most cherished of the men of genius of the present age. But he must do more; the poems which he has hitherto written are but an earnest of what he can do. He has got the right stuff in him; let him work it up.

But to return to the book before us. If the present author is the man that his poems represent him to be, he will be pleased to have his own praises heralded by the preceding commendations of a kindred spirit. Nor is he inferior, in our opinion, either in poetical conception or poetical expression. But his style is so different, that we may compare the one to Goldsmith and the other to Byron. Who has not read Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"? Had Goldsmith lived in these days, he would have written "The Village Paupers;" it is Goldsmith Redivivus. The same gentle thoughts; the same polished diction; the same smooth versification, with a sterner pathos.

The following quotation, we think, will justify part of our opinions:—

" Ah! little deem the careless passers-by,
How many a wounded heart goes there to die;
Ah! little deem they, that those huge walls hide
The bitter tears of shame and honest pride,
That there, expiring Hope's last ling'ring sighs
From earth's poor outcasts unregarded rise.
Business or pleasure's all-engrossing power,
Life's thousand cares that ask each fleeting hour,
Leave little leisure in wealth's anxious race,
For pity's claims to take their rightful place.
There, wasting sickness lingers day by day,
And all unheeded gasps her life away;
While hireling nurses watch its ebbing sighs,
Impatient, close the scarcely sightless eyes,
And stretch the stiff'ning limbs ere the tired spirit flies.
— There, too confiding love retires to weep,
And o'er her guilt-born babe sad vigils keep,
Till sleep in mercy her swoll'n eye-lids close,
And give her care-worn frame to brief repose!
Oft hov'ring round her childhood's happy home,
Departed joys, like wand'ring spirits come;
Familiar voices glad her eager ears,
And *one*, the lov'd of all, again she hears
Whisper her name:—then with a start of pain,
She wakes to life and wretchedness again.
— There, children, severed from the household band,
By gnawing hunger's clamorous command,
Compelled to share th' imprison'd stranger's lot,
Pine for the playmates of their father's cot.
The aged poor, who strove when strength had fled,
By hopeless toil to earn their scanty bread,
With spade and barrow o'er the village green,
Their time-bent forms at day-light might be seen,
Scraping together from the public way,
The noisome heaps that there offensive lay;
Oppressed by summer's heat and winter's cold,
And all the ills that wait upon the old,
Descending step by step the painful road,
They feel *must* lead to poverty's abode,
Yet struggling still, to lengthen out the way,
By miserable shifts from day to day;

Forced like the aged Patriarch's famished son,
 For bread to sell their birth-right—there are gone,
 But far less blest than he, the wild—the free,
 Who roamed at will, o'er hill, and vale, and lea;
 For these no more must tread the green hill's side,
 Parted in age from youth's beloved bride;
 Forbad through life's few sad remaining years,
 Grief's last resource—to mingle e'en their tears,
 When the strong links of long affection's chain,
 Are all that to the friendless poor remain;
 They drag with pain life's weary load along,
 Lonely and lost amidst the motley throng,
 Where evil passions cabined and confined,
 And jarring tempers wound the peaceful mind!"

Among the miscellaneous pieces, which contain much powerful and beautiful writing, ("The Dying Child" is one of the most pathetic pieces of poetry in the English language,) we select the following, not as the best specimen, but as one that is most popularly attractive, and because the melody and simplicity of verse again reminds us of Goldsmith:—

THE STEPMOTHER.

"She saw me weep, and asked in high disdain,
 If tears would bring my mother back again?"

Well, I will try and love her then,
 But do not ask me yet;
 You know my *own* dear dead Mamma,
 I never must forget;

Don't you remember, dear Papa,
 The night before she died
 You carried me into her room?
 How bitterly I cried!

Her thin white fingers on my head
 So earnestly she laid,
 And her sunk eyes gleamed fearfully,
 I felt almost afraid;

You lifted me upon the bed,
 To kiss her pale cold cheek;
 And something rattled in her throat,
 I scarce could hear her speak;—

But she did whisper,—“When I'm gone
 For ever from your sight,
 And others have forgotten me,
 Don't *you* forget me quite!”

And often in my dreams I feel
 Her hand upon my head,
 And see her sunken eyes as plain,
 As if she were not dead.

I hear her feeble well-known voice,
 Amidst the silent night,
 Repeat her dying words again—
 “Don't *you* forget me quite!”

It sometimes wakes me, and I think,
 I'll run into her room,
 And then I weep to recollect,
 She's sleeping in the tomb.

I miss her in our garden walks ;—
 At morn and ev'ning prayer ;
 At church—at play—at home—abroad,
 I miss her ev'ry where :—

But most of all, I miss her when
 The pleasant daylight's fled,
 And strangers draw the curtains round
 My lonely little bed !—

For no one comes to kiss me now,
 Nor bid poor Anne—" Good night ;"
 Nor hear me say my pretty hymn ;
 I shall forget it quite !

They tell me *this* Mamma is rich,
 And beautiful, and fine ;
 But will she love you, dear Papa,
 More tenderly than mine ?

And will she when the fever comes
 With its bewild'ring pain,
 Watch night by night your restless couch
 Till you are well again ?

When first she sung your fav'rite song,
 " Come to the Sunset Tree,"
 Which my poor mother used to sing,
 With me upon her knee :—

I saw you turn your head away ;
 I saw your eyes were wet ;
 'Midst all our glittering company,
 You do not quite forget !

But must you never wear again,
 The ring poor mother gave ?
 Will it be long before the grass
 Is green upon her grave ? "

He turn'd him from that gentle child,
 His eyes with tears were dim,
 At thought of the undying love,
 Her mother bore to him !

He met his gay, his beauteous bride,
 With spirits low and weak,
 And miss'd the kind consoling words
 The dead was wont to speak.

Long years roll'd on ; but hope's gay flowers
 Blossom'd for him in vain ;
 The freshness of life's morning hours,
 Never returned again !

We have no doubt but these quotations will at once induce our readers to peruse the book, and then they will have the pleasure of reading all its poems, as we have done, with unusual gratification.

A Sketch of New South Wales. By J. O. BALFOUR, Esq. For Six Years a Settler in the Bathurst District. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THE Bathurst district, in which the author was a settler for six years, is a settlement beyond the Blue Mountains, about a hundred miles from Sydney, and watered by the Macquarie River, called after

the Governor of that name. By his residence in the interior, Mr. Balfour had the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the general character of the country, of the process of settling in the Bush, of the manner of keeping flocks and herds, and of the habits and peculiarities of the natives.

In one word, it is a capital book, full of information and entertainment; and we cordially recommend it to the perusal of the public in general, and to the especial study of all those thinking of emigration to the Australian colonies.

New Zealand and its Aborigines; being an Account of the Aborigines, Trade, and Resources of the Colony; and the Advantages it now presents as a Field for Emigration and the Investment of Capital. By WILLIAM BROWN, lately a Member of the Legislative Council of New Zealand. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1845.

As it is our intention to speak of this book in a separate article, we shall restrict ourselves, at the present moment, to observing that it is an admirably written work on the subject of New Zealand; composed evidently by a man of great ability, and of most comprehensive practical information. To all emigrants to New Zealand it is an indispensable guide; to all who desire to understand the *vexata questio* of New Zealand it is a most efficient help; and for the public in general a most valuable and entertaining book. We shall have to speak more of it on another occasion.

The Philosophy of the Water Cure; a Development of the true Principles of Health and Longevity. By JOHN BALBERRICE, M.A., M.D. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1845.

THIS is a book which belongs rather to the department of a Medical Review; but as it is a subject which has attracted a good deal of attention lately, we have been induced to give it a place among our present notices.

But in perusing the preface, we have been struck with two remarkable admissions on the part of the author. The first is in respect to his duty as the promulgator and advocate of a new system; the second is in respect to his judgment; in both of which, as it appears to us, he has failed.

In page 38. of the preface, he says:—

“We have studiously avoided to push out advantages, to the discomfiture of the old system; because, in the present state of feeling, hard hits on the most vulnerable points would only give offence. The enemy is sufficiently *hors de combat*, and demands quarter. The wounds he has already received, bleed enough to take away life; and it would be as ungenerous as gratuitous to administer a *coup de grace*.”

Passing over the rather unbefitting style of this writing, in a work which is presumed to be scientific and argumentative, what is the meaning of it, when examined? It is to be premised, that the author, who writes in the most enthusiastic strain of the benefits to be derived by the vast family of mankind from the adoption of the “water-cure” system, gives us to understand that the continuance of the

present "drug" system is inflicting incalculable evils, aggravating diseases, preventing cures, and causing deaths to a fearful extent. He gives us to understand, also, that the adoption of the system of water-cure would prevent all the mischiefs, and disasters, and sorrows, which are caused by the system which he desires to supersede. And at the same time he says, that he "will refrain from extinguishing the frightful mass of evils which," he says, the present system of medicine inflicts on mankind; because, why? because *it would only give offence!* Offence to whom? Offence to those who are to be benefited by a knowledge of his new system? Surely, no one would take offence at that! Does he mean that it *would give offence* to the present body of medical practitioners? The great body of patients then is to be sacrificed to the small body of medical practitioners! That seems neither just nor logical. It seems to us that a great medical reformer, who assumes to effect his reforms for the advantage of the great body of the public, ought not to allow himself to be restrained by the fear of *giving offence* to the smaller number, who, as he says, benefit by existing abuses. Surely it was the duty of the writer to tell the public for whose benefit he assumes to write, the whole truth; and, for truth's sake, in so momentous a matter, not to refrain from "hitting hard" for fear of *giving offence* to parties interested, as he says, in the continuance of that which he describes as a most pernicious system.

However, we thought the author might have made a mistake on that point, and yet that his book might be a very good book, and we read on; but we were startled by his announcement that our perusal of the present work would be of very little service to us! Speaking of another work, he says, "that it forms an indispensable supplement to every other book at present written on the subject. Without the perusal of *that*, the *study* of this will only produce half its effect."

Not liking to read a scientific and argumentative work which confessedly could produce only half the effect desired, we were inclined to close the volume; but an observation of the author in respect to the connection of the "water cure with the sacred cause of temperance" led us to read it. And it is only due to the author to say, that the book contains much practical and useful advice on the subjects of diet, clothing, and general habits conducive to health; and we have no hesitation in saying, that in respect to these most essential points the book will amply repay the perusal of the general reader; although in respect to the universal power of the water system to cure all diseases, it appears to us that the book in that respect is only a heap of assertions without proof. The water cure may or may not be able to effect all the miraculous benefits which the enthusiastic author believes in; but certainly, as it appears to us, there is far from being sufficient evidence of that power in this book. However, it is fair to say, that the author exhibits great talent and considerable power of writing in many parts of his work, and the system which he supports can hardly have a more enthusiastic or a more eloquent advocate.

THE CURATÉ CHAMBARD.

BY DUMAS.

CHAPTER III.

THOMAS, on locking the door, put the key in his pocket. "Now," said he, "go and fetch the curate; tell him that the daughters and sister of his old friend are surprised at not seeing him, and are in need of his consolation; but instead of taking him up to the women, you will bring him into the lower room; I shall be waiting for you there." Thomas went into the chamber where the corpse was laid out. Louis and John went off direct to the parsonage. The curate was alone; old Mary was in the village gossiping with the neighbours. On seeing the brothers, the curate started up.

"Monsieur le Curé," said they, "as you know my father is not to be buried until to-morrow, we have decided on watching him together, but as this arrangement leaves our sisters alone and without support, they rely upon your coming to them, sir."

"I will go, my children, I will go to them," said the curate, shaking like a leaf; but feeling that he ought to fulfil his duty, and that he was already late in giving his consolations to the unhappy family; so he hastened to put on his surplice, that the sight of the sacred garb might give more authority to his words, took a portable cross in his hand, and followed his conductors. The streets of the village were already deserted, so no one met them.

Instead of taking the curate to the poor woman, the two brothers, as it had been agreed upon, made him go into the parlour. On seeing the corpse by the light of the two tapers, and Thomas standing up by the fire, on which was boiling a large caldron full of oil, the curate endeavoured to retreat, but John and Louis, who followed him closely, pushed him forward, and shut the door behind him. The curate looked upon each of the brothers, and beheld them very pale but resolute; he foresaw that something dreadful was going to take place; he wished to speak, but the words died away on his lips.

"Monsieur le Curé," said Thomas, with imposing calmness, "you were the friend of my father; it is you who advised him to go to Narbonne; my father has therefore been killed by following your advice."

"Great God! my children," cried the priest. "Can it be possible that you would render me responsible!"

"No, sir, no. We represent here the justice of God, and rest assured we shall act up to it."

"Well, then, what is it that you require of me?"

"Listen: you know how fond my father was of his children, and you do not doubt that each of us would have given our life for his."

"Oh yes, indeed, you are good sons, pious children. I know it well. . . ."

"Then, Sir, as we *are* good sons and pious children, we have sworn, all three of us, to discover the perpetrator of the murder; and as you know him, we have sent for you here to name him to us."

"Me! I tell you the name of the murderer; — but I do not know him."

"Tell no falsehood."

"I protest I do not."

"Do not forswear yourself."

"O my God, my God!" said the priest; "what are you asking me?"

"The truth, and be cautious, for we are determined to know it."

"But what can make you imagine?"

"You were yesterday at Toulouse?" said Thomas.

"Yes."

"You went to the Abbé Mariotte's, who asked you to say mass for him?"

"Well."

"You did say mass at the Metropolitan church?"

"Without doubt. And I had a right to do so."

"We do not dispute your right. But after mass, and while you were beginning to undress in the vestry, the beadle came and told you that a man was waiting for you at the confessional?"

"Great God!" ejaculated the curate.

"What is the name of *that* man?" said Thomas.

"And why do you wish to know his name?"

"Because that man is the assassin of our father," said Thomas.

"My children, my children," said the priest, with increasing terror; "do you know what you ask me?"

"Yes," said, with one voice, all the brothers.

"But it is the secret of the confessional."

"We know it is."

"But it is forbidden to us to reveal a confession!"

"You will nevertheless tell us the name of that man and the details of the assassination, and whoever the murderer may be, he must die by the hand of the executioner."

"Never," said the curate; "never."

"Sir," said Thomas, "even if we have recourse to violence, we will know all."

"O my God, my God!" cried the curate, kissing the cross which he held in his hand; "give me courage, that I yield not."

"Monsieur le Curé," said Thomas, pointing with his hand to the fireplace, "do you see that caldron of boiling oil? — we can plunge your feet into it."

"Help, help!" cried out the priest.

"Call for help as loud as you may," said Thomas; "from this room you cannot be heard; there is a mattress between every window and the shutters."

"My God, as you alone can help me, come to my relief!"

"God cannot judge it wrong that children should avenge their father," said Thomas: "therefore speak."

"Do with me as you will," said the priest; "I will not tell you what you ask."

Thomas made a sign to John and Louis, who took the caldron off the fire, and placed it between the corpse and the chimney. At the same moment, Thomas, feeling that they needed all their courage for the scene that was going to take place, threw off the sheet that covered his father; and the body thus nakedly exposed seemed to demand vengeance by the purple lips of its eleven gaping wounds.

"Consider," said Thomas, "death comes on slowly; as you see it took eleven blows to tear the soul from this poor corpse, and yet the murderer was in haste, while for us there is plenty of time."

"My God! my God!" repeated the priest on his knees; "give me strength to support this martyrdom."

But prayer was useless; the young persons were aware of the weak and timid character of the abbé,—they knew beforehand that he would not have the courage to bear any torture, or perhaps they only hoped so.

"You will not tell us the name of the assassin?"

The priest did not answer; he held the crucifix with convulsive energy to his lips, and continued praying.

"Come, then, brothers: in the name of our poor father, let us do that which we had decided on." They seized on the priest, and held him up in their arms: he uttered a fearful scream.

"Spare me," said he. "I will tell you all."

"The name,—the name," cried Thomas: "first tell us his name."

"Cantagrel," muttered the priest.

"Is it so?" said Thomas. "I suspected it, but I would not accuse the innocent: release the curate." The two brothers placed the priest upon his feet, but he could not stand upright, and he sank down as if his knees were broken.

"Now, give us all the particulars; he must not find means to deny the charge."

"Well, then," said the priest, who, having once divulged the name, had no reason for concealing the rest; "well, then, the murderer had been told by your aunt Mirailhe of your father's intended journey to Narbonne, the motive of it, and he went and watched for your father at the ford of the river Lers."

"And after that," said Thomas.

"There, at the moment that your father came along the banks of the river, he attacked him, and threw him off his horse by the first blow of the knife; but by this first wound Saturnin Siadoux was only slightly wounded."

"My poor father!" murmured Louis and John.

"Go on," said Thomas.

"He got up, and then Cantagrel struck him a second blow."

"The monster!" exclaimed the brothers.

"Go on," said Thomas.

"But as Saturnin had on his part seized him by the collar, they

both fell on the shore, and in the struggle the butcher gave him the other nine wounds."

"*There they are!*" cried out the young men. "But be appeased, father, you shall be revenged!"

"Go on," said Thomas.

"Then, having assured himself that Saturnin Siadoux was quite dead, he dragged him towards the river, to throw him into the water. At this moment some muleteers were passing by; he had only time to hide himself and the body behind a boat that had been drawn up on the beach. The muleteers did not see him, they passed the river at the ford; but after they had passed, Cantagrel lost all presence of mind; he left the body where it was, threw himself upon the horse, passed rapidly over the ford, irritating the horse into a gallop, until it could no longer stand on its legs; then, finding it would fall with him, he dragged the animal into a little wood, where he left it. And after that he returned on foot to Toulouse. But his vengeance abated—the culprit could not overcome his remorse—he hastened to the church—asked for a confessor. By a singular fatality, I happened to be there."

"You did not happen to give him absolution?" exclaimed the two young lads, with menacing gestures.

"No, my children," said the priest, in a voice scarcely audible; "but God is a merciful judge—may he pardon *him* for the crime he has committed, and *you* for the crime that you were on the point of committing!" And at these words the Abbé Chambard became insensible; and on his recovery, he found himself at the parsonage, and by his side his faithful housekeeper, who was trying to recall him to consciousness.

When they were once more alone together, the young lads looked at each other with a grim smile—they knew all they desired. Then the two youngest said to their elder brother,

"What are we now to do, Thomas?"

"Remain here—I am going up to the women."

An instant after he came down with a note in his hand, followed by his aunt and sisters.

"Now," said he to them, "it is for you to watch, and for us to act;" and making a sign to his brothers to follow him, he went out with them.

"Brother," said John, when they were in the street, and that he saw that Thomas took the road to Toulouse, "do we not take any weapon with us?"

"By no means."

"And why not?" said Louis.

"Because, if we were armed, we might kill him; and he ought to die by the hand of the executioner. We must, however, take some rope."

"You are right," said the two brothers; and they knocked at a cordwainer's, and bought some new rope. Then then went on their way to Toulouse, where they arrived at ten o'clock. They passed into the town without being recognised—went to the Place St. George, and with a key that the widow Mirailhe had lent to Thomas,

they got into the passage without disturbing the servant. As they were well acquainted with the interior of the house, they went at once into the chamber of their aunt. The entrance into this room was by three doors; they examined them carefully, and then they waited in silence for daylight. As soon as the morning broke, Thomas placed one of his brothers behind each door, and went himself up to the garret of the servant. He found her just finishing dressing.

"Catherine," said he to the good woman, who looked at him in much astonishment, "my aunt and I arrived here in the night, but we would not awaken you."

"Mother of Jesus! Mr. Thomas," said the servant, "is what is reported true?"

"What are the reports, Catherine?"

"That Mr. Saturnin Siadoux, your father, has been murdered by robbers on the banks of the Lers."

"Alas! yes, Catherine, it is true."

"And is the murderer found?"

"It is suspected it is a muleteer, who has fled by the road to the Pyrenees."

"O God! merciful God! what a dreadful misfortune!" cried the old woman.

"Now, Catherine, my aunt thinks, and with reason, that in this dreadful circumstance she ought to address herself to her friends. Now as Cantagrel is one of her greatest friends, she wishes him to come to her instantly, without any delay. She will see him in her bedroom. The poor woman has received such a shock, that it has made her ill. As for me, I am going back directly to La Croix-Daurade, where my family are expecting me; so good bye, Catherine, as you won't see me again here. Oh! I forgot, here is my aunt's note."

The old servant finished dressing, and ran off to Cantagrel's; and Thomas went quietly into his aunt's room.

In about a quarter of an hour steps were heard on the stairs—they came heavily up to the door—three little taps were heard; and at the words "come in!" the door opened. It was the butcher.

"This way," said a weakened voice that spoke from the bed, entirely surrounded by the curtains.

Cantagrel drew near without suspicion; but at the moment he lifted his hand to put back the curtain, two powerful arms held him fast; and a voice that it was impossible not to recognise for a man's cried out,

"Come on, my brothers!"

The two young men came forth quickly from their hiding-places, and threw themselves upon Cantagrel—they were just in time: by the first struggle of the butcher, Thomas had been thrown down upon the bed; and if he had been alone, the butcher would have been soon rid of him. But all three together attacked the Colossus with a fury the more violent, as not one of them spoke a word. On his part, Cantagrel, who guessed the cause of the attack, and who knew it was a struggle for life or death, put forth all the wonderful strength with which nature had gifted him: the contest was dreadful—during a

quarter of an hour these four men, as one shapeless moving mass, rolled over, recovered itself, fell again, again to rise, and again to fall. At length these movements became slower, more painful, more sudden — the group for an instant became stationary. Then the three young men stood up, recovered themselves, shook their heads, and shouting forth a cry of triumph, the butcher laid stretched at their feet, tied and bound with the cords they had bought at La Croix-Daurade. Thomas remained alone with Cantagrel, Louis and John disappeared, and in a few minutes after returned with a hand-barrow. They placed the butcher upon it, and fastened him with cords. Then they all went down stairs. It was market-day; and the effect their strange appearance produced in the street may be imagined. John and Louis wheeled the barrow along, while Thomas walked by their side. Their faces were bloody, and their clothes torn. Cantagrel had defended himself like a lion. Under other circumstances the young men might have been questioned, but the event that had happened to their father was already known, and so they were allowed to pass on with that feeling of respect that the people generally show towards a great misfortune; and besides, Cantagrel was not gagged, and yet he appealed to no one for help. It was also evident that the young men were going towards the police-office. It was an affair between them and the tribunal, so that they contented themselves by following in the rear. The lieutenant of police had perceived this strange procession coming to the Palais de Justice, and ordered the doors to be opened. The three brothers entered, followed by as many of the crowd as could find room in the hall, where the king's officers were in attendance.

Thomas made a sign to his brothers, who placed the wheel-barrow before him.

"Who and what is this man?" asked the judge.

"It is the butcher Etienne Cantagrel, the murderer of my father," said Thomas.

But what was likely to happen did happen. Cantagrel, certain of not having been seen, sure of having confided his crime to a priest only, denied everything.

The three young men brought before the court were obliged to declare from whom they had obtained the confession, and in what manner the communication had been made. And indeed the conviction they felt that they had acted as pious children in endeavouring to revenge the death of their father, led them to reveal every particular, making rather a merit of their culpable conduct. But the court declared that they could not take advantage of such a sacrilegious act, which it ought to punish. The affair was brought before the parliament, which condemned to imprisonment not only the assassin and the sons of the victim, but the priest who had been weak enough to yield to intimidation.

In the mean time the court of law, on bringing together all the witnesses, found sufficient proofs, setting aside the confessional information of the Abbé Chambard; for however dark the night may be, however deserted the spot where a murder is committed, the eye of Providence is there.

Some mule-drivers recognised Cantagrel, from having seen him go down to the banks of the river. Some peasants also identified him, from having observed him pass them on a horse at full gallop, which appeared ready to sink under him. The charge of murder was fully proved, and the butcher was condemned to be broken on the wheel. The curate Chambard, for having revealed that which was confided to him in the confessional, in the fulfilment of his duty as a sacred minister, was condemned to be burnt alive, after having had his limbs broken. The three sons of Siadoux, for having, by threats, extorted from the priest the secret of confession, were condemned to be hung.

This dreadful sentence was in part executed. The butcher was broken on the wheel, and the executioner commanded to remit no detail of this horrible punishment. All that the most earnest solicitation could obtain in favour of the priest was, that the executioner should give him the *coup de grace* (the death-blow) before throwing his body into the flames.

As for the three brothers, whose filial piety had alone caused their crime, they inspired the people of Toulouse with so much pity, that they facilitated their means of escape from prison. Finally they reached the valley of Audouire without pursuit; and the king, twenty days after, permitted them to return to France.

When dying on the scaffold, the Abbé Chambard, resigned to death, felt that it was at the hands of the sons of Saturnin Siadoux that he should have accepted the crown of martyrdom. The Roman Catholic Church of the early ages was in the right: virtue is only known by temptation — the goodness and purity of mind of a priest's life must be accompanied by the power of resisting temptation. In the fulfilment of the duties of the ministry, the physical faculties should be equal to the moral ones, — a sound mind in a healthy body.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CAPTIVES.

THE scene before her eyes was of a description to strike with terror a far stouter heart than that of the gentle Louisa. At a little distance, on a loose piece of rock, sat her sister Helen, with her hands tied behind her; over her mouth had been tied a silk handkerchief, which, however, had slipped down, so that she was able to breathe freely. By her side stood a most repulsive looking man, with a musket which he held pointed towards her in a threatening manner; and he seemed ready at the slightest cry or motion to discharge its contents through her head. Even in that time of mortal peril the heroic girl, though deadly pale, seemed calm and collected; and although her beautiful head and neck, fixed and motionless, resembled rather a piece of marble statuary than the living flesh of a human being, there was a flashing light from her eye which revealed the stirring thoughts that agitated her within.

Not far from her sister, and exhibiting the very personification of surprise and fear, was the wretched Jeremiah, prostrate, on his knees, gagged, with his hands bound behind him, and turning his eyes sideways, with an expression which, had it not been for the horrible reality of the danger, would have been ludicrously doleful, towards a man who stood guard over him with a musket, the muzzle of which touched his ear, and who, with his finger on the trigger, seemed momentarily inclined to relieve himself from the fatiguing restraint of such a posture by a gentle touch which would free him in a moment from the trouble of guarding his prisoner.

"Mark is a long time away," said the man who was guarding Helen, to the other; "we are losing time."

"He is settling the young one," said his companion; "I thought I heard a squeak just now."

"That's the shortest way," replied the first; "but she was a nice gal." Here he exchanged a peculiar wink with the other, nodding his head and setting his eye at Helen, a signal which she could not avoid perceiving, and which the other responded to by a peculiar grin.

Mark in the mean time had gone to the cave for the purpose of getting possession of the money which the Major had taken from the vessel, and which the bushranger wisely judged might stand him in good stead at some future time. Jeremiah, in the excess of his terror, and stimulated by the propinquity of a loaded musket to his head to tell all he knew, had let out the secret that there was a large sum of money deposited in the cave, consisting of sovereigns and dollars, but as their concealment had been effected before he had joined the party, he had been unable to state more than the money was deposited somewhere. Mark had no doubt of being able to terrify the youngest daughter into confessing where the treasure was deposited; but to his surprise he found the cave vacant; and after a hasty search for the money, which he was unable to find, he made up his mind at once that his only chance was to get the secret out of Helen: and as time pressed, and as the absence of Louisa was an alarming incident, he hastily returned to the spot where Helen and Jeremiah were held in durance by his companions.

The appearance of Mark Brandon redoubled the terror of Louisa, who now gave herself up for lost, expecting every moment that the searching eyes of the ever-watchful bushranger would spy her out amongst the rocks, and that she would be suddenly dragged from her retreat to share the fate of her sister. But, fortunately for her, Mark passed in such a direction that she was hidden from his view as she lay crouched down in her hiding-place, and she saw him proceed straight to Helen. Making a sign to his companions, which it seemed they well understood, he took the place of the man who had been mounting guard over Helen, and who, in obedience to some brief directions which Mark gave him, took his station at some distance near the margin of the bay, with his face towards the north, on the look-out for enemies from that quarter, in which might be seen the smoke of the burning vessel.

Mark Brandon, with his fowling-piece carelessly thrown over his arm, with admirable coolness commenced his operations. He was burning with impatience; but he felt that his object was not to be attained by violence. He resolved, therefore, to put in practice all the arts of his deceptive tongue, for which he was so famous among his fellows, and which had often helped him out of difficulties when all other resources failed him. But he took care not to let his impatience be visible.

In this position the parties remained for some little time; and Louisa, seeing that her sister was in the power of the dreaded bushranger, strained her ears to catch the words which presently he began to speak in a quiet but earnest tone to Helen. From his attitude, which was in the highest degree respectful, and from the tone of his

deep clear voice, which, though earnest and determined, was mild and low, it might have been supposed that he was soliciting some favour from a young lady of his acquaintance which he had a right to demand, but which he nevertheless requested with a polite deference to her sex rather than insisted on as a matter of right which he had the power to enforce ; but the appearance of his companion with his cocked musket close to Mr. Silliman's ear, and the fowling-piece which Mark held in his hand, was an overt demonstration of possible violence which contrasted strangely with the bland manner of his address.

"Miss Horton," he began, "I am quite ashamed to say anything that could imply a doubt of a lady's word ; but you must excuse me if I cannot understand how the spot where your father has deposited the dollars that Mr. Silliman there speaks of can be unknown to you ! Your frank and immediate communication of the fact, permit me to say, will save much trouble to all parties — and to yourself, perhaps, some inconvenience."

Helen made no reply.

"It is quite useless," pursued the bushranger, "to pretend ignorance of this matter ; besides, if I were willing to forego this prize myself, my companions would not agree to it : so that you see, Miss Horton, your best course is an immediate avowal of the truth. That man," he continued, "who has his musket at your friend's head, is one of the most audacious persons you can possibly conceive, and there is no saying what lengths he might go to in his anger, for it would be impossible for me to control him. Jem Swindell," he added, raising his voice and addressing his associate, whom it would be difficult to say that he very much calumniated, "take your finger from the trigger of your musket ; it might go off at a start, and that would be a pity, for we don't want to inconvenience the gentleman more than we can help ; besides, the report might give an alarm, which is best avoided. Mind how you let the hammer down in putting it on half-cock, for it might slip, and then the poor gentleman would receive the contents of your barrel through his head, which is far from my wish : but keep it in the same position, Jemmy, that you may be ready."

It is impossible to describe the agony of poor Jeremiah as his sentry, at the intimation of Mark Brandon, whom he inwardly thanked in his heart for the considerate suggestion, made the little arrangement with the lock of his musket which removed the immediate apprehension of having his brains blown out by any sudden impulse or accidental agitation of the finger of the inexorable Jemmy, who, despite the pleasing familiarity with which Mark spoke to him, was one of the most ferocious-looking rascals that ever took to the bush. But as Helen's eyes were naturally and involuntarily turned to the position and danger of her harmless acquaintance, she could not but be aware of the peril to which he was exposed, and, by reflection, of the immediate danger in which she herself was, and how entirely they all were at the mercy of the desperate men who had them in their power. The thoughts which agitated her mind were visible on her countenance. Mark observed the change which ap-

peared in her features, and he congratulated himself that his little contrivance to impress on her unostentatiously but forcibly the desperate condition of her affairs had succeeded. He pursued his arguments, therefore, briskly, without giving time for her agitation to subside.

"You may believe me, Miss Horton," he resumed, "when I say that I should be most sorry to see you placed in the position of your friend there; but what can I do? You see my companions are two to one against me, and the money they will have, even if they proceed to the last extremities; and if a man in my situation might presume to offer his respectful deferences to a young lady of personal attractions and accomplishments such as you possess, I would entreat you to believe that your life is what I would endeavour to preserve, even at the sacrifice of my own. But as I said before, they are two to one, and all that I can do is to endeavour to prevail on you to reveal the place where the money is deposited, without obliging my comrades—who I confess are rather rough in their manners—to use the most dreadful means to compel you."

• The artful words of the bushranger, whom the constable had not inaptly described as the most carying devil that ever got over a woman, began to have an effect on Helen; and she could not suppose that the man who addressed her with a demeanour so respectful, and with such a propriety of language, could be the unprincipled ruffian that he really was. Besides, his mode of proceeding was altogether unlike what she had pictured to herself under such circumstances, and what she had feared at his hands. Instead of the boisterous threats and the instant violence which she had anticipated, she was met with the most bland expressions and the most earnest desire apparently to save her from personal insult. Seeing, however, that Mark Brandon was in this complacent humour, she thought that she might turn it to account. Her principal anxiety at the moment was for her sister. Knowing Louisa's gentle and timid nature, she feared that in her terror she would reveal and submit to all rather than encounter the dreadful death which would be threatened by the bushrangers. The point for her, therefore, was to gain time, in the hope that her father or Trevor would send assistance. But she little thought of the consummate art and duplicity of the mind with which she had to contend.

Mark Brandon, on the other hand, was quite as much alive as she was to the importance of time; but as he had ulterior designs, which she could not penetrate, it was only in pursuance of his plan that he now endeavoured to arrive at his object, that of getting possession of the money by the mildest means: and he had his reasons for treating her with a deference and attention approaching almost to gallantry—his loaded fowling-piece always excepted—which, had Helen been aware of, would have made her shudder, and would have put her effectually on her guard against his insinuating expressions. It is to be observed, also, that Mark Brandon had had the address to make his companions secure Helen's person and bind her hands, so that he avoided coming into personal collision with her in a way which, he was aware, could not fail to be extremely disagreeable to a young

and delicate girl, and which was sure to make her regard her aggressors with aversion and horror. According to his own expression, he did only "the genteel part of the business," leaving to minor and subordinate hands to execute the practical parts of the ruffianism; and, as has been before remarked, having certain ulterior views, not only as to the money, but also with respect to Helen, which he did not allow for the present to be apparent, he was anxious that she should not conceive any irreconcilable hatred towards himself; but, on the contrary, that she should regard him as an unfortunate and perhaps ill-used man, who was the victim of necessity, and who was desirous to alleviate the hardships of her fate by all the means in his power. Such were the relative positions of these two parties: the one, with the ardour and hope of youth and innocence, fancied that her own purity was a sufficient shield against the refined duplicity and the consummate villany of the other on whom it may be said the spirit of a Mephistopheles had been infused to aid him in his iniquitous purposes.

Helen wished to gain time, and with that view she endeavoured to prolong the conversation.

"I thank you," she said, after some little reflection, "for the good intentions which you express towards me; but if you are sincere, why do you allow my hands to remain bound behind my back, which," she added, "hurts me?"

"It is a severity that I could not have brought myself to practise," replied Mark: "but as it is done, if I was to attempt to remove the cord it would excite the suspicions of my companions; besides, under the circumstances, I assure you it is best for yourself that your hands should be confined, for if you were entirely at liberty, your high spirit, which I so much admire, might prompt you to make attempts at escape which could not possibly succeed, but which would stimulate one of those men to commit a violence on you which I should deplore as much as yourself. You must consider the confinement of your hands, therefore, as a protection against yourself and your own courage; although, if it was not for the presence of my companions, I assure you I would release them on the instant; and, indeed, to see you in such a position gives me more pain than I can possibly express. But you will permit me to observe to you that you have it in your own power to put an end to it by informing me of the place where the money is concealed."

While Mark was making this little speech, in which he endeavoured to convince his victim that her hands were bound behind her back, and that she was reduced to her present state of helplessness entirely for her own good, Helen was revolving in her mind the remarkable circumstance that he made no mention of her sister Louisa, who knew as well as herself where the money was deposited. It struck her that, perhaps, Louisa, alarmed by the lengthened absence of herself and of Mr. Silliman, had ventured from the cave in search of them, and so had escaped being molested by the bushranger. The possibility of this immediately inspired her with hope. Her sister, she considered, when she failed in finding them, would endeavour to join her father. In that case not only would Louisa be saved, but the news of their

being missing would certainly cause her father to despatch some of the soldiers to look for them, and by that means they might be delivered from the power of the bushrangers. These thoughts urged her the more strongly to endeavour to gain time: and as Mark Brandon seemed inclined to treat her with respect, she bent her whole soul to the invention of expedients for prolonging the conversation. Her anxiety for her sister furnished her with a ready subject.

"I am waiting for your answer," said Mark Brandon.

"How was it," said Helen, "that my sister did not tell you where the money was concealed?"

"Your sister," he replied, with the slightest possible hesitation and embarrassment, which Helen, however, did not fail to observe, "said that she was not acquainted with the spot."

"That could not be," replied Helen, "because she assisted to place it there."

"Where?" said Mark.

"What have you done with my sister?" said Helen, anxiously and imploringly. "I will tell you nothing till you let me see my sister."

"She is in the cave," replied Mark; "you can see her there if you will. But time passes, Miss Horton, and it is necessary that you should understand that I cannot continue this conversation any longer. We must have the money, or else you will find yourself in the hands of my companions, who, I fear, would not treat you with the respect which I observe. It is very painful to me to be obliged to insist thus peremptorily; but for your own sake I entreat you to tell me at once where is the money?"

"I will tell you nothing," said Helen, firmly, "before I know what is become of my sister."

"In one word, then, Miss Horton, I will tell you the exact truth. — I did not see your sister in the cave: doubtless she had fled into some part of its interior which I had not time to explore. So far as I am concerned, therefore, your sister is quite safe. You may easily be satisfied that what I tell you is true, by reflecting for a moment, that had I seen your sister I could not have failed to persuade her to tell me what I wanted to know, that is, without using any violence towards her, which is as far from my wish with her as it is in regard to yourself. But again, I say, Miss Horton, that my comrades will not longer be trifled with in this matter. If it only concerned myself, I would not care; but those two others who are engaged with me would not have the patience which I have had. Be so good as to say, then, whether you have made up your mind to be taken possession of by Jem Swindell, yonder, or whether you will be reasonable, and let me know at once that which they will make you tell at last. Jemmy, my man," he continued, raising his voice a little, "I know what you look at me for, but I can't help it; the young lady will not let us have the money. Yes — I know what you mean; you mean to say that she wants a little of your persuasion."

"What shall we do with this chap?" said Jemmy, with a ferocious grin, cocking his musket again, and putting his finger on the trigger; "settle him at once; or suppose we stow him away with a stone round his neck at the bottom of the bay, yonder? He wouldn't get

out again easily, I fancy. Now, Mark, we have had enough of this. If you have finished your jaw with the gal, let me take a turn; I warrant I'll bring her to her senses in no time. Fair play, you know, Mark, among friends: you mustn't mind her squeaking out a bit."

"Stay," said Helen to Mark Brandon. "Promise me that no harm shall be done to us — to Louisa, — nor to me, — nor to Mr. Sillinan, and I will tell you."

"You may rely upon my word," said Mark. "If harm was intended, it would have been done already. All that my men want is the money; and, considering their condition, you must allow that their desire is excusable. Now — tell me — speak!"

Helen paused for a short time. She perceived that now, more than ever, time was everything. She felt assured that Louisa had escaped; and in such case it was most likely that she would fly in the direction of the soldiers. Under such circumstances she thought that a subterfuge on her part was allowable; and for the sake of gaining time, which to them was life and liberty; and perhaps to her even more than life, she told Mark Brandon to look in a recess on his left hand as he entered the cave, and there he would find two bags — the small one of gold, and the other, large and very heavy, of dollars. Without losing a moment, Mark summoned the man on the look-out, who bore a most murderous aspect, to resume his position by the side of Helen, and having whispered a few words in his ear, the obedient myrmidon presented his musket at her head — an action which he followed up, as soon as Mark was out of hearing, by a most diabolical threat, which made her wish for the return of his less ferocious principal, who was, however, notwithstanding his polished address, by far the greater villain of the two.

Mark's absence was not long. Although he was much disappointed, and inwardly was savage at not finding the treasure where he expected, his extraordinary mastery over his passions when it was to his interest to conceal them enabled him to preserve towards Helen a demeanour which, although expressive of his discontent, was not indicative of revengeful or hostile feelings towards herself. According to his plan, to which he firmly adhered, he left the threatening and violent part of the proceedings to his subordinates.

"It is of no use," he said, addressing his companions, "to wait any longer; the money is not to be found. You must determine for yourselves what to do. But the money is there, sure enough, if we could only find it."

"But," said the man who had the custody of Helen, and swearing a terrible oath, "have it we will, or else"

"Of course," said the bushranger, "you will use no violence."

"I tell you what it is, Mark," said the man; "all this gammon is very well between you and the gals, but it won't do for us. The long and the short of it is, we must draw lots for her; that's fair bush play. Jemmy, put your ball through that chap's head, and have done with it. I'm tired of this. What do you say, Jemmy?"

"And so am I too," said Jemmy. "Come, Mark, let us know what your game is. We may settle this chap, I suppose, without

more ado. But as to the gal, I'm of Roger Grough's mind—let us draw lots for her; and as to the other young one, why the two that lose can draw lots for her afterwards."

"Stay," cried out Brandon, as Jemmy was coolly going to put his threat in regard to the unfortunate Jerry in execution, "let us give them another chance. Now, Miss Horton, you see how things are; I can't keep my companions from having their will. It is for you to say what shall be done: but you must decide at once, for I can't interfere any further. Where is the money?"

"I will go with you to the cave," said Helen, who had prolonged the result to the last possible moment, and who now saw that any attempt at further evasion was useless; "I will go with you to the cave, and show you where the money is lodged. Only promise me," she said, hesitatingly, "that you will not use any violence."

"I promise," said Mark.

"And I will go with you," said Grough, "to see fair play. No offence meant, Mark, my boy; but the cave, and the opportunity? All on a level on the bush, you know, Mark, and fair play's the word; no gammon with us: better draw lots before you go."

"No, no," said Mark, who had his own reasons for wishing to be alone when he made prize of the gold and silver; "there's no time for that nonsense. Do you keep a good look-out, Roger, towards the smoking vessel; we may have the soldiers down on us before we are aware, and then we shall have to run for it. Let us only get the money; we can have the other at any time."

So saying, he proceeded with Helen, still with her hands bound behind her, in the direction of the cave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DECEPTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the habitual caution of Mark Brandon, and his maxim of always sacrificing minor objects to his grand aim of escaping from bondage, it is impossible to say how far the temptation of the presence of the beautiful girl, who was utterly in his power, might have overcome his resolution, had not Helen herself conceived some misgivings of the prudence of being alone with a man of his dangerous character. The fears which assailed her caused her, before they were out of sight of his companions, to refuse to proceed farther.

"It will be better for you to go on," said Mark.

"I will not go farther," said Helen, stopping with a determined air.

"Then Grough will take the matter in hand," said Brandon.

"You may put me to death, if you will, but I will not go on with you to the cave."

"And the money?" said Mark.

"The money you will find behind the rock, at the back of the recess."

"You did not say this at first."

"I did not, because I forgot at the moment that the bags were removed from the first place in order to hide them better."

"I will try again, then," said Mark, "trusting entirely to your word: but I fear my comrades are growing savage."

"Could you not untie my hands first?" said Helen, throwing into her appeal just that slight tinge of earnest and confident supplication which has ever so powerful an effect on men, however brutal, when uttered by a woman in winning tones.

"Certainly!" said Mark, readily. "But no," he added, reluctantly, and almost sorrowfully — "their eyes are upon me, and it might cost you your life. I assure you, Miss Horton, I will free your hands and yourself too the moment I can find the opportunity; but at present it would be dangerous, for those men naturally consider that their safety depends on your being secured. And now let me particularly request you not to make a noise, nor move a step, for I could not answer for that man Grough, nor Swindell neither, they are so very passionate and violent. They would shoot that poor Mr. Silliman dead on the instant, and then they would not scruple to use you as they pleased. For your own sake, therefore, be still and silent."

Having thus cautioned her, and it being impossible for her to escape in his absence, bound as she was, and within sight of his confederates, he repaired with all speed to the cave, and, to his great joy, found the money behind the stone. Judging from the weight of the gold, he guessed that the smaller bag did not contain less than a thousand or more sovereigns; and the bag of dollars was almost as much as he could lift. With respect to the gold, it was far from his intention to share such precious stuff between his two associates; he therefore looked about for a convenient spot to make a plant of his treasure. Spying at a little distance the hollow tree in which Jerry had made acquaintance with the opossum family the night before, he quickly examined it, and judging it to be a safe place for hiding the gold, he gently dropped it to the bottom of the hollow, and the clink of the coin as it fell to the ground inside assuring him that it was safely stowed, he immediately returned with the bag of dollars to his companions.

The eyes of Jemmy and Roger eagerly devoured the treasure, which amounted, as they guessed, to about a thousand dollars a-piece; and at the suggestion of Brandon, having taken out of the bag as many as each could conveniently carry, the bag was forthwith buried by Brandon and Swindell under a stone at some distance, Grough keeping guard the while over their two prisoners; and it was solemnly sworn between the three that it should be divided between them at some future time in equal shares. This matter having been arranged, they turned their attention to their prisoners. As they had no time to lose, they resolved to proceed immediately to the cave, and take from the stores deposited there whatever they might want for their use in the bush — trusting to the chance of being able to surprise some boat on the coast, and of making their escape by such means from the colony. Committing Jeremiah to the charge of Jemmy and Roger, and taking Helen under his own care, Brandon at once led the way to the cave.

‘ Their first care was to remove, as quickly as possible, all the stores which they thought would be useful to them hereafter to a considerable distance, and to bury them and hide them in proper places, taking careful note of the various “plants.” All this they did most diligently and rapidly. Their next step was to load themselves with the various provisions and stores, including an ample supply of spirits : but here a difficulty arose ; the articles were so numerous as to be extremely cumbersome to carry ; and of all desirable things in the bush, one of the most desirable is to be lightly laden.

“ What a pity it is,” said Jemmy, “ that we have no donkeys in the island ; one of the long cars just now would be just the thing for us. As to carrying these loads ourselves, I can never do it ; the toil is more than the pleasure.”

“ The brandy is worth carrying, at any rate,” said the more industrious Roger ; “ and remember, the bottles are sure to get lighter as we go.”

“ It will never do,” returned Jemmy. “ What to do I don’t know ! I can’t carry them ; but it goes against my heart to leave them behind. I say, Mark, what shall we do ? It’s a sin to leave such a lot of lush behind us for those rascals of soldiers and constables to tippie ! What do you say ?”

“ Perhaps this gentleman,” suggested Mark, pointing to Mr. Silliman, would have the goodness to carry our provisions for us. And as he will not have to carry arms and ammunition, the load would not be an inconvenience to him ?”

“ By George ! a capital thought ! he will be almost as good as a donkey,” exclaimed Jemmy, in the enthusiasm of his approbation. “ But I say, Mark, won’t there be danger in that ? He may betray us, eh ?”

“ Not he,” replied Brandon ; “ besides, as I mean to take the young lady with me, he will be useful as a servant.”

“ No, Master Brandon,” said Grough, “ that won’t do. We are all one in the bush ; and if we are to have the gal with us, we must draw lots, as I said at first. I don’t see why one of us is to have her more than another.”

“ Suppose we leave it to the young lady herself,” said Mark, “ to choose one of us ; and the other two must abide by her decision ?”

“ That is fair,” said Jemmy ; “ that gives us all an equal chance.”

“ I don’t know that,” said Grough. “ Mark has been carrying her over already. However, I don’t want to make words ; — I agree.”

“ Who shall propose it ?” asked Jemmy.

“ I will,” said Mark.

“ No, no !” said the suspicious Grough, “ let’s have it all fair and above-board — all three together.”

“ Then it will be better to postpone this question,” said Brandon, “ till we make our halt for the night. I don’t expect that we shall have the Major’s people nor the soldiers on us before we have plenty of time to make a long stretch in-land. The Major is busy about his vessel — we gave him something to do there ; and the young officer is after the main body of our fellows out by the sugar-loaf hill, that I pointed out as the place of our meeting.”

“ You don’t mean to go there ?” said Jemmy.

"I think," replied Brandon, "that, under the circumstances, it will be best for us to keep together by ourselves: too many at a time in the bush is inconvenient. And now, my boys, let us make a start."

When Mr. Brandon communicated to Mr. Silliman the decision of the bushrangers, that he should accompany them in their retreat in the capacity of a pack-horse, and promised him good treatment if he behaved well in his employment, that wretched individual was rather rejoiced than otherwise at his promotion; for any thing was better than to have the disagreeable musket of the careless Jemmy Swindell everlastingly set at his head: and while there was life, he sagely argued, there was hope; and the intention of the bushrangers to make him their slave showed that they had no present design of taking away his life. He acquiesced, therefore, with great submission, and his hands being released and the gag in his mouth a little relaxed, he proceeded to assist Jemmy and Roger in loading himself with much alacrity, and with a readiness to oblige, which was both prudent and philosophical on the occasion. But when Mark Brandon intimated to Helen that it was their intention to take her with them, she at once refused, and declared she would rather suffer death than allow herself to be removed from the cave.

"You may be quite sure, Miss Horton," said Mark, in his most insinuating way, "that I strenuously opposed this plan; but I found my men so obstinate and determined, that it was impossible for me to persuade them to forego their resolution. They said, that if you were left behind, you would give information to your pursuers of our numbers and our plans, which would lead to our destruction. All that I could do was to prevail on them to consent that you should return with your friend Mr. Silliman after we have reached a sufficient distance from this place to render pursuit of us hopeless."

"Is it possible that I can believe that you speak truth?" said Helen.

"The alternative," quickly replied Mark, "is too dreadful for me to dare to mention to you; but the loss of your life, I fear, with such desperate men, would be the least of the evils that you would have to suffer. Observe that Mr. Silliman will accompany you."

"And we are to be released when you have reached a place of safety?"

"Certainly," replied Mark; "your own sense must tell you that a female in the bush would be a most inconvenient addition. But to satisfy the apprehensions of my companions, it is absolutely necessary that you should go with us for a certain distance, in order to prevent your giving information of our proceedings to those who might be inclined to follow us."

"But am I to be taken away with my hands bound in this painful way?" said Helen, a wild hope flashing on her mind, that if her hands were free she might find an opportunity to escape.

"The moment we have passed from the vicinity of these rocks," replied Mark Brandon, "my companions consent to your being unbound; but for a short distance, however painful it may be for me, Miss Horton, to see you in such a state, we must submit to a force that is stronger than ours."

These words the bushranger spoke in a tone so tender and yet so

respectful, that Helen could not help fancying that she possessed a power over him which she might use advantageously for herself and her fellow-prisoner. Mark Brandon, with his usual art, had succeeded in infusing into her the idea that his actions were controlled by his two associates, and that the rigour with which she had been treated was their act and not his; and that, on the contrary, he would willingly aid her escape if he were not bound by ties of fellowship to his comrades, and, indeed, overmatched by them in strength, inasmuch as they were two to one against him. Possessed with this flattering idea, and little aware of the extent of the diabolical deceit of the man whom she had to deal with, she suffered herself to be persuaded to accompany them without resistance, — thus justifying Mark's observation to his associates: —

"You see my mates, that 'softly' does it."

Helen was so afraid that the bushrangers would commence a search after Louisa that she forbore to mention her name, trusting that her sister had made good her escape in the direction where the burning vessel pointed out the presence, most likely, of her father and the ship's crew; and Brandon, considering that the girl had wandered into the bush, and being bent on securing Helen, and of getting away before it was too late, did not trouble himself to look after her: but satisfied with his booty, and with his still dearer prize, whom he had resolved to appropriate to himself, though at the sacrifice of the lives of his two comrades, and Jeremiah being driven before them like a beast of burthen, he made the best of his way into the thickest recesses of the bush.

It is easy to be supposed that, while much of the scenes which have been described were passing, the terrified Louisa was a prey to the most dismal apprehensions. At first she supposed that her sister and poor Mr. Silliman were instantly to be put to death; and she feared that in such case her own life would be the next sacrifice, for she felt that it would be impossible for her to avoid screaming out! But when she found that it was not the intention of their captors, as it seemed, to take away their lives, and that Mark Brandon addressed her sister, as she observed, in the most respectful manner, she recovered herself sufficiently to note accurately the whole of the proceedings that met her view. When the bushrangers, taking with them their prisoners, departed for the cave, she lay close in her hiding-place; but as she had the advantage of being able to see without being seen, she watched them till they were out of sight.

Now was the time, she thought, to get away, and to endeavour to find her father or the soldiers. If she kept near the banks of the bay she judged that she must fall in with one or other of the party; though she was sadly in fear lest she should meet either bushrangers or natives on her way. Stimulated, however, by the danger which was close to her, and urged by the desire to save her sister from the hands of the desperate men who held her captive, and not without an amiable wish to save the harmless and good-natured Jeremiah from the fate with which he was threatened, she mustered up courage to set out. Once in motion, she never looked behind her, but, taking advantage of the rocks and bushes which were scattered about, to

screen herself from the observation of her enemies, she fled on the wings of fear towards the spot where she doubted not she should meet with friends with whom she would be safe, and who would eagerly rush forward to her sister's rescue.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOPES.

IN the mean time the Major, assisted by his active officer, and ably supported by the crew of the vessel and the government sailors, was vigorously engaged in extinguishing the fire which had been kindled in the principal cabin of the brig by Mark Brandon, who had perpetrated that most disgraceful act in order to occupy the attention of his antagonists, and to prevent them from turning their thoughts to him and to the inmates of the cave. In this he had fully succeeded; for so busy were the sailors, with their commanders, in extinguishing the flames, and in repairing the damage that had been done to the vessel, as well by the fire as by her striking on the shoal, that they could think of nothing else but the urgent work on which they were employed.

The extinguishing of the fire proved a less difficult matter than they had hoped, although the parts which had been ignited continued to send forth smoke for some time after the flames had been overcome.

This being effected, however, and all danger on that score over, the sailors began to recollect that it was near eight bells — that is to say, that it was about mid-day — and that they had been able to procure no refreshment, since the night before, more than a bite at some hard ship's biscuit, which was by no means sufficient to satisfy seamen's appetites when "better grub," as they nautically expressed it, was to be got. With one accord, therefore, they signified to the mate that they would take it as a particular favour if the skipper would be pleased to make it twelve o'clock; it being the peculiar function of that omnipotent person on board-ship — the captain — not only to make it twelve o'clock every day at his will and pleasure, but on the extraordinary occasion of a voyage eastward round the globe to make either an extra Sunday or an extra working day on some one week of the circumnavigation, according to expediency, and to his own particular convenience.

As the Major well knew that one most important means of keeping sailors in good humour is to feed them and grog them well, he forthwith gave orders for striking eight bells, according to the request conveyed to him; and as the brig's cabouse was found to be sadly out of order from the effects of the storm, which Mark Brandon's people had neither the time nor the skill to remedy, he gave directions for making up a huge fire of wood on the beach; and it was the smoke from this extempore ship's kitchen that the party at the cave mistook for the burning of the vessel.

The dinner from the ample stores of the brig's beef and pork went

on favourably, while a judicious distribution of rum completed the general satisfaction; and the jovial sailors, refreshed with rest and food, rushed joyously to their work, which was to get the brig off from the shoal. Fortunately for the bottom of the gallant vessel, the part of the shoal where she struck was entirely of sand, so that there were hopes that so far she had escaped uninjured. The mate, also, did not fail to take advantage of the rising tide, by carrying out an anchor seaward, and putting a strain on the cable from the bow of the vessel. The position of the brig, however, was an awkward one, and it required all the skill and exertions of their united strength to warp her off on the rising of the tide with the assistance of both boats, and with the strain of two cables attached to the anchors besides. This, however, by the perseverance and encouragement of the mate, who bent his whole soul to the work, and by the liberal promises of the Major, was at last effected, and the little vessel was once more afloat on the bosom of the waters. The wind had gone down again; but there was a broken swell which caused the vessel to toss about like a maimed and crippled thing, filling the worthy mate with a poignant pain which almost counterbalanced his joy at seeing the mistress of his affections swimming with a melancholy flauntiness on her native element.

Ah! poor thing! he said, as he stood on the shore and surveyed her changed appearance, you see what has happened to you, you hussey, by letting yourself get into bad hands! But it wasn't her fault neither, he said; but mine, for listening to the blarney of that cursed pilot, with his sea-lawyer's jaw and his damn'd long-tailed coat! I ought to have known better—I ought—and that's the truth of it. I mistrusted those long tails from the first; it wasn't seaman-like, to say the least of it—it was indecent; and I deserve to be flogged, I do, for being so flummoxed by such a lubberly-looking rascal! But I'll make you all right again, my beauty! I will. There's a lovely foresail in the mainhold, and I'll spread it on her, and she shall look as saucy as a new bride!

"But her mainmast is gone," said the Major, interrupting his officer's self-accusatory and affectionate exclamations; "how shall we manage for that?"

"It's a bad job, I confess," replied the mate. "But look at that grove of trees, yonder, with their tall straight stems; those are the stringy-bark trees, I take it. There's a new mast ready-made to our hand; and it is but a light bit of timber that we want for our little boat, God bless her! and we'll ship it in no time, that is, if it wouldn't be better to rig out a jury-mast enough to carry us into port in the Dergent; and then we can do it at our leisure, and more ship shape. Bear-a-hand, my sons," he sang out to the "sailors, and clear away this gear," pointing to the shattered mainmast which had been cut away from the vessel, and was lying half in the water on the shoal. "I think," he continued, turning to the Major, "that we had better trust to a jury-mast to take us round the headland and through the channel: we shall not make so good a job of it here, perhaps, and it's best to be in port as soon as we can. There's no knowing how soon we might have another visit from these confounded bush-

rangers—the devil burn them: the place seems to grow bush-rangers! And the sooner, perhaps, we get the young ladies on board the better: to my mind it's safer for them to be on board than on shore any time. When one is on board ship we know where we are, which we never do ashore; for the streets run in and out, and the houses are all alike—and there's no getting a sight of the sun, so that you never know your bearings; and as to your latitude and longitude, it's all a guess! But on board-ship you know what to look out for and what to prepare against; there's the wind and the sea—and a lee-shore, may-be, and that's all: but on the land you never know what the danger is, for it is never over! What with land-sharks and fireships of all sorts—let alone the difficulty of keeping steady on one's legs when there's no motion to help one, and not one in a hundred knows starboard from larboard, or how to put up their helms when you're bearing up, may-be in Cheapside, against a wind!—for my part, I say the sea for me: and all the use of the land, so far as I can see, is to grow vegetables on! And now, Major, if you will take my advice, you will let me tow the brig opposite your camp, over the water, yonder, so that the young ladies can come easy on board; and I should like to see the bushranger that would attempt to take them out again!

From this long and characteristic harangue, it may be seen that the worthy mate was in excessively high spirits; and as the Major expressed his immediate approval of his suggestion, all the materials belonging to the vessel were collected without delay, and the two boats being manned, they were on the point of giving way, when a shout from the top of the hill overlooking the shore attracted their attention, and the ensign, with three soldiers, was seen coming down in all haste towards the vessel. The Major desired the boats to rest on their oars, and presently Trevor reached the beach;—the vessel, being beyond convenient hail, he made the most energetic signs to make the Major understand that he wished to communicate with those on board. One of the boats being detached, the Major stepped into and proceeded to the shore.

"Are you aware," were the first words uttered by Trevor, "that Mark Brandon, with two of his comrades, have escaped?"

A sudden fear came over the father as he thought of his daughters.

Trevor then communicated to him, in as few words as possible, that his party of soldiers had hemmed the bushrangers into a corner, and that all who were not killed in the conflict were captured, but that Brandon and two others were not among them. He said, further, that some of the convicts had informed him that Brandon had promised to meet them at the foot of a certain hill, about a dozen miles off, but that it was the opinion of the head constable, who was a most intelligent fellow, that this was only a feint on the part of Brandon, and that he would most likely visit the cave where the Major's daughters had been left, and where many of the Major's valuables had been deposited.

The Major changed countenance at this communication, and for a few moments was at a loss how to act; for he could not make up his mind which was the quickest way of reaching the side of the bay

near which the cave was situate, whether by land or water. Trevor saw that his mind was troubled as if with a presentiment of some disaster, and he immediately offered to go round by land with his men while the Major proceeded by water. The Major, without speaking a word, but with his lips pale and his teeth clenched, immediately agreed to this arrangement, and stepping back into his boat, nodded his head to the men to take to their oars; when a new apparition arrested his sight, and gave rise to sudden hopes and fears, which took from him the power of speech, and it was only by a sign that he could intimate to the boat's crew to remain still.

On the summit of a low green bank he beheld a female, whom the father's eye instantly recognised as his daughter Louisa, descending with precipitate but staggering haste. Extending his arm to the object, he pointed it out to Trevor, who, in a moment, started off to meet her, followed by his men. The Major could not move; he saw his daughter, but he saw only one! Where was the other? Where was Helen? It might be, that, exhausted with her flight, she had sunk down on the way; — but was that likely? — It was Louisa that was likely to be exhausted, not the strong-minded and intrepid Helen! The courage of the old soldier was destroyed by the apprehensions of the father! He awaited the arrival of Louisa, and the tidings which she brought in gloomy silence.

She was not long in coming, or rather she was carried by Trevor down the slope and placed in her father's arms. Frantically embracing him with convulsive joy, she sank down, faint, exhausted, and collapsed, and burst into an hysterical flood of tears!

Hitherto she had not spoken a word; but her flight, her exhausted state, with terror still imprinted on her countenance — all gave evidence that she had been witness of some shocking catastrophe, and was the bearer of terrible tidings. The Major, for some moments, could not interrogate her; the sight of her, and the fears which that sight suggested, unmanned him, and for some minutes he mingled his tears with those of his recovered daughter. The hardy boat's crew, who were acquainted with all the circumstances attending the seizure of the brig by the bushrangers, and the perils to which the Major's daughters had been exposed, and who, with the true feeling of British sailors where the safety of a woman was concerned, were generously alive to everything that affected her and those to whom she was dear, regarded the sorrow-stricken father with sympathising looks, and one or two of them laid their hands on the ship's cutlasses which were in the boat, as if eager to revenge any wrong that had been committed on a female whom they considered especially under their protection.

When the first burst of Louisa's emotion had subsided the Major removed her from the boat, and taking her apart to some little distance on the beach — for he was fearful that she had some dreadful disclosure to make which it would shock her delicacy to speak of, except to himself, — he asked her the reason of her sudden appearance, and of her flight from the place of their retreat, and desired her to tell him without disguise all that she could of what had occurred since he had left her and her sister with Mr. Silliman at the cave.

The poor girl, who was well aware of the necessity of being prompt in affording succour to Helen, stifled her sobs ; and by a great effort was able to recover her voice sufficiently to narrate to her father, that they had seen the smoke in the distance, and that Helen had heard the sound of firing in the distance ; and that, unable to control her curiosity, she had ventured from the cave to endeavour to see what was going forward, but alarmed at her not returning, she had prevailed on Mr. Silliman to leave the cave to seek for her ; and that when Mr. Silliman did not return, she being frightened at the continued absence of him and of her sister, went out to look for them. She then described the scene of her sister and Mr. Silliman in the hands of the bushrangers ; and she said, that when she saw Mark Brandon she gave up all for lost ! — herself also ! — but fortunately, they had not perceived her, she was so well hidden among a confused heap of rocks. She told, also, the conversation which she had overheard between Mark Brandon and her sister about the money which had been taken from the brig and deposited in the cave, and that Helen had been prevailed on by Brandon to tell him where it was concealed ; that the three bushrangers — that is, Mark Brandon and two other men whom she recollected as having been on board the brig, from the remarkable fierceness of their countenances — went away to the cave, taking Mr. Silliman and Helen with them, and that when they were out of sight she ran off by the shore of the bay to the spot where she saw the smoke. She added, though with some hesitation, that before the bushrangers went away to the cave they talked of casting lots for her sister, which she supposed meant that one of them was to take Helen away into the bush.

When she had concluded her narrative the Major beckoned to Trevor, who was within sight, and made Louisa repeat all the circumstances which she had related to him, which Louisa did, nearly in the same words, but omitting that part of it where the bushrangers talked of casting lots for her sister, but stating that she feared from their talk that it was their intention to take Helen away with them into the bush.

It is impossible to describe the agony which overwhelmed the father and the lover at this dreadful communication. The loss of his money was as nothing compared with the horrible fate of his daughter. The Major sat for a few minutes in silence, stunned with the blow, and unable to exert himself in thought or action. But Trevor, wild and mad with grief and rage, stamped frantically on the beach, and called out to his soldiers to advance and get ready to follow him instantly in pursuit. He ran to the boat, and with vehement declamations told the story to the crew. The sturdy sons of the sea, albeit they could not understand how the male guardian of the women had allowed the bushrangers to maltreat a girl without first sacrificing his own life in her defence, were roused to the highest pitch of indignation at the idea of the rascally pilot who had played such a trick on themselves, having carried away a nice girl into the bush, and — climax of villany and cruelty ! with her hands tied behind her ! “ It wasn’t,” they said, “ giving the gal a chance, and was altogether contrary to all manliness, and unfair to the last degree ; and none but a

rascally convict would be guilty of such an abominable action. They demanded eagerly to be led in pursuit; and Trevor took advantage of their enthusiasm so far as to urge them to pull with all their might to the opposite shore of the bay towards the right, as he thought that would be the quickest way of reaching the scene of Helen's adventures. The Major also, having recovered from the first effects of the shock, was desirous of losing no time in taking measures for the recovery of his daughter, alive or dead, for his knowledge of her character convinced him that the high-minded Helen would not survive any indignity offered to her by the miscreants who had her in their power. But there was a sadness, and a solemnity, and a quiet sternness in his manner, which contrasted remarkably with the wild restlessness and the extravagant gestures and impetuosity of Trevor. Hastily making known to the mate, as they passed the brig, the reason of their hasty passage across the bay, and putting Louisa on board under his care, the Major bidding him make all speed in taking the brig to the place of her destination, the excited sailors made the blades of their oars bend and quiver as they propelled the boat rapidly through the water, Trevor standing up and urging them by voice and action to put forth all their strength to arrive as quickly as possible to the shore before the bushrangers had time to make good their retreat, or to consummate their premeditated villany on the poor girl in their possession.

Urged by such lusty arms and such willing hearts, the boat soon touched the sandy beach, abreast of the lofty rock at which the Major had established his encampment on the previous night, and, without waiting for the Major, Trevor leaped on shore, followed by his soldiers, and made his way to the cave. The sight of the remains of the ransacked trunks and packages told him in a moment that the bushrangers had done their work, and had doubtless escaped with their plunder. While he was still gazing at the wreck of the property the Major arrived with four armed sailors, among whom was the carpenter, who had acted as second mate of the vessel, leaving the rest of the crew to guard the boat. Paying little attention to the loss of his goods, he directed his sailors to light torches from the branches of a peppermint-tree which grew close by, and to explore the interior of the cave, while two of the soldiers were directed to use their best endeavours to discover the track of the bushrangers and their captives.

In the mean time Trevor with the corporal made a circuit round the place, with the hope of meeting with some object which might serve as a hint for their future proceedings. He readily recognised the spot amongst the rocks where Louisa had hid herself, and the relative positions of the parties during that agonising scene. Then ascending a high mass of rock, he took a view of the surrounding country, but he could not see far, owing to the intervention of low scrubby hills and occasional clumps of trees; he saw enough, however, to impress him with the feeling that it was a most romantic part of the country, though of a rugged and savage character, and affording opportunities, as he judged, for successful concealment of a most embarrassing nature. But considering the "lie," as it is colonially called, of the country in a cooler and more attentive manner, it became

clear to him that the fugitives could have taken their flight through one particular segment only of the semicircle which extended from the end of the lake on his right to the sea coast on his left. Mark Brandon, he argued, would not dare to proceed northwards in the direction of Hobart Town; nor was it likely that he would attempt to keep along the sea-shore to the left, from the high and precipitous cliffs which he was aware bounded much of the coast on that side; nor would he try to skirt the coast, from the extreme difficulty of making progress over a line of country so unfavourable for pursuing the rapid flight which was necessary for his safety. There was only one direction, therefore, left open for him, which was comprised within a small angle; but still there was room and scope enough for them to baffle their pursuers, unless the most prompt and energetic means were adopted for getting on their track.

Carefully noting all the points which might serve him for marks of distance, Trevor descended from the rock, and, keeping the direction in his mind's eye, he immediately started off, accompanied by the corporal, on the line which he judged would be the probable course of the bushrangers, and proceeded without stopping several miles. He then made a halt; and, after surveying the scenery narrowly on all sides, he made excursions from right to left, like a sportsman beating for game, inspecting the ground narrowly to discover some indication of the track of feet. This toil he continued for some time in vain; but at last his exertions were suddenly rewarded with success.

Passing near a low rock he saw, to his surprise, something lying on it which he was sure could be neither leaf nor twig, and eagerly running up to examine it, to his excessive joy he found that it was a woman's glove! In a moment he felt sure that at such a time and in such a place the glove could be no other than Helen's; and it was partly with the gladness with which it inspired him from this discovery of the track, and partly with the rapture of a lover at beholding an article of dress which had been worn by his mistress, that he was about to snatch it up and carry to his lips, when it struck him that its position as it lay was remarkable, and, as it presently occurred to him, was intentional. Three of the fingers and the thumb, he observed, were bent together as if with a hasty compression, while the fore-finger was, as it seemed to him, purposely left free and pointing in a particular direction. He followed with his eyes this direction, and saw that it pointed to an opening between two hills at a considerable distance.

Taking into consideration all these circumstances, which, howsoever trivial they might be thought at other times, were now most important signs for his guidance, he felt sure that Helen had contrived to leave one of her gloves on the rock, and that she had bent the fingers into the shape in which he found them as a sign to her friends, should they be so fortunate as to light on it in their search. The corporal also, whom Trevor consulted was of the same opinion, remarking "that it was evidence also of the young lady's hands having been set at liberty." This was a fresh source of satisfaction to Trevor, who argued from it also that Helen had hopes of being

succoured, and that her mind was cool and ready enough to devise this means of indicating the direction of their retreat.

The shades of evening were now beginning to encompass them, and the corporal counselled his officer that he should return to the cave for the other two soldiers, and for such materials and provisions as would be necessary for them to take with them in their pursuit. But Trevor, who had now become warmed and excited, would not listen to any such proposal, as it involved a certain loss of time, — and time was everything; besides, it was, for many very powerful reasons, extremely important that they should come up with the bushrangers before night. Trevor had his own motives for this, but from some secret feeling which perhaps it would have been difficult for him to explain in words, he did not communicate them to the corporal. He contented himself with asking him, whether he could depend on him to stand by him in the conflict which would be certain to take place on their coming up with the enemy. The corporal, who was a cool and brave old soldier, although he had not a lover's enthusiasm to excite him on the present occasion to a dangerous enterprise, slapped the butt-end of his firelock with his hand, and assured Trevor with energy that he would stand by his officer to the last drop of his blood, and wherever his ensign would lead, he would follow him! Thus encouraged and supported, Trevor wrote on a leaf which he tore from his pocket-book, his intention to pursue the bushrangers accompanied by the corporal only, and directing any friend who might see the writing to take the direction of the opening between the two high hills in the distance which was nearly west-north-west. Having written this, he stuck it on a small stick, which he secured to the rock with a heavy stone; and having set up a pole from a neighbouring clump of thin trees, known in the colony by the name of the tea tree, used by the natives for their spears, and to which he affixed a tuft of native grass to attract attention, with the corporal for his companion, he set out rapidly in the direction indicated by Helen's glove, which, loverlike, he had deposited in his bosom. As they had now got on the track, which was occasionally visible, they kept their arms in readiness, in the hope of coming suddenly on the freebooters, to whom the corporal secretly vowed he would grant no quarter, and on whom the ensign was determined to take summary vengeance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERILS.

TREBOR has conjectured rightly when he supposed that the glove which he had found on the rock had been left there purposely by Helen to indicate the direction in which her captors were conveying her. It was at this spot that Mark Brandon had released her from her bonds on her obstinate refusal to proceed further without such liberty being granted to her; and she insisted also on the performance of Brandon's promise to permit her to return to the cave, now that they had reached a distance which placed them beyond the risk of immediate surprisal from pursuers, should any be in their track.

But to this the other two men were vehemently opposed. Having succeeded in "planting" the bag of dollars, and in rifling the Major's effects with impunity, and having got the girl so far along with them, the ruffians were unwilling to let go their prize; and as their obstinacy favoured Mark's scheme, he took care, when not in Helen's hearing, to throw out such suggestions as would irritate and confirm them in their determination. But he kept the merit to himself of releasing Helen's hands, which he did with apparent gladness and great gentleness, taking care to drop some expressions in a low tone of his extreme sorrow that his companions would not consent to her release, and giving her reason, though ambiguously, to understand that on the first opportunity he would favour her escape.

At the same time, the bushrangers untied Jerry's hands as he had already made several awkward falls, and as the restraint of his being so fettered impeded the celerity of their march. They also ungagged his mouth in order that he might breathe more freely, and be able better to bear the task of being the pack-horse of the company. In order to prevent any attempt on his part to escape, and to insure his good behaviour on the journey, the black-featured Grough preceded him at a little distance with his loaded weapon, while the hang-dog looking Jemmy kept close to him behind with the bayonet of his musket fixed, and handy to act as an incentive to the unfortunate Jerry to be active in his motions. This was the order of march prescribed by Brandon, who continued to retain his supremacy as the leader of the party, although he was well aware that the roughness and hardships of the bush would soon endanger his present insecure authority. For his own share he took on himself the charge of Helen, endeavouring by all possible means to ingratiate himself into her favour by the way, and assiduously offering to her all those little attentions for which it may easily be imagined there was abundance of opportunity in their rapid and uneven path. Although Helen refused his assistance, and would not allow herself to be touched by him, it was impossible for her to avoid hearing the artful discourse which he poured into her ear with a skill and tact which he had found so effectual with women on other occasions. Fully aware that all the ordinary forms of flattery were inappropriate with a high-spirited girl like Helen, of whose character he had been able to form an accurate estimate during her trials on board of the brig, he confined himself to the idea which he well knew must be uppermost in her mind, and adroitly insinuated his willingness to promote her escape if it could be done without exciting the suspicion of his comrades, whom he described as two desperadoes of malignity so atrocious and violence so furious, that it would be in vain for him to ~~endeavour~~ to contend against them by open force; besides, as he affected to say with much regret, he was bound to them by those ties of honour which forbade him to make any attempt on their lives, even for her sake.

By this consummate duplicity the arch-hypocrite contrived to make his captive regard him as an unexpected friend;—the more valuable under the circumstances, as without him she felt she should be entirely at the mercy of his unscrupulous comrades; and with this feel-

ing she was glad to have him by her side, considering him as a sort of protection against coarser villains.

Mark, with his usual quickness of discernment, penetrated her thoughts, and inwardly congratulated himself on his progress so far in her good graces; as he had succeeded in causing her to look on him not as an object of repugnance, but as one whom, as he held favourable intentions towards her, she was inclined to regard with reciprocal good feeling. In this way they journeyed on, at a rapid rate, till both the overburthened Jerry and the anxious Helen showed symptoms of exhaustion.

It was now nearly dark, and they had travelled many miles from the cave. The bushrangers were desirous of continuing their march for some distance farther, in order that their track might be lost in the dark; but as Helen now sank to the ground, it was found impossible to proceed without adopting some contrivance for assisting her steps. Helen prayed them, earnestly and imploringly, to allow her to remain where she was, and to continue their course without her; but as this by no means squared with the intentions of the two bushrangers, although Mark Brandon pretended to be inclined to consent, they were determined to urge her forward. Seeing that such was the determination of his comrades, as Mark whispered to Helen, he proposed that they should cut a convenient branch from a tree, and by placing it under her arms, two of them would be able to carry her forward while he took charge of Jerry in the rear. This arrangement he proposed in order that, according to his plan, he should not bring himself into a personal collision with Helen, which, he was aware, could not fail to be most unfavourable to his designs; and he trusted also that the savage countenances and rude language of his coarse and brutal mates would make his own mildness and silky tongue appear afterwards in favourable contrast for himself, and that the young lady would be glad to seek refuge in his protection against the horrible insults of ruffians so revolting:—with such devilish art did this most consummate villain turn every circumstance to his own advantage, and wind his way, like a serpent, into the confidence and comparative good opinion of his destined victim.

With all their endeavours, however, the bearers of Helen were unable to proceed far on their way over the rough country which they were traversing, encumbered as they were with a burthen so embarrassing to their steps; but, fully alive to the importance of cutting off their track, by the dark, from any one in pursuit, they persevered in their laborious course till the sun went down, and the gloominess of the night approached. They continued their course for about a mile further, till they felt sure that all trace of them must be lost. A low valley, at some little distance out of their direct course, in which mimosa trees were growing abundantly, forming a convenient place to spend the night, they came to a halt; and first unloading Jerry, and then binding his hands and feet together, notwithstanding his most energetic protestations and promises that he would make no attempt to run away, they prepared to make their supper, in which they set forth a liberal allowance of rum, as a principal part of the entertainment.

There was light enough for them to see what they were about, although not sufficient to enable a pursuer to distinguish their footsteps, which indeed was a difficult matter even in open day; and they sat down, notwithstanding their fatigue, in very good humour, promising Jerry when they had finished their meal, that they would give him a turn; "for it would be a pity," they said, "that so able and willing a pack-carrier should be knocked up for want of grub." As to Helen, they left her to the care of Mark, first taking the precaution, however, to tie her hands behind her back, which they assured her with many jocular phrases, was always their custom when they took young ladies into the bush till they got used to their ways, which, they said, they had no doubt she would soon be, after she had had the benefit of a little experience. But before they confined her hands, Mark Brandon offered her food and drink, which she at first refused; on consideration, however, she determined to support her strength in order to facilitate her escape; but she refused to taste the rum, which the two men were inclined to force on her, had they not been remonstrated with by Brandon. Brandon had the consideration also to cut down with his axe, which he carried with him, a quantity of the bushy bows of the mimosa, with which he formed a sort of hut for her accommodation; and leaving her there to await her fate, but keeping a wary watch over her at the same time, the three set-to at the provisions and liquors before them, and the raw rum presently getting into the heads of Swindell and Grough, they were soon ripe for any deed of brutal activity.

Mark Brandon now found that his refined scheme of setting his two associates to do the work which could not fail to render the aggressors still more hateful to the lady, operated against himself; for Grough and Swindell having borne the burthen of the girl for some miles unassisted by Mark, they considered that their right to her was thereby so far increased as to give them a prior claim on the captive. This they urged with impudent confidence, and being inflamed with liquor, they determined to carry their claims into effect without further delay, and almost, without caring to consult Brandon's mind in the matter; for in the madness of their drunken excitement they lost all respect for the superior intellect of which at other times they felt themselves under the invincible control.

"What do you say, Roger?" said he who among his companions was familiarly called Jemmy, to which the epithet of hang-dog was occasionally added, taking one of the Major's dollars from his pocket, "shall it be a toss-up?"

"There's not light enough for that," replied his mate; "let us put a lot of dollars in a hat, and guess odd or even."

"And who is to be the umpire?" said Jemmy; "a fair ~~toss up~~ is the best way; the moon gives light enough to see whether it comes down man or woman."

"You forget, my mates," said Brandon, interposing, "that I have a vote in this affair; the girl is as much mine as yours."

"And who was it that carried her the last four miles?" said the pair both at once.

"We have worked for her," said Jemmy.

"We have brought her here," said Roger, "and we will have her. — Who says nay?"

"But I have an equal right, surely," said Brandon: "who was it that persuaded her to come on so quietly?"

"Oh! we all know that you have a devil of a tongue for the girls, Mark; but those that do the hard work ought to have the first chance,—that's what I say."

"Come," said Brandon, "don't let us quarrel about a girl when we are running for our lives, as I may say; and when our only chance of escaping from the colony is to agree together; with the money that we have got safely planted we may have half the girls in the colony."

"I tell you what, Jemmy," said Roger Grough, "fair play is fair play all the world over. — Share and share alike—that's bush law. — Let us all three cast lots, and he who wins has her."

"Agreed," said Brandon, who trusted that his own sober state would be more than a match for the united wit of his two drunken companions; "I will prepare the lots."

"What shall they be?"

"Here are three sticks," said Brandon; "come closer. See, they are all of the same thickness. Two shall be short and one shall be long; he who draws the longest wins."

"And who is to hold them?"

"You, Jemmy, if you like."

"And who is to have the first draw?"

"I and Roger will toss for that."

"Agreed," said Roger.

The sticks were prepared, Brandon making a dent on the longest with his thumb-nail, so as easily to be able to distinguish it from the rest. Then taking a dollar from his pocket he offered it to Grough to toss.

"Do you toss?" said Grough.

"No!" said Brandon, whose game was to deprive the other two of the right to accuse him of foul play; "you shall toss Roger, then you will be sure you have had a fair chance."

Roger tossed: Brandon won.

"Now for the sticks," said Roger, a little dissatisfied.

"You still have an equal chance with me," said Brandon, wishing to soothe him. — "For my own part, I don't much care which way it goes."

"Gammon!" said Jemmy Swindell.

"Now!" said the holder of the sticks, "try your luck, Mark."

"Hold!" said a voice, which startled the three.

"What the devil is that?" cried Grough, starting up.

Brandon immediately went to the hut of boughs in which Helen was placed. He listened attentively. She was sleeping. Happily for her she had not heard the conversation between the wretches who, like wild beasts, were contending for her as their prey.

"Hold!" said the voice again.

"It is our pack-horse!" said Jemmy, with a gruff laugh.

"Pack-horse, or what you please," said Jeremiah, his goodnatured sympathy excited by the horrible fate impending over the sister of Louisa; "I say, hold!"

"Hold your jaw," said Roger, "or I'll put a ball through your soft head."

"You may put a dozen, if you like," said Jeremiah; "but, I say, Mark Brandon — listen to me."

"You had better hold your tongue," said Brandon.

"But I won't hold my tongue. Listen to me, I say. I have a thousand pounds in dollars to my credit at Hobart Town. Now listen to me; let the young lady go free, and those thousand pounds I will divide among you."

"Go to the devil with your dollars!" said Swindell; "what's the use of dollars to us here—and now? It's the gal we want, and the gal we will have. Now, Mark, draw your lot."

"For God's sake don't commit such a horrible outrage on a poor defenceless girl; such a deed as this would be sure to hang you and damn you too past all redemption," cried out Jeremiah, excited by the imminency and the terrible nature of the peril to the poor resistanceless girl.

"Gag him," said Brandon, quietly, "his noise may do mischief."

Such practised hands were not long in carrying this recommendation into effect; and as Jeremiah was bound hand and foot and incapable of resistance, the brutal Grough had no difficulty in preventing him from giving them further molestation by his cries.

"Now," said Swindell, "time's going on; it is for you to draw first, Mark; here are the lots."

Brandon stretched out his hand; but during Jeremiah's generous expostulation, the sticks had become mixed and turned in his hand, and Brandon could no longer distinguish the longest of them by the furtive mark which he had made before he had delivered them to the holder.

"Draw," said Swindell, impatiently; "what are you fiddling about? draw and have done with it; the longest wins."

Brandon still hesitated, and endeavoured to devise some expedient for confusing the operator.

"Draw, I say," repeated Swindell; "there's light enough from the moon to see the sticks, isn't there? There—look at them; and now take your chance, or let Roger draw first."

"Let me see," said Brandon, "that the sticks are broken right, two short, and one long; that was to be the way."

"No, no, none of your gammon with me, Mark; I'm as good a man as you any day of the year, or night either. Why you broke the sticks yourself! Do you suppose I'm so green as to let you feel which is the longest before you choose? That would be making a precious fool of me, wouldn't it, Roger?"

"Now, Mark," said Grough, getting impatient and suspicious as well as the other; "fair play in the bush, Mark. Don't keep the lady waiting; let one of us win; and an equal chance for all. Well, if you won't draw, I will, and if I win, by — I'll have her." So saying, he stretched out his hand to the stakes.

Brandon, thus urged, and seeing that his companions were not in a temper to be made fools of, hastily drew a stick.

"Now, Roger," said the holder.

Roger Grough drew.

"Lost, all of you, by ——," vociferated Swindell, measuring his own lot against the other two.

"Jem," said Brandon, in a low deep voice, "you can't have that girl."

"Why not? I've won her!"

"Give her up," said Brandon, "and I will give up my share to the bag of dollars in the hollow tree."

"No!—keep your dollars and be ——; I'll have the gal."

"She is tired and ill," said Brandon.

"Oh, I'll soon rouse her up!"

It was at this moment that the raised voices of the disputants awakened Helen from her feverish slumber, and she overheard the rest of the parley; but exhausted with fatigue, and with her hands bound behind her, she had neither the spirits nor the strength to attempt to fly.

"I won't have her touched to-night, at any rate," resumed Brandon, "it would be cruelty."

"Gammon! Mark; that blarney won't do for me."

"He has won her," said Grough, sturdily, "and he has a right to her: that's bush law."

"I say again," said Brandon, coolly and firmly, "you shall not molest that girl to-night."

"And who is to hinder me?"

"I will," said Brandon.

"Nay," said Grough, "we are two to one, Mark, anyhow; and I stand by Jemmy; there has been a fair draw, and Jemmy has won the gal fairly; and what he has won he must have; that's the rule of the bush, Mark; and I'll stand by our rules; and Jemmy shall have her!"

"Wretched fools!" said Brandon, in a voice thick with passion, "what would you be without me in the bush, or anywhere? and how are you to save yourselves except by my head? Sit down, I say, and give up. I have said the word; the girl shall not be touched this night."

"And I have said the word," said the obstinate Swindell, excited by the double stimulus of lust and liquor; "and if there were ten thousand Brandons in the way, I will have the girl; I have won her, and she is mine."

"Once more, I say, leave her alone," said Brandon, taking a step back.

"We are two to one," repeated Grough, sulkily; "it's you who must give way, Mark; we are one too many."

"Then thus I make the odds even," said Mark, discharging one of the barrels of his fowling-piece through the exulting Jemmy's head, and instantly levelling the other barrel at Roger; "and now, mate," he said, before the other had time to recover his musket, which was lying on the ground, "you see you are at my mercy; but you are a man whose courage and faithfulness I respect: now say—is it to be peace or war?"

THE BAR OF ENGLAND.

(FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE J—— E—— A., ESQ.)

(Continued from p. 230.)

THESE dinners are evidently the suppers of former days, as we discover in some of the ancient orders; as, for instance, in that of Lincoln's Inn, dated May 22. 1664, regulating the times for recreating in the garden, in which it is directed, that "no persons whatsoever, other than such as are members of the society, are to be permitted to walk therein after the *beginning of dinner time*, until *three o'clock in the afternoon*; nor after the *beginning of supper time*, until *eight o'clock in the evening*, in term time." As, however, the changes of habits and manners gradually made early dinners unfashionable and inconvenient, the suppers disappeared, being superseded by the once earlier meal.*

The dinners, which are usually supplied by contract with a cook, are served up to "messes" of four members, the viands for each day being regulated by the benchers. The cook's contract as to liquids includes, I believe, a *quant. suff.* of table beer, and pump water only, but one bottle of port wine is given by the Inn to every mess of students. Each individual carves for himself, but the first cut belongs to him who sits first in the mess on the right hand looking up the table, a rank attainable by seniority only, when the rules in this respect are strictly enforced. The same person acts as the "*rex convivii*," a term actually used in the ancient rules, and adopted, no doubt, from the Roman authors. To him it belongs to set the example to the others of drinking their mutual healths, and to toast the "gentleman of the lower," or the "upper mess," as occasion may require. He also is the medium of complaint to the cook, if any be needed, as to the quantity or quality of the provision, when that important agent in their progress to the bar makes his appearance after dinner, to receive the compliments, or remonstrances, as may be, of the benchers, barristers, and students.

The ancient order of attendance on the diners is still preserved, with the exception that barristers do not now serve the benchers' table, as they were once required to do. The benchers are attended by the steward and his deputy, the barristers by the butler, and the

* Before dinner is served, the diners usually lounge about the hall, as it is not considered correct in students to take their seats until the butler summons "the gentlemen of the bar mess" to their places, this being done as soon as the benchers are seated. While thus waiting for dinner at Gray's Inn, care must be taken not to stand *with the back to the fire*, this attitude being against a special order on the subject.

students by the porters of the Inn. But the primitive wooden platters on which the courses were formerly served have only disappeared finally in the present century, being used for butter and cheese till within these last few years, when they were abandoned for the earthenware. The school-boy mugs, however, are still used for the beer and water, as representatives, no doubt, of the green earthenware pots which, as Dugdale tells us, were introduced in the second year of Elizabeth (1559—60), in the place of the ancient ashen wood cups; but modern glass is allotted to the wine.

The period of attendance at the table is from the grace before until the grace after meat, and that student will eat his dinner in vain who is not present at the first, nor remains till the last, because, though it may be included in his term bills, it will not be counted as one in the keeping of his terms.

The mode of "keeping terms" varies in each of the Inns. In the Inner and Middle Temple, the student must be careful to dine on particular days; but Gray's Inn has long escaped the confusion resulting from this necessity. There, three separate dinners at any period of the term are sufficient*, and, in this respect, Lincoln's Inn has so far imitated it, within these few years, as to allow any five dinners to answer the same purpose. At none of the Inns is Sunday reckoned a *dies non*. Towards keeping a term, that day is equivalent to any of the ordinary business days, from which it is distinguished only by a rich plum-pudding which then graces the board.

The routine of attendance at dinners is perfectly uniform until interrupted by the performance of "exercises," a ceremony which none but candidates for the "Bar" are permitted to undergo. Many may enjoy the advantages of membership in every respect save this of "doing exercises," which forms, therefore, a kind of boundary line to their further progress. Among these, for instance, are attorneys and solicitors, who will not be admitted to them until they have been struck off the rolls.†

These exercises, which, as a relic of former times, are even more ludicrous, as a qualification, than the dinners, inasmuch as they are not even substantial, consist of a supposed examination into the legal acquirements of the student. Before the latter can commence them, however, he must obtain a certificate, signed by a barrister of the Inn, that he is an unexceptionable person to be called to the bar, which is supposed to be submitted by the steward to the barristers who dine in the hall for their approbation. This being granted on a day named, an officer of the Inn, who is as likely to be the butler as the librarian, or any one else ‡, obtains two barristers to attend in the library, usually a few minutes before dinner, whom the candidate for examination

* This is the smallest number allowed in keeping a term, in any of the Inns, according to one of the general rules made in 1762.

† At the Middle Temple these gentlemen, &c., are not allowed even to enter into commons until this be done.

‡ At one Inn, some years since, the same individual was chief librarian and head butler, fulfilling the duties of both offices with great credit to himself. He was well acquainted both with books and wine, handing out the former in the day, and serving the latter in the evening.

is then summoned to attend, either alone, or accompanied by another proposing to undergo the ordeal at the same time. On the table will then be found two ancient pieces of parchment, perhaps the aged representatives of the opposing parties in an action at law, when Norman-French was the only medium through which to insist upon their respective rights. The student is desired to take one of these in hand, and, if there be two, his companion will take the other. He to whom the statement of the plaintiff's case has fallen, is next required to commence the reading of it in English. Of course, the reader will now suppose some acquaintance with the language necessary to perform such an "exercise," and he would be quite right if the request was enforced; but it so happens, that as soon as the student reads, or attempts to read (it matters not which), the first few words, whether successful or not, the barristers kindly declare their perfect satisfaction at his attainments, and then call upon his opponent, with whom they are equally soon content. They then sign a certificate of their contentment, the exercise is performed, and the parties adjourn to their respective dinner tables. Such is the important ceremony of "exercises," to which so much reference was made in Mr. Farquharson's case. Can any one more absurd, ridiculous, and even degrading to a sensible body of individuals, be discovered in the whole range of ceremonies observed in any part of the world, from the coronation of a sovereign to the initiation of an odd-fellow? Truly I am not surprised that the Inner Temple should abandon it, and that the Middle Temple should substitute a fine in default of it.

This farce must be performed three times, in three separate terms, at Lincoln's Inn; six times in Gray's Inn, in any one week previous to the call; and twice in the Middle Temple, unless four guineas be paid to avoid it. The mention of this payment points also to the only important circumstance connected with "exercises" beyond their being at present a necessary antecedent to a "call." Certain fees are made payable upon their practice, which, in Gray's Inn, are divided when two students, the limited number, perform their exercises together. Thus may the ceremony be said to exist rather "in nomine expensarum," than for any more solid purpose.

The number of terms required to be kept to qualify for the bar, is twelve in all the Inns, and Gray's Inn will then call the student, provided he have been three years on the books, and be twenty-four years of age; but the other Inns retain an invidious distinction on this point between certain members of the Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin universities, and other individuals. I have already mentioned how one difference formerly made between these very unequal classes—that relating to the deposit of one hundred pounds—was removed, and I regret, for the sake of the Inns themselves, as well as the cause of universal liberality and justice, that the second did not accompany it. I now allude to the privilege granted to a master of arts or a bachelor of laws belonging to those universities, of being called after keeping twelve terms, and being of three years' standing*, while every per-

* We understand, upon inquiry, that a correspondence has been carrying on for some time among the heads of Inns upon this subject, and that there is considerable

son not so situated must remain until the lapse of five years from his admission, however early he may have complied with every other condition. They will not, however, call any student under the age of twenty-one years.

An attorney or solicitor, though, as I have shown, he may be admitted, and, to a certain extent, keep terms, will not be called until his name shall have been struck off the rolls, and he shall have ceased to practise, for at least two years*; and the same period must elapse from the expiration or cancelling of his articles, before an articulated clerk can be raised from the rank of student. The intention of this rule is to remove these individuals, if possible, from the connections which they have formed in the law, that they may not enjoy an unfair advantage over other students; but every one who knows the profession can tell its utter futility; many ways obviously exist of preserving such connections without violating the rule.† In fact, it is just as useless for its ostensible purpose as the "exercises." The task of evasion, however, is still one of peril, because the benchers may, and probably would, decline to call the party altogether on discovering any attempt at imposition; or, at all events, not do so until the required period had elapsed.

The student may consult his own convenience as to the time when, being duly qualified, he will be called, at all the Inns, except that of the Inner Temple. There, no student for the bar is allowed to dine more than twenty terms, that is, five years, in that character. The hall will then be closed upon him, unless he assume that of a barrister.

Before proceeding to discourse upon the "call," and the authority of the benchers in regard to it, I do not think a few observations will be out of place on the best mode of passing the time between the admission and that interesting and important event, as the use or

probability, that in the course of a short time, the practice as to calls will be again uniform, that is, that the Temples and Lincoln's Inn will imitate the liberality of Gray's Inn.

ED. H. M.

* Except in the Middle Temple, where this is required to be done before he can enter into commons.

† A well-known barrister on the circuit, through the connivance of his principal, received a salary, and acted as chief clerk to an attorney, to the instant of his call. He was supposed to be in the office for improvement. Another, however, who was clerk to a particular corporate fund under the management of an attorney, but who supposed himself exempt from the rule, had his call postponed for two years, on the ground that he was in effect the attorney's clerk, being appointed by him. On this occasion Mr. — drew the attention of the benchers to a call, made by themselves, of a young attorney whose certificate had been renewed in the same year. — — — — — the presumption of course being, that he had continued his practice irregularly. An inquiry was immediately instituted, with the design of declaring the call void, when he declared that his mother's agent, who had usually taken out his certificate, had continued to do so, without his knowledge, forgetful that it was no longer needed. A similar forgetfulness had, no doubt, prevented his being struck off the rolls of attorneys, until within a few days of his "call." As he solemnly protested that he had never practised, nor enjoyed the fruits of practice, during the preceding two years, the benchers kindly received his excuses, but directed precautions against similar accidents in future.

abuse of that interval may materially influence the party's subsequent progress in his profession.

As an Inn of Court provides no means of legal education* beyond its library, access to which is open to all its members, the student is left entirely on his own resources for the acquirement of juridical learning. The proper employment of these has been the subject of much argument, — more especially in relation to the practice of the common law, as distinguished from that of equity. A barrister would, in all probability, recommend a long attendance in the chambers of a special pleader or counsel†, and, no doubt, great advantages attend it. A thorough knowledge of the mysteries of pleading is most desirable, if not absolutely essential, and there it may unquestionably be obtained to perfection. But there is another kind of knowledge, the attainment of which is also very desirable, and which can only be acquired elsewhere; I mean the *practice* of the law. This must be learnt in an attorney's office, where an attendance is not usually advised by the bar. It is argued that counsel is not expected to be versed in the chicanery of the practice, a proficiency in which is the proper duty of the attorney only, whose fees are the reward of his knowledge of it, and that the natural order of things is reversed, when a barrister, instead of confining his advice to explaining the law, is called on to direct the proceedings of a practitioner in the lower branch of the profession, — in fact, that to do so, is beneath the dignity of the bar. Notwithstanding its alleged degradation, however, I feel compelled to vote in favour of the latter course. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that attorneys and solicitors have a predilection for such members of the bar as display an intimate acquaintance with the minor details of business. They have generally more confidence in all the opinions of counsel who can give, what I may term, practical advice, which other gentlemen may not do so readily, with whatever ability they may expound the law. Besides, a student well disposed to deserve his name, may learn as much of pleading and law in an attorney's office, as in the chambers of a pleader or barrister; for the attorney must prepare the "case," which is the basis of the pleadings of the one, or the opinion of the other; the student will have a full opportunity of considering both, and forming his judgment on them, which he may test by drawing the pleadings in the mean time. More than this he could not do elsewhere, except drawing for the profit of another. Besides acquiring a knowledge of the practice, however, I see two other most decided advantages to be gained by studying in an attorney's office. The first is

* There is plenty of evidence that compulsory study has been long abandoned. In the time of Elizabeth we find it complained of in the Middle Temple, that "there is none that be compelled to learn, and they that are learners for the most part have their studies and places of learning, so that they are much troubled by the noise and walking of them that be no learners."

† A special pleader is a member of an Inn of Court, practising "under the Bar," in drawing pleadings, and advising on cases in chambers. The qualifications for this practice are keeping twelve terms, and taking out an annual certificate, on which a duty of twelve guineas is payable to the revenue. This certificate can only be obtained by permission of the Inn, which is also renewed annually.

in the article of cost: few pleaders or barristers receive pupils at a less consideration than one hundred guineas for two years, the usual term of attendance; a much larger premium being not unusually required; while there are as few attorneys who would not be glad to receive the gratuitous assistance of an educated person for the same, or a longer time, without any condition as to payment; the service performed would form a sufficient consideration for all the information that the principal could impart. The second advantage is the formation of connexions that may be useful to the student in his subsequent career, connexions that will the more readily support him, because they will have had a full opportunity of estimating his qualifications. He may thus escape years of barren hopes. I am content to be told that this is not the most dignified mode of securing an early practice, but I know of no other and better one. Besides, I am writing for the sake of utility, and with this feeling I can assure my reader, that I never knew a person of ordinary abilities, who passed his noviciate in an attorney's office, ever fail of success. I could point out a number, young and old, whose rapid progress fully supports my assertion, from Lord Chancellor Hardwick to the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and not a few eminent barristers of the present day. I cannot agree, therefore, with the writer on the "Bar" in the "World," that the "road leading through an attorney's office has but few enlightened travellers to recommend it," nor that "it stands to the eye of reason and common sense negatived to every recommendation." In my humble judgment, it is the surest road, and therefore, not to be disregarded in a profession in which success, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The fact is, that attendance in an attorney's office is discountenanced only by those aristocratical spirits whose pride despises it, and yet is impatient of the good fortune of those who submit to it. *Hinc ille lachryme.*

If the student select the Courts of Equity as the field of his future exertions, an attorney's office will be still more serviceable to him. In the chambers of chancery draftsmen, the rules of equity are studied much more than the rules of the common law. The result is a comparative ignorance of the latter, which is a subject of animadversion by several eminent legal writers, the late Mr. Chitty amongst others. In the diversified practice of a respectable solicitor's office, however, an attentive student will have ample opportunity of observing both divisions of the law, and will thus acquire a character for general knowledge of it, which will prove most beneficial to his interests. For my own part, as a student, I would rather pay a premium for the run of a solicitor's office, than have the "free warren" of ~~any~~ pleader's or equity draftsman's chambers.

I must here observe, to avoid any misapprehension on the point, that no objection exists, save as a matter of feeling, to this attendance in a solicitor's office, provided the student receive no remuneration for it.

Previous to the opening of pleaders' chambers for the reception of pupils, an event of comparatively recent date (the late Mr. Justice Yates being mentioned as the first student of the kind), attendance in the different courts of law is said to have been much more fre-

quent. In fact, the principal materials for study were formerly drawn from thence. It is a consequence, no doubt, of this custom, that the certificate of admission to an Inn of Court is stated to carry with it a right of pre-admission into every court of judicature; and, some years ago, seats were specially inscribed to the use of students in all the principal Courts. As the latter, however, ceased to attend, their places were occupied by newspaper reporters, *quasi nomine studentum*, and, at the present day, the word "reporters" has completely superseded that of "students" in all the Courts.*

The student, having kept all his terms, performed all the exercises required of him, or suffered the usual fines in their stead, and paid all his dues, is now in a situation to be "called." For this purpose he must first give notice of his intention to the steward of his Inn, who, pursuant to a general rule, will cause his name and description to be put up on a screen, in a suitable situation in the hall, for one fortnight, and transmit a copy of them to the other societies, that all may agree on his admission to the Bar. If no objection exist against it, he must procure a benchers to propose that he be called, which is usually done at a meeting previous to the day appointed for calls. He must then enter into a fresh bond with two housekeepers to secure the payment of all his dues as a barrister, the former one being cancelled.

If there be any real objection to the call of a student, I have known him privately apprised of it by the steward on his application to have his name "screened," a delicate mode of enabling him to avoid the disgrace of rejection by not pressing his application. For instance, a student had been some years before the secretary of a private Friendly Society, from which he had parted by reason of a dispute in a matter of accounts. In the interval from his admission, the fact had been intimated to the benchers; when, therefore, he applied with a view to be called, the steward quietly informed him that an explanation on the subject was desirable, and that he would be called whenever that was furnished. This, however, was not done, the application was never renewed, and from that time to the present, nearly twenty years, the party has occupied a rather superior station in life, which he assigns as a motive for not being called, when, had his name been once "screened," inquiry might not have been so easily answered.

I have already incidentally mentioned, that the discretion of the benchers as to refusing to call, unlike refusing to admit, is subject to the visitation of the superior judges, the distinction being founded on a want of absolute right to be admitted, and a qualified right to be called after admission. The first case in which the question arose was that of William Hart, Hilary Term, 1780, whom the Society of Gray's Inn had refused to call on the ground that he had been discharged under an insolvent debtor's act, a cause of rejection regarded as suf-

* About thirty years ago, a "student's" box was erected above where the dock is now situated in the Old Court, Old Bailey. I recollect a young student, though armed with a steward's admission, being obliged to quit, because the reporters wanted his room, his remonstrance being wholly unheeded by the officers. I wonder what success a mere student would meet now on a demand of admission, by virtue of ancient right, into the Central Criminal Court. Very little, I suspect.

ficient also by Lincoln's Inn, while a contrary opinion was maintained by the Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple.* Under these circumstances, he applied to the King's Bench for a *mandamus* to compel the benchers of Gray's Inn to call him to the degree of Barrister-at-law. The injustice was then strongly urged of permitting a person to lose his time and incur expense, if he was thought incapable of being called. The Court, however, were disinclined to interfere, and ultimately Lord Mansfield declared the opinion of the Judges that no Court had any control over the Inns, but that the "ancient and usual way of redress for any grievance in the Inns of Court was by appealing to the Judges." To them, therefore, Hart applied in the November following, by petition of appeal, when Gray's Inn stated by their certificate, that they had not refused to call him merely on account of insolvency, but that he had knowingly become security for money borrowed by others to a much greater amount than he could answer, and for other circumstances of impropriety. In the end his petition was dismissed.

I may here mention as another illustration of the singular fact of our advocates being appointed by persons, over whom the Courts disclaim all jurisdiction, that the advocates at Doctors' Commons are situated similarly to their brethren of the civil law. To practise in that capacity in the Ecclesiastical Courts, an individual is required to be a Doctor of Laws in the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, a degree which cannot be obtained under about eight years' attendance, at least, from the time of entering. He must then petition the Archbishop of Canterbury for his "rescript," or permission to practise, which is as commonly granted as calls by the Inns of Court. The doctor is then introduced into Court by two advocates, and takes the necessary oaths, and his seat. Without this rescript he cannot practise, and, if the Archbishop decline to grant it, he is remediless. Such was the decision in the case of Doctor Highmore in 1807. It seems that a gentleman in early life took deacons' orders, but speedily abandoned the clerical profession without proceeding further, with the intention of becoming an advocate, and obtained his degree accordingly. His application for a rescript was, at first, acceded to, without difficulty, but he scarcely began to avail himself of it, ere it was recalled by the Archbishop on the ground that he was a priest, and as such disqualified by the canons of the Church from acting as an advocate.† This circumstance led to a motion for a *mandamus*, to compel the grant of the rescript, but in vain. Without arguing the point of his eligibility to practise, Lord Ellenborough declared that the Courts of Westminster had no authority ~~over the~~ Archbishop in respect of these rescripts which no person could claim as a matter of right. Perhaps in the latter part of his decision,

* The most recent case in which the whole subject was opened was that of Mr. D. W. Harvey, whom the benchers of Lincoln's Inn refused to call after he had duly qualified himself. The reader may consult the "Law Magazine," vol. ii., and the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the case, for the particulars of it.

† Vide *antè*, p. 142. ; and also the case of Mr. Tooke, p. 146.

the learned lord begged the whole question, but whether he did so or not, the prelate's discretion has not been since disputed.

We will now suppose the candidate's name to hang without impeachment in the hall for the prescribed period, — that he has signed the usual petition to be called — obtained a bencher to support it, — and that, in short, no reason appears to doubt that he will receive the honour for which he has so often wielded the — knife and fork. This is bestowed on a day, or rather evening, appointed for the purpose after dinner (which, however, he is not required, though it is usual, to attend). Apparelled in his gown, he is summoned by one of the officers to attend the benchers whom he will find assembled in conclave in the room devoted to their use, this being the first time, in the ordinary course of events, that he thus meets them. On the table he may espy a plentiful dessert, if his powers of observation are not obscured by the novelty of his position. With this, however, he has nothing to do. He is only required to attend, standing, to the short address of the bencher in the chair, usually the treasurer, or senior bencher, while he congratulates him on being elected an utter barrister. The steward next administers the oaths of allegiance to him according to the forms of his religion, after which he is invited to drink wine with the benchers, a glass of good liquor being handed to him for that purpose. He then receives their good wishes for his success, and is ushered from their presence, never again to enter it until he become a bencher himself, or unless some extraordinary circumstance require him to do so. — Such is the unparalleled method of forming barristers in England in the nineteenth century! Such the class from which is selected the judges of the land, — ay, the empire — and now almost all the stipendiary magistrates, both at home and abroad.

The average cost of a "call" is about eighty pounds, of which the sum of fifty pounds is paid as a duty to government, in addition to twenty-five pounds, the amount of duty on admission. The whole sum taken by the Inn, therefore, exclusive of commons, is only about twenty-five pounds from the admission to the call.

LIFE HATH MANY MYSTERIES!

PART I.

I.

Life hath many mysteries!
Some lie hid in virgin-eyes,
Where they seek a sweet disguise.

II.

Shunning ever Freedom's gaze,
Still their furtive glance betrays
Maidens' hearts a thousand ways.

III.

But those eyes, when they have need,
With the lightning's magic speed,
Wistfully the heart can read —

IV.

From the windows of the soul,
Heedless of the tongue's control,
Passion's kindling vapours roll.

V.

Oft when strangers' eyes but meet,
Passing down Life's crowded street,
Mute—they almost seem to greet.

VI.

When that thrilling glance is o'er,
Youth and Beauty oft deplore,
Grieving lest they meet no more.

VII.

Yet we learn in that short gaze
More, perchance, than lengthened days
Tell us of a young heart's ways.

VIII.

Life hath many mysteries!
May-be, more in *hearts* than *eyes*,
Binding us by secret ties.

IX.

Who can view th' electric chain,
Holding converse with the brain,
Quickly making *one* of *twain*.

X.

Mysteries there are in love :
Other mysteries above,
Youth, betimes, doth well to prove.

PART II.

I.

What we *are*, or what *shall* be,
When our clay-bound souls are free,
Is to all a mystery !

II.

Riddles we can never guess
Need not plunge us in distress :
God-ward let us nearer press.

III.

How the Tempter access finds,
'Till his deadly snare he winds
Round the meshes of our minds,

IV.

Is an awful mystery,
Into which we cannot pry
Till the hour we come to die.

V.

Mystery of mysteries !
How the Holy Ghost supplies
Wisdom to the saintly-wise !

VI.

Guidance thus we know is given,
Mighty as the arm of Heaven,
To the spirit tempest-driven.

VII.

Death hath many mysteries,
Hidden from our weeping eyes,
How and *where* the spirit flies!

VIII.

But our *birth* is wondrous all,
Whence the soul obeys the call
To Life's opening festival!

IX.

What is Life? and what is Death?
' Mine they are,' the Maker saith, —
' Souls are kindled by my breath.

X.

' Nought created is in vain ;
Learn to profit by thy pain,
Till all mysteries are plain.'

ALPHA.

THE CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

I CONFESS I felt a little queerish when I had got thus far, but it was too late to retreat ;—not that I would have done so if I could ;—so I marched boldly on with my two young ladies, one on either arm, Ned walking as mincingly as he could, and I replying to the expressed or silent congratulations of my acquaintances with a confident nod ; and encouraging my fair one, who had my left arm, to talk and laugh so as to distract attention from Ned, who was honoured with my right, and in that position would have to go out first. The girls had contrived to garnish his face so, that what with curls and flowers and the strings of his bonnet, there was not much of it to be seen ; and he being fair, as I said before, he looked the character well enough, except that he was rather of the large sort ; however, all sorts used to come to the Fleet, so that was no great matter.

There were a good many people going in and out at that hour ; some with meat, some with vegetables, some with hampers of wine and bottled beer ; and pedlars and hawkers with all sorts of wares were continually offering the usual fee to the gatekeeper to allow them to come in to vend their wares. There were usually one or two old-clothes dealers also, who came in the course of the morning to pick up anything they could turn a penny by. All this traffic of visitors was in our favour, and I flattered myself that we should pass without difficulty to the outer door, when unfortunately, as I thought at the moment, who should be at the gate but Nancy's father, who had taken the place of the other turnkey.

I gave up all for lost, for I made sure he would begin to question us about Nancy ; as to where she was, and why she was not with us, and so forth. But instead of that, he set himself to flirting with her cousin, chaffing her a bit for being with me.

"Glad to see you so well escorted, Miss Letitia," said he, "and sorry to see you so soon going out again : we want such cheerful faces as yours ; it makes one happy only to look on them !"

"I'm sure," said she speaking briskly, "if all the guardians about the place were like you there would be the less reason to fear coming into it. Dear me ! it's more like a great tavern than a prison !"

"Ah!" said the turnkey, "you only see the outside of it! But the misery that is here, miss, doesn't show: it keeps close and hides itself. For my own part, I wish I could do anything else rather than stay here and witness the wretchedness that I see every day! But I can't give up the shop. And how do you find Nancy? You are making but a short visit to us to-day."

I trembled at this question, but the cousin had her wits about her, and she replied without hesitation:—

"Oh! Nancy is going to spend the day with us at Greenwich; I expect her to follow us presently; but she wanted to do something to her dress, and wished me not to wait for her. Come along, Miss Simpson," said she to Ned, "I ought to beg your pardon for keeping you waiting in the lobby, but Mr. Ward is an old friend of mine, and he has got such a way with him, that he always contrives to keep me talking longer than I think of."

"Ha! ha!" said the turnkey, "always the same: I don't know what my wife would say to it! So Miss Simpson is a friend of yours? (putting the key into the lock, but delaying to turn it), I don't remember her face; have I seen her before?"

"Now, Mr. Ward," said the ready Letitia, "I will not allow you to turn the heads of all the young ladies who come in here as you do mine; Miss Simpson, don't attend to him; don't give him a look; he is the most dangerous man in the place. There, get out with you, and don't stand there as if you wanted to take all my beaus from me. Mind," said she, as she turned round and faced the turnkey while Ned modestly stepped out, "that you tell Nancy to make haste, or we shall lose the best part of the day."

I think I never in all my life felt more relieved than I was when Ned and the cousin had fairly made their exit, and the joy that I felt at his escape made me forget that I was still on the wrong side of the door, and that the event might have consequences of a disagreeable nature to myself. As to Nancy, I had no fears about her, because I presumed that she had only to present herself at the gate to be let out; but I little thought of the strange turn that this adventure was destined to take. But that in its order.

"Fine young woman," said the turnkey, who affected to be rather a connoisseur in those matters, much to the discomfort and jealousy of his wife, who, being tied down to the shop almost constantly, was not able to watch him as much as she desired: "fine young woman," he repeated as he slammed the door after them, and extricated the key from the lock at the same time with a dexterity and sleight of hand which he had arrived at by long practice in his profession; "but there's rather too much of her.—An acquaintance of your's, eh?"

"I never saw her before to-day," said I; "she came in to see some friend, I think, for the other young lady and I met her as we were going over the building; and as they were acquainted, she joined us, and all I had to do was to see them through the lobby." This I said in order to provide an explanation beforehand against any inquiries that might be made about my share in the business.

"Ah! Mr. Seedy," he returned, for he was a fellow with a good

deal of drollery about him — and as he was driving a famous trade in the fair, he had a right to be merry if he liked — "you were always the man for the ladies ; but two at a time," said he, "is a little too bad ; we shall call you the great monopoliser !"

I let him joke me as much as he pleased, for I felt that really I had so much of the joke on my side, that I could afford to let him have most of the talk to himself ; but all the time, I was speculating on what would become of Ned, and was wishing to get back to Nancy, who was waiting for me in his room, to tell her he had succeeded in getting out, and that she might join him. I took care not to show any signs of hurry or of uneasiness in my countenance, but I was glad to get away ; and I was just on the point of mounting the staircase leading from the hall, when I felt my coat-tails pulled, and turning round, to my exceeding dismay, I beheld Nancy's mother with a face that told me in a moment that something was the matter.

"I want to speak with you," she said, in a low voice ; "come up stairs with me."

She went up pretty quick, and I after her, till we came to the top gallery ; and then she made off at once to Ned's room, and stopping at the door, she said in an agitated way : —

"Mr. Seedy, do you know who is in this room ?"

"No one but my friend Ned," said I, "that I know of ; why do you ask the question ?"

"Mr. Seedy," said she, very earnestly, "what have you done with my daughter ?"

"Has she not returned to you ?" said I, affecting great surprise ; "when I saw her cousin out through the lobby, she said that she wanted to do something to her dress, and that she would join her friend in a short time at her own house."

"She is a baggage," said her mother ; "and she has deceived you and me too ; what she said about going to her cousin, was only an excuse to get with this young villain," said she, pointing to the door of Ned's room ; "and what's to be done, I'm sure I don't know ! She is ruined, of course, now ; after having been shut up in a gentleman's room, you know, her character is gone for ever !" and here the old lady's voice became so broken with her sorrow, that I almost regretted what I had done. However, as I considered it was all fair to help in the escape of a fellow prisoner, and as I knew that Ned meant no harm to the girl, I turned my mind to giving the matter the best air that I could, and in the first place, to obviate my knowledge of Ned's escape, and also to prevent any suspicion attaching to myself when the secret should be discovered ; so I answered accordingly : —

"You amaze me !" said I. "Really, I can't understand you."

"It's easy enough understood," said the mother. "Some one who shall be nameless saw her at Ned's window, and he has told me. Now what I want you to do, Mr. Seedy, is to knock at the door, and when they hear your voice, they will open it. But the fewer who know it the better, of course ; no need to publish our own disgrace. But if her father came to know it, he would give her such a dreadful beating !"

"It must be some girl whom Ned has got here," said I, wishing to

gain time, and indeed not knowing very well what to do ; for this sudden discovery came upon me so unawares, that I was not prepared for it, and did not know what to say, or what excuse to make. But the mother insisted so strongly on obtaining immediate entrance, although, as she said, she had no doubt that it was too late, that I was obliged to knock at the door to pacify her.

There was no answer for some little time ; but at last a voice said in a whisper, —

“ Who is there ? ”

Her mother made a sign to me to say that it was me ; but I considered that the shock of seeing her mother all of a sudden instead of me, might cause her to say something which would be dangerous ; I replied, therefore, —

“ It is I, Mr. Seedy, with your mother, come to look for you.”

I could hear a stifled scream inside, and a sound as if something had fallen down.

“ Open the door, you hussey,” said her mother, “ this moment.”

“ You had better open the door,” said I, “ at once.”

“ If you don’t,” said the mother, “ your father shall come and force it open with a crow-bar ! ”

Terrified at this last threat, Nancy opened the door immediately.

“ Now,” thought I, “ the secret will be out ! She will be frightened at her mother’s threats, and tell the whole story of Ned’s escape.” But I had not formed a right estimate of the girl’s character ; or else I had not considered that in a love case a woman will brave anything, and suffer anything, for him to whom she has given the greatest gift that a woman can give — her heart. Nancy was as firm as a rock.

The first thing the old lady did, was to lock the door inside and put the key in her pocket ; this she did with the view of not letting the gentleman get out of the way, as she was desirous of telling him a bit of her mind, if she could do nothing else to him. She then looked round for Ned, but no Ned was to be seen ! She looked under the sofa-bed, but he was not there ; — then she looked into the two cupboards top and bottom, but she could see no one ! She searched even the top of the ledge between the two doors, but Ned was invisible ! Astonished at this, she looked round the room again and again, but without success. Then it occurred to her that he had climbed up the chimney, and she called to him to come down ; and to hasten his descent she lit a candle and poked up the chimney with a stick, and at last, in her determination to find him, she made a blazing fire in the grate with some wood, of which there happened to be plenty in the cupboard ; but at this latter expedient, seeing the calmness of Nancy, she was convinced he was not there.

This puzzled the old lady, and she looked out of the window to see if he had made his exit that way ; but the window was too high from the ground, being the third story from the ground-floor — or the hall as it was called — and consequently of great height ; and any one falling from such an elevation, could not have failed to be dashed to pieces.

Baffled in all her surmises, she now turned to Nancy, and insisted on knowing what had become of the “ base fellow ” who had enticed

her thither; "the more wicked she for letting him persuade her to it!"

But Nancy, having recovered from her first fright, protested that she knew nothing of him.

"Then, pray, Miss," said her mother, "how did you come to be locked up in this room?"

This was one of that numerous class of questions more easily asked than answered, and Nancy, thinking that the least said was soonest mended, remained silent: and it was in vain that her mother first demanded, then entreated, and finally threatened and shook her; she would not answer a word, and her mother at last was forced to give in from mere exhaustion.

I forgot to say, that while the old lady was poking about for the male offender, I contrived to make a sign to Nancy that Ned had escaped, and was outside the prison. It was this that encouraged her to remain obstinate; and I verily believe if she had been placed on the rack, she would not have uttered a word to betray his secret.

As there was nothing else to be done, her mother was obliged to be content with the only thing that remained for her to do, and that was to take her daughter back to their dwelling down in the fair, with the secret determination to keep such a watch on the "slut," as she called her, that it should be out of her power to deceive her again. But before she left the room she questioned me, as may be supposed, about what had become of the cousin, and how it was that Nancy had not accompanied her?

I replied to her as I had to her husband, that her daughter had left me with the intention of changing her dress, and as her cousin could not wait, I had seen her out of the prison, leaving Nancy to follow her; and I took care to express my surprise at finding her locked up in that room, which was a thing that I could not account for; and in order to help Nancy to a story, I said that I supposed she had been frightened, and had taken shelter in the room, not knowing whose it was.

Nancy said nothing to this; but satisfied, I suppose, with her sweetheart being safe, she did not care what happened to herself; and I can easily imagine she was more occupied at that time with thinking of whether she should endeavour to join him or not, and of the circumstance of her pretty cousin having him at her disposal, than of anything else. But her jealous fears on that score were relieved by an accident that I shall have to relate presently, and which was near revealing the whole affair. However, it was bad enough as it was.

CHAPTER V.

No sooner had Ned and the cousin got clear off, as I have related, than they made the best of their way to the house where her parent resided. Ned wanted to change his clothes, but as there were none at hand, and as time pressed, he repaired, disguised as he was, to

the spot where it was appointed that Nancy should meet him. He waited, and waited, and wondered, and fidgetted; but no Nancy came.

In this way he remained at his post for more than two hours, looking up and down the street very restlessly, and aware that his appearance was exciting the curiosity of the neighbours, and especially of a police officer who had eyed him narrowly once or twice; but he was afraid to move from the spot, lest he should miss his fair one. The cousin had remained at home, as it was agreed between her and Ned that his being on the watch alone would be less likely to attract observation; besides, she had rather a disinclination to appear with such a companion more than was necessary.

He might have remained there, as it turned out, for the next week so far as Nancy was concerned; but just as his impatience was at its height, and he began to chafe with vexation, a sight met his eyes which in a moment put to flight all his visions of love and bliss and all that, and made him think only of how to save himself.

It chanced that Nancy's father, Joe Ward, or "larking Joe," as he was called, had business to do in that direction, having to make a purchase of red herrings for the use of his customers in the Fleet, and as ill-luck would have it, he was returning through the very street in which Ned was acting the part of a female sentinel with so much devotion. As soon as Ned caught sight of his well-known phiz, he made sure that all was discovered, and that his old janitor was come to take him again; but he did not lose his presence of mind, although it was an occurrence sufficient to paralyse ordinary coolness. His greatest fear now was, that Joe's daughter might come up, and then the whole plot would be spoiled; and much as he had been longing to see her for the last two hours, he now heartily hoped that she would not come, at that moment at least.

While Ned was revolving these thoughts in his mind, and endeavouring to saunter down the street in a ladylike way, so as not to excite suspicion, the turnkey spied out the "young woman" whom he had let out of the Fleet the same morning with Nancy's cousin: he had no difficulty in recognising her, not only from her dress, which from habit he had noted, but also from her height and size, which were rather of a masculine character. As Joe piqued himself on his gallantry, he congratulated himself on the opportunity of meeting with a young lady with whom he considered he had a right to claim acquaintance. Mending his pace a bit, therefore, he soon came up with her, and touching her under the arm, an unpleasant trick turnkeys have with their acquaintance, he accosted her familiarly:—

"So, Miss Simpson, you have not joined the party on the water? Better luck for me, for if you had I should not have the pleasure of meeting you here." And so saying, which he thought rather an ingenuous flourish of speech, he tried to put his head under her bonnet; but Ned, turning his face a little aside, pulled down his veil with a jerk which almost separated it from her head-gear.

"Coming it modest!" thought Joe.

Ned made a hasty calculation of the chances, whether he should

trip up the turnkey's heels and start off, or try to act the character of a petticoat. His female habiliments would be an awkward encumbrance to him in a race—he felt that the former experiment would surely fail, so he decided on the latter.

The turnkey, however, was more prompt in his movements; catching hold of "Miss Simpson's" hand, he tucked her arm under his in an off-hand gallant way which he considered irresistible, and which made Ned double his fist involuntarily.

"Come," said he, "it is not right that young ladies should be walking about the streets alone; which way are you going?"

Here was a pretty position! and a pretty question! It was some time before Ned could answer it, for he was excessively puzzled to think where Miss Simpson ought to be going, and he was afraid of making some mistake. Fortunately, he recollected that young ladies are always going a-shopping, so he thought he would avail himself of that generality. With a simpering lisp, therefore, which was the nearest approach he could make to feminine accents, he replied, —

"Only going a-shopping."

"That's just what I have been doing myself," said Joe; ("she seems rather affected," he thought, "though she is a big un")—"I have been laying in a supply of real Yarmouth bloaters for the nobs in the Fleet."

"Indeed!" said Ned, gaining confidence in his part as he went on; "I am tho fond of a red herring!"

"The devil you are!" thought Joe; "that's rather a queer taste for a delicate young lady to indulge in! not that she is very delicate looking—but—however, she is a fine young woman!"

"And what are you going to buy?" said he, aloud; "anything that I can help you in?"

"Only a few thegars," replied the Miss Simpson, trying to make her words come out soft and small, as became her sex and delicacy.

"Red herrings and cigars!" thought Joe again; "by George she's a spicy one, and no mistake!"—"And what do you usually drink?" said he, pursuing the turn which Miss Simpson's frank avowal of her predilections had given to the conversation.

"Oh, just ath it happens," replied Ned, forgetting that in his endeavours to adopt the manner of speaking, he ought to adopt also the manner of thinking conformable with his assumed sex;—"sometimes half-and-half, and sometimes gin and water—just as it comes!"

"Just as it comes! Upon my word," thought Joe, "this seems to be a most accommodating young lady! By George! I have a fancy for a lark!" "And pray, Miss Simpson," said he, "what are you going to do with yourself for an hour or two? Suppose we take a little walk together?"

"How the devil shall I get rid of this seducing rascal?" thought Ned; "shall I knock him down? No; that won't do. I had better get to Nancy's cousin, and let her see what a mess I'm in, and then she can meet Nancy—while I get off somehow."

"I am going," said Miss Simpson, "to Nancy's cousin."

"But Miss Wilson is gone with her, you know, to Greenwich."

"Yes, I know; — but I have promised to see Miss Wilson's mother."

"Her mother!" said the turnkey, a little surprised; "you mean her father; Miss Wilson's mother died long ago."

"Of course I mean her father," replied Miss Simpson, pettishly; "really, sir, you so confuse me, I don't know what I say. I must wish you good morning, sir; I must, indeed; what will people say when they see me consorting with a strange gentleman?"

"Why, as to that," said Joe, "what would my wife say, if she saw me walking with a strange lady? But that's neither here nor there; as you are going to see old daddy Wilson, I can't do better than go with you."

"Really, Thir," . . .

"Oh, nonsense! Suppose we go to a tavern, and have a glass of wine together?"

"Grathious, Thir, what a proposition!"

"It's a fair offer, my beauty," said Joe, thinking that it was not necessary to be on any particular ceremony with a young lady who confessed her inclination for half-and-half and gin and water; "you may go farther and fare worse."

Ned considered for a few moments. Here he was shackled with the company of the very man, who of all others on the face of the earth was the last that he wished to see. If he went with him to Miss Wilson's house, he should only be getting farther into the mess; and "old Daddy Wilson," as the turnkey called her father, would not know "Miss Simpson," and would be expressing his surprise, and that would be dangerous; besides, the turnkey would find that the cousin had not gone to Greenwich, and that might excite suspicion. But what was to be done?—how shake off this inconvenient friend? While he was deliberating, Joe repeated his invitation with a little pinch of Ned's arm:—

"What do you say to a pint of wine, eh?"

"I have no objection," replied Miss Simpson, with as modest an air as she could assume; "but if I should be known? Oh, grathious!"

"You can keep your veil down, my dear," suggested Joe, "while any one is there. Here is the sign of the 'Cat and Fiddle,' a very good house, capital wine, and the best ale in the neighbourhood. After a little hesitation, and the necessary quantity of pressing, the bashful Miss Simpson was prevailed on by the gallant Joe to allow herself to be over-persuaded, and the two entered the tavern together. Passing into a snug little room behind the bar, the turnkey called for a pint of wine.

Ned looked round to see how to escape if necessary, for he was now utterly in the turnkey's power, should he be discovered. To his extreme mortification he perceived that the only door was the one by which they had entered; there was a window looking into a side street, for the "Cat and Fiddle" enjoying the advantages of a corner house, had a double look-out; but the window was closed, and before it was a table covered with bottles and glasses.

It looked like a dead beat, and Ned began to feel that he had unwittingly allowed himself to be enclosed in a sort of trap; however,

while he remained outside of the prison walls there was hope; but he was sadly puzzled what move to make next. In the mean time the wine was set on the table, and Joe invited his fair one to take off her veil. But this outrage on her modesty, "Miss Simpson" strenuously opposed, and she conveyed her glass to her mouth under her veil, much to the discomfiture of larking Joe, who was at a loss to understand the reason of such an excess of bashfulness. However, Miss Simpson made up for her retiring qualities in another way; she drank glass for glass with Joe with remarkable complaisance; the pint of wine soon vanished, and Joe, seeing how little effect it had on his companion, suggested that hot gin and water would be an agreeable stomachic after the wine; a proposal to which "Miss Simpson" immediately assented, with a readiness to oblige that was quite charming.

Thought Ned to himself, "If I can only make him drunk, it will be all right."

The gin and water went the way of the wine with a rapidity that astonished Joe. "I suppose you wouldn't like another," said he, hesitatingly.

Miss Simpson simpered, and tossed her head about a little, as if she was quite overcome with Joe's gallant liberality:—

"To oblige you I will," said she; "hee! hee!"

Joe was puzzled. "She must be drunk presently," said he to himself; "damnation! she drinks like a fish."

One glass of gin and water succeeded another, and Ned hoped that at last the turnkey's brain would be muddled with the drink; but the liquor had no other effect on such a well-seasoned vessel as Joe, than to make him more hilarious; while on Ned, who was less accustomed to such potations, especially in the morning, the spirit began to have a sensible influence.

"Don't be impudent," said he, as Joe made a snatch at his veil, swearing with a great oath that he would not stand such nonsense any longer.

In the scuffle both the veil and the bonnet came off, and to the turnkey's inexpressible amazement, he beheld a man's indubitable face, and one, as it immediately struck him, that he had known before!

"Who the devil are you!" said Joe, running to the door and putting his back to it as Ned started up. "Oh, oh! here's a go! By George, I thought you were a rum sort of a lady! And so it is you, Master Ned, who have been playing me this precious trick!" But now I have got you fast again. So you thought to do an old hand like me, did you! Come, Master Ned, now you will be pleased to march back with me. By George! there will be a rare laugh when your old friends see you in this trim!"

"And your wife," said Ned, settling his bonnet and veil on his head again—and seized, as he supposed, with a happy thought—"what will your wife say to it, old fellow; a nice story to be told to your wife, isn't it. Oh! you wicked old reprobate to go after the girls this way!"

The mention of his wife brought back "larking Joe" to an imme-

diate state of the most perfect sobriety; he showed the white feather on the instant, and began to parley.

"I tell you what it is now, my young fellow; let by-gones be by-gones; come quietly along with me, and say nothing about this to my wife, and I'll say nothing about the escape to the warden:—there's a bargain."

"No;" said Ned, "I'm out and I'll stay out: all or nothing."

"I daren't let you get off," said the turnkey; "I daren't, indeed; it would cost me my place, and my shop, and worse besides. You must come with me; and you see you haven't got a chance. Come, say it's a bargain, and let us go back friends. If the warden hears of your attempt to escape, you know there's nothing but the strong room and solitary confinement for you; the strong room, mind, and no friends allowed to see you."

"It won't do," said Ned: "if I go back, your wife knows all, mind that, and then there's a curtain lecture every night and her tongue running all-day; worse than the strong-room, old fellow. Come, open the door, let me out, and then we shall part friends."

"The wife's bad enough, but the loss of all is worse," said the turnkey desperately. "Now, my young fellow, you are my prisoner, and if you won't come along genteelly, I must find a way to make you, that's all." Ned had been edging to the window during this colloquy; he observed that the fastening was closed above, but that was easily got over. Seizing a jug of water which had been left on the table, he suddenly dashed it in the turnkey's face, and before he could recover from the shock, Ned shot back the fastening, thrust up the window, and at the cost of a general demolition of the glasses and bottles on the table, which he swept off in one prodigious smash with his petticoats, he leaped out, and shutting down the window again, set off at a sharp pace down the street.

The turnkey was not slow in following him; but as the overturned table and the broken glass formed an obstacle to his prompt exit by the window, he bolted out of the tavern by the door, followed by the landlord, who, in consternation at the horrid crash of all his glass, and alarmed at the abrupt evasion of his customers, male and female, caught hold of the turnkey and insisted on being paid for the damage. In vain Joe protested that the woman was a man in disguise who had escaped from the Fleet, and threatened the landlord with all the vengeance of the law if he obstructed him in the recapture. The landlord was firm, and Joe was obliged to leave sufficient cash to cover all the expenses before he was allowed to depart. This altercation naturally attracted the attention of the people at the bar and of various loungers outside, who, when Joe was released, accompanied him to see the sport.

But it would seem that Ned was destined to have a run of ill-luck that day, which was the more provoking, as having accomplished the most desperate task of all, that of getting outside of the walls of the Fleet Prison, to be stopped by minor and unexpected difficulties, was more than human patience could bear. So it was, however. The police officer who had marked the odd-looking woman loitering about had not lost sight of her all the time; and when she was joined by

the turnkey, whom he did not know, and whose appearance was of that equivocal description that it was not to be wondered at that the officer was deceived by his half-swaggering and half sinister-looking countenance, he thought it his duty to follow the pair to discover their intentions, for it looked very like mischief. Having seen them into the tavern, which was a circumstance by no means of a character to lessen his suspicions, he remained on the watch outside, and having met with a brother officer, he posted him to watch the entrance while he took a turn round the back of the house, a locality which did not enjoy a very high reputation, in order that he might intercept the parties in that direction.

He was coming up the side street, looking warily about him, when suddenly he beheld the figure of a woman emerge from the window like Venus from the sea, and presently after he heard loud shouts proceeding from the front of the tavern, and cries of "Escaped from the Fleet." Ned heard the cries too, and did not stop to look behind him; but in avoiding Scylla he encountered Charybdis, as Virgil described long ago, that is to say, in flying from the turnkey he ran plump into the arms of the officer. That vigilant thief-taker, observing the assemblage of people behind Ned, and the general excitement, thought that it was his duty to stop a lady under such suspicious circumstances. Extending his arms, therefore, as Ned approached, who, thinking more of what was behind him than of what was before, did not see his enemy till he was close upon him, he blocked up the way, and authoritatively desired Ned "to stand." But Ned was not in a humour to give up his chance; he was outside of the prison walls, and was by no means inclined to see the inside again if he could help it; besides, he was aware that anything he did to preserve his liberty would meet with the sympathy rather than the condemnation of the public. Such being his thoughts, and his blood being up, and there being no other way of getting rid of the officious acquaintance of his new enemy, he took advantage of the impetus which the rapidity of his motion afforded him, and concentrating all his strength in one tremendous straightforward hit, he fetched the officer such a cracker under his jaw that he upset him in a moment, making him perform a most extraordinary summerset, much to the delight of some of the lower class of the spectators, who, independently of an instinctive disinclination to all persons clothed with authority, partook also of the general character of an English mob, which always delights in the exhibition of any feat of strength or courage.

The shock of the conflict, however, as when one billiard ball imparts its motion to another, it comes to a dead stop, — in the same way transferring Ned's impetus of motion to the police officer, caused him to come to a momentary stand-still, which gave time for the turnkey to draw near, and vociferating "Escaped from the Fleet," he made a run at him.

Now, if he had called out, "A prisoner escaped from Newgate," although there might have been no disposition on the part of the bystanders to assist in his capture, there would have been no inclination exhibited to assist in his escape; but the cry of "Escaped from the Fleet," conveying, as it did, the information that it was a

prisoner who had been confined for debt and not for crime, and who had made his escape, filled most of those who heard it with the desire of baffling rather than of aiding his pursuers; such a natural horror have all men, except when urged by some motive of spite and revenge, to shutting up a fellow creature in prison for not doing that which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he cannot do — that is, pay the money which he has not got; and which he is effectually precluded from paying by being shut up in prison, and debarred from following his usual pursuits, by which alone he could ever pay what is demanded of him.

Well, as I say, the cry of "Escaped from the Fleet" did no prejudice to Ned, but rather the contrary, and no one offered to molest him; and when he started off again, there was a general "hurrah," and shouts of "Go it, my hearty," were heard on all sides. But the old turnkey, who was well aware of the discredit which the escape of a prisoner would bring on his fraternity at the Fleet, and on himself in particular, felt the importance of retaking his prisoner too forcibly not to strain every nerve to come up with the fugitive. It was now a fair race, the people keeping up the cry of "Escaped from the Fleet," and all the passers-by making way for "the lady," and giving her a word of encouragement as she shot by.

But Ned was not led astray by this popular applause, for he well knew that an escape from the Fleet was a grave legal offence, and one that subjected him to serious inconvenience should he be retaken; and he calculated that he could hardly expect to continue his run without meeting with some other officer or constable who would stop his progress. With these thoughts he kept his eyes about him to circumvent his pursuer, by doubling or by hiding himself somewhere; but he had run the length of three or four streets, before he could find any promising nook to take refuge in, while his enemy, despite the occasional opposition of the populace, followed him steadily like a bloodhound, the looks and the excited curiosity of the people as the flying lady passed, serving as scent by which the turnkey tracked his game.

CHAPTER VI.

NED found his petticoats sadly in the way, and he would have been soon caught, if the people had not made a point of impeding the turnkey's course by getting in his way and by running up against him, and by all the tricks which the mob plays on such occasions. As it was, he saw that he must be overtaken at last, so he looked out for some place, as I said before, to hide in; and seeing through an open door that there was an outlet on the other side of the passage, he shot in, and closing the street-door, made his way out at the other. But here, as it proved, he had made an unlucky mistake; for the space beyond, which he took to be a street or lane, was only a yard sur-

rounded by other houses ; and he saw in a moment that his case was desperate. He was caught like a rat in a trap ! To return would be to place himself in the hands of the turnkey ; to stay where he was, would be only to expose himself to be captured ignominiously : for he did not doubt that Joe would soon discover the place of his retreat, as some one must have seen him enter the door, and would inform his pursuer. Besides, the people of the house must presently see him, and then there would be an uproar at a strange woman being in the place, or what was worse, a man in woman's clothes.

While he was thinking of this, it occurred to him that he might do the same thing conversely with respect to a house on the other side of the wall which he had done on this ; that is, pass through the back door of one of them and out at the front, and so into the street. As the wall was not more than six feet high, he gave a spring at it, and as he expected, soon spied out a back door open on the other side. As he had no reason to be squeamish as to showing his legs, he was not long in scrambling over, although by this time there were several heads thrust out of the windows at the backs of the houses, wondering what the creature could be about who was climbing so audaciously over the wall into other people's yards. However, without waiting to explain himself,—for he heard the noise of voices behind him,—Ned dashed through the back door, and in another moment he was out at the front, and found himself in a retired street. Being a little confused with his flight, and the gin and water not being without its effect, he made a wrong turn when he went out, and turned to the right instead of the left, not observing that it was a short street without a thoroughfare ; and so there he was stopped again !

At the end of the street, which was bounded by the back of a high building like a manufactory, was a coal-shed, at which was sitting a young girl with a very dirty face, but with a very feeling heart as it turned out, and to her Ned rapidly told his tale. She was a little frightened at first, but when she came to understand the matter, she laughed and clapped her hands, delighted at such an adventure as a gentleman dressed up in a lady's clothes and running away from the bailiffs. Ned told her there was no time to be lost, and intreated her to hide him somewhere without delay. The poor girl, not knowing what to do on the sudden, and afraid to let him into the house lest her mother should beat her, proposed that he should get into one of the empty coal-sacks, to which Ned immediately assented, for there was no time to deliberate. He insinuated himself into one of them, therefore, without loss of time, first taking off his bonnet and veil, which he cast aside, and then the girl assisting to set him upright with the other sacks standing against the wall, the necessity which she felt of giving way to her laughter at such fun almost preventing her from exerting any strength, she hastily threw another empty sack over the one which contained the lady-gentleman, and resumed her place on a wooden stool close by the pavement.

In the mean time Joe had tracked his man to the house which Ned had entered first, and now he was accompanied by the police-officer, who, having recovered from the stunning blow which the lady had

dealt to him, was excited by rage and smart to secure the aggressor; and, with the cunning of his calling, he no sooner learnt that a lady of most robust proportions and of masculine manners had been seen by the inmates of the house to get over the wall in their rear, than he ran round to the open end of the street by which he knew the fugitive must pass, directing the turnkey to follow him up on his side, "so that between them they would be sure to grab him." Having ascertained from an old apple-woman who did business at the corner of the entrance to the street, which was the only way out of it, that no lady had passed her barrow for the last half-hour, but that she, the apple-woman, had observed a tall and well-dressed lady come out of a house on the right-hand side, and walk quickly towards the end of the street, the officer felt sure that he had now secured his man, and the turnkey, after having searched the house, coming out at this moment, he communicated to him that satisfactory information.

There were not many houses in the street, and the officer and the turnkey lost no time in knocking at all the doors and making inquiries after the lady, whom the officer, who had more *nous* than the turnkey, described as "a most desperate housebreaker, who had committed a horrible murder on his father and mother, and had broken out of gaol!" This dreadful revelation naturally enough brought down all the inhabitants of every house to the door to know what would be the end of it, and eager to see such a monster taken and put in handcuffs, so as to prevent him from doing further mischief. At the same time the mob of idle persons who had accompanied the bailiff and the thief-taker in the chase, ran round to the entrance of the cul-de-sac, and advanced to the blind end of it, so that there was a tolerably numerous concourse of people collected to witness the result.

When the officer came to the coal-shed, he put the same question to the dirty-faced guardian of the place as he had put to the other inhabitants of the houses in his line; and when he assured her that poor Ned was a most atrocious murderer, and had escaped from justice, his practised eye observed that the girl changed colour and trembled.

The officer guessed that he was on the scent, and he beckoned to his compeer to come to him.

"If you know any thing of the criminal," said the officer, trying to intimidate the girl with a fierce look, "and conceal it, you will be sent to prison yourself, and perhaps to Botany Bay as a *particeps criminis* and an accessory after the fact."

What "*particeps criminis*" meant the poor girl did not know, but it sounded very dreadful, and she began to hesitate.

"I tell you," said the officer, "you will be sent to Botany Bay, and worked in irons all your life, and most likely be eaten up by sharks and alligators, for assisting a murderer to escape! Mind I tell you, so you will have no excuse when you go before the Judge to be tried."

The poor girl pictured to herself the vision of a stern-looking man with a huge wig, whom she had once seen at the Old Bailey when he

was passing sentence of death, and the remembrance of him was more dreadful than the thoughts even of sharks and alligators. She was troubled, and was about to confess, when one of the crowd of people who had come up, called out:—

Don't believe him, Cinderella; it's no murderer at all; it's a poor gentleman escaped from the Fleet, where he was in for debt—the more shame to those that put him there...."

"Are you sure," said Cinderella, "that he is not a murderer, and that he is only a gentleman put in prison for debt?"

"It's what the bailiff said himself," said the doughty member of the mobility,—it's what he has been crying out for the last half-dozen streets.

"Well," said the officer, "do you choose to tell me where he is, or go to prison yourself?"

"I know nothing about him," replied the damsel doggedly.

"I tell you what it is, my wench," said the turnkey; "the gentleman is nothing to you,—tell us what is become of him, and there's a three-shilling-piece for you. Come—you don't see a three-shilling-piece of your own every day of your life! Sharp's the word! now or never:—take it at once, it won't be offered twice."

"I know nothing about him," repeated the girl, sitting down doggedly on her wooden stool among the coke and charcoal.

"I tell you what, my beauty," said the officer, "if you don't tell me quickly, I'll shake it out of you;" and saying this, he approached the girl in a menacing way.

"Hands off," said a sturdy-looking man in the crowd; "the girl never said that she knew anything of the man you are looking for, and she has done nothing—we are all witnesses to that. You have no right to ill-treat the poor girl, and we won't stand by to see it done; will we, my mates?" said he, appealing to the mob.

The mob cheered and looked mischievous. The officer saw that forcible means would not do.

"It's only a civil case," said the same speaker; "only a case of debt."

"It's more than that now," said the officer, with an important air. "It's an escape from prison, although it is only for debt, and an escape is a criminal offence; and all aiders and abettors are punishable by the law."

"Well, now," said "Cinderella's" champion, "you admit yourself that the poor man whom you are after, is only a prisoner for debt; come—there's no great harm in trying to escape from a debtor's prison, any way."

"Besides," continued the officer, "I have a right to apprehend him for an assault; he struck me in the execution of my duty,—that's another criminal offence."

"Sarved you right," said a woman in the crowd, "for insulting one of the fair sex. What business had a rascally thief-taker like you to try to stop a lady,—you varmint?"

"It's of no use," interposed the turnkey, "to go on with this talk; you see the people are against us. We must have it out of this girl by soft means, for though she is young she seems an obstinate

one. Come, my beauty," said he to the girl, "let us have no more words about it. Here's a one pound note—now—say the word, and it's yours."

The girl was silent.

"We are losing time," said the officer.

"Will you take it or not?" said Joe.

"No," said the girl, firmly; "I'll never sell a man!"

The mob cheered!

Joe whispered in her ear:—

"You shall have two pounds."

The girl shook her head.

"Three?"

"No."

"Four?"

"No."

"Five?"

"No:—I tell you I won't sell a man for any money. You may go on offering all day,—that's my answer."

"It's no go," said Joe to the officer.

"Do you stay here, while I search the house," said the other.

The house was not large, and the officer was active, so that his errand was soon over.

"I'm convinced," said he, "that our man is somewhere near, and the girl knows it."

"Look behind those sacks," said Joe.

"What's this?" said the officer, lighting on Ned's bonnet and veil.

"Do you measure your coals in ladies' bonnets, my beauty?"

"That's the bonnet," exclaimed the turnkey; "I know it well."

"Then the owner can't be far off. Now my lads," said he to the crowd, "who lends a hand to move these sacks?"

"Do your dirty work yourself," said one of them.

The officer and Joe went to work briskly, although the job was none of the cleanest. The first sack that they hauled out contained the veritable material; the second was the one in which Ned was concealed. Ned crouched down, and made himself as little as possible—but it would not do! His time was come!

"What's this?" said the turnkey, who had hauled out the sack to the front. "Neither coal nor coke—by George! here's a go! Mind," said he to the bystanders, as soon as he discovered the contents of the sack, "this is my prisoner; I call you to witness that I took him first. Now, my hearty," said he to Ned, who seeing that all resistance was vain, quietly put his head out of the sack, to the infinite merriment of the crowd,—“now, Master Ned, I think that this is being booked at last, isn't it? You're a beauty for a lady, arn't you?"

It must be confessed that Ned's appearance at this particular moment was by no means conformable with the character of the interesting young lady which he had intended to represent. His face was begrimed with the sable hues of the coal sack, and his false curls and artificial flowers were woefully disturbed by his squeezing in the sack; added to which, his female dress was in a state of disorder

which it was quite shocking to behold. But, determined to die game, he made a last desperate effort to effect his retreat, knowing well that the mob, from the observations on their part which he had overheard, was inclined to favour his escape. Suddenly extricating his arms, and seizing the empty sack which had assisted in his concealment, he took advantage of the slender make of the police officer, who was a thin wiry man, and threw the sack over his head, thus reducing him in a moment to a state of complete inactivity. The mob caught up the joke, and one or two of them, under the pretence of assisting the officer to get out, bumped him into the street, and amused themselves with this novel exhibition of an extempore Jack-in-the-green, till they were weary of the sport, and the unfortunate victim contrived to set himself free. But the pertinacious Joe meanwhile kept tight hold of his prey; and Ned, finding that all resistance was utterly useless, and would only subject him to ill-treatment, requested one of the mob to get a coach, into which he entered in all the lady's apparel that he had left, and in the custody of the turnkey. He was no sooner lodged within the walls of the Fleet than he was conveyed to the strong room, there to meditate on his disappointment and to curse his luck; for all escape, or even communication with Nancy, now seemed hopeless. But love found means to evade the difficulty of even the additional bolts and bars that confined Ned in his prison within a prison; and it is to show the ingenuity of woman's wit when employed on a matter that her heart is set on, that I have been induced to put this little history among my Chronicles.

How Nancy succeeded in effecting a communication with her lover, must form the subject of a separate chapter.

SYMBOLIC MONEY.

No. II.

IN a paper which appeared in the last number of this Magazine we described briefly the first sort of money in use in primitive times and among barbarous nations, such as oxen, skins, furs, silk, iron, brass, tin, copper, and various other articles which for convenience sake were made use of in interchange for other articles more heavy, or bulky. And it may be observed with respect to such sorts of money, that in all cases they were commodities possessing intrinsic value in themselves, and were not what may be called pure money; pure money being that which has no intrinsic value in itself, but is the acknowledgment of value existing in some other shape. And in respect to this point we will observe, that in the original invention of money—an invention arising from the necessity of the case—the making it an article of intrinsic value was an error from which has sprung much of the error which has prevailed since; for mankind has been always obstinately attached to such money as possessed intrinsic value as a commodity; and it has been only in modern times of greater experience and knowledge, that the inadequacy of such money to supply the existing wants of increasing communities and extending trade has been felt and acknowledged.

But it is not a matter of surprise, in the earlier and ruder times of the world, when the inhabitants of the earth were but thinly scattered on its surface, and were subjected to the wandering course of life which pastoral occupations necessitated, that those who had occasion to interchange their goods with each other should prefer a sort of money, which in the event of their distant separation should be in itself a thing of value, and not merely the credit representative of a value at a great distance perhaps. But we shall have to enter more at large into this point elsewhere.

The necessity of some sort of money having arisen among mankind, the first contrivances for that purpose were, as we have stated, of the rudest character. But as traffic increased, and as the necessity for a more convenient and more portable sort of money arose, the use of oxen and skins of beasts gradually gave way to the substitution of the scarcer sorts of metals, the intrinsic value of which was more easily recognisable by their weight and fineness; at the same time that they were not liable to waste or decay, and were more portable and manageable. And thus copper, and gold, and silver were generally adopted by all nations as their money, as those metals were supposed to have a more fixed value than other sorts of commodities, and were also preferable for the other reasons which we have stated.

Now here it may be observed, that when commerce was in its

infancy—when there was little of it—when mankind produced but a very small quantity of those manufactures which in these modern times afford employment to such vast multitudes of people in their production and fabrication—and when there was comparatively little occasion for the use even of such money as they had, the quantities of gold, and silver, and copper which were obtained from the earth were sufficient for the conduct of their trading operations; and that, although the money which they used was an erroneous sort of money, expensive in its use and defective in its character, there was enough of it; that is, enough for the industrial employments then developed. We do not say that the prosperity of the people in ancient times might not have been, and would not have been, prodigiously increased, and the permanency of such prosperity as they had, better established, if they had hit on the more modern invention of paper currency; but for such trading wants as existed among them, the supply of gold and silver which the earth yielded to them was sufficient. There was very little trading among them, and very little money was wanted to carry it on.

But as mankind increased in numbers; as cities came to be built, empires to be established, and commerce to be extended, the want of more of this sort of money in use was felt; and mankind began to turn their attention to supply the deficiency of the currency—consisting, we may say, entirely of gold and silver, for the amount of copper currency has been always comparatively insignificant—in order that their operations in commerce and trade might not be cramped from the want of that indispensable auxiliary—money. But, although they felt the deficiency of the quantity of existing money, they were far from being aware, it seems, of the pernicious mistake of endeavouring to make commodities—that is, gold and silver—which were themselves, as commodities of variable value, the measures of the values of other commodities. They did not see that to attempt to measure the value of corn, and meat, and stuffs, and of all sorts of commodities, by another commodity the value of which was continually fluctuating, was like endeavouring to measure the length of a bale of cloth by a measure which was continually changing its own length, at one time longer and at another time shorter. They felt the deficiency of the quantity of their sort of money, but they did not perceive the inherent vice of its character; that was a discovery reserved for after ages.

Thus the necessities of commerce stimulating to contrivances for effecting the exchanges with other countries, and with individuals of the same country among themselves, for all of which exchanges there was not a sufficient quantity of gold and silver money existing or readily to be obtained, merchants, and traders, and individuals fell into the way of giving their promise to pay the gold and silver money which they did not at the moment possess, at some future time, when they calculated that such money would, by the course of trade, come into their hands.

This promise to pay was reduced to form in the shape of a written obligation; and this note of hand, it may be said, was the first appearance of the invention of paper money.

And here it may be observed, that the wonderful system of paper currency which at present exists, with the ancillary banks which helped to establish it, and which have alimented and supported it, was not the result of any philosophical investigation of the wants of trade or of the nature and uses of money ; nor was it the consequence of logical deductions from the premises of facts and circumstances existing, but was merely the result of accident ; that is to say, that the vast and complicated system of national credit which exists in this country was not a premeditated system, but that it grew up by degrees, and became consolidated and improved to its present state, imperfect as it is, by the force of circumstances, and not by man's forethought or contrivance. But of this we shall have to speak more at large when we come to treat of the Bank of England.

The accidental invention of notes of hand was quickly followed, or rather accompanied, by the discovery that the employment of gold and silver could be dispensed with also in other cases ; and that, instead of a merchant carrying back with him a heavy load of metal to his own country, an order from the party A. owing money to B., to B.'s neighbour C., was as good, so long as C.'s credit was good, for all B.'s purposes, as if he actually encumbered himself with the metallic money of gold and silver ; and hence gradually arose the system of credit and of bills of exchange, foreign and domestic, which now form so vast and important a feature in our monetary transactions.

It being now established that the actual presence and handling of gold and silver money was not indispensable in the carrying on of mercantile transactions, but that the transfer of credits would do as well as the transport of heavy metals, a vast stride was gained in facilitating industrial employments ; and as this mode of operation increased, that is to say, as written obligations to pay, and orders on other parties more or less distant multiplied, it was found that there was employment for agents in the transmitting, receiving, and paying of such notes of hand and bills of exchange ; and thus the germ of future banks arose.

Here it may be useful to take a brief survey of the principal banks of Europe, to show that they all took their rise from accident ; that they were not premeditated establishments for the uses which have since been made of them ; but that their subsequent convenience for various monetary operations was discovered by the accident of circumstances ; and in this observation we have particularly in view, from the magnitude and influence of its transactions, the Bank of England. We shall then endeavour to show that all those establishments, taking their rise from necessity or accident, were not founded on any enlightened knowledge of the nature and uses of money, but that they were projected, on the part of their founders, without any idea, or at best with a very imperfect idea, of the true character of money, or of the real capabilities of such establishments ; but their supposition was, that it was absolutely necessary that all money should be based on the popular money of gold and silver. It will be our part to prove that it has been owing to the obstinate perseverance in this original error in respect to "the currency," that the periodical convulsions are deducible, which have taken place at various times in

the commercial world ; and that such convulsions and their concomitant immeasurable distress must continue to take place, so long as that original error remains unremedied. And it will be our endeavour to make plain also, that it is in consequence of the persisting in the attempt to make the commodities of gold and silver serve the purposes of money, instead of letting money be that which its name imports, a mere symbolic sign of value, that much if not the whole of the pauperism and misery which disgrace these islands is to be attributed.

The first bank of which we have any knowledge was founded in Venice in 1171, and took its rise in accident. That republic, as history informs us, being much embarrassed for money to carry on the expenses of the war in which it was engaged, adopted the expedient of a forced loan, which it exacted from its own citizens, giving them in return the interest of four per cent. for their contributions, in perpetuity. This was in fact the creation of a national debt ; an expedient which has been taken advantage of since in this and in other countries, although the loan, instead of being forced from the rich, is ingeniously extracted from the general population in the shape of taxes. This operation having been so effected, the parties interested in receiving the four per cent. for their capital advanced to the government, found it for their convenience to establish an office for the receipt and division of the interest ; and this office was the parent of the Bank of Venice.

The next bank mentionable is the Bank of St. George of Genoa, established in 1407. But it is remarkable that before this date, and as early as the close of the thirteenth century, Kublai Khan, grandson of Genghis Khan, the Tartar conqueror, introduced paper money into China ; and his example was speedily followed by his cousin Kaigaton, the Sultan of Persia ; but in consequence of mismanagement and abuses it fell into disuse. Since that epoch, however, the Chinese government has again established paper money, and in Russia they show a Chinese assignat. It is observable, also, that in Turkey the collectors of certain taxes deliver receipts to those who pay them, and that these receipts have the currency of money. But these are only stray facts, which bear but indirectly on this part of the subject.

The examples thus set by Venice and Genoa have since been followed by every country in Europe.

In 1609 the Bank of Amsterdam was founded. Amsterdam was then the general exchange of the world, and the great commerce which was there concentrated brought into that country the coins of all Europe, the variety of which in respect to their fineness and amounts caused so much embarrassment, and created so much difficulty in individual settlements of accounts, as to render necessary some remedy for the evil. For, as the merchants complained at the time, the coins were so worn and defaced, as to reduce their real average value more than nine per cent. below their nominal value ; and with respect to new coins, the old being depreciated to such an extent, the new ones were immediately melted or exported, so that they did not enter into domestic circulation. Neither could the merchants

procure sufficient of them, debased and deteriorated as they were, to pay their acceptances and engagements. Thus, so early as two centuries and a half ago, the inconvenience of employing the commodities gold and silver as money was felt severely among the most industrious, frugal, and commercial people of the earth. It was to remedy these two inconveniences—that is, the various values of the different sorts of metallic money, and the insufficiency of it for their trading operations—that the Dutch established their bank in 1609. But they had no large or extended views in this; they had no thought of creating a scientific establishment for the issuing of symbolic money; it was merely a *depôt* for coins, and the paper money which they issued was merely an acknowledgment for a sum of bullion deposited with them in custody; and, until about the middle of the last century, such was actually the case. So that, in truth, the Bank of Amsterdam did not invent, or at any rate did not use, paper money, properly so called, that is to say, as representing property in general; their paper money represented only two particular sorts of commodities, gold and silver, and of course could not be increased to a larger amount than the quantity of gold and silver which they had in their cellars. They shared in the general mistake of supposing that there could be no other money than gold and silver money; overlooking the obvious truth that gold and silver, as a measure of value, was liable to the fluctuations and inconveniences which were going on before their eyes, and from which they were suffering; and that it never could be made an accurate measure of value of other commodities, being itself as a commodity liable to the same variations of value which it was wanted to measure. Besides, ingenious as the Dutch were as a trading people, they failed to perceive that, inasmuch as trading operations could not be carried on without money, if they limited their quantity of money to the quantity of gold and silver which they could obtain, they limited also their trading operations in the same degree; and that, by such restrictions of the quantity of their money, they repressed their powers of industry, and arbitrarily prevented the creation of the natural and individual wealth which it was their desire to realise.

In order that we may not be misunderstood, we shall take the opportunity to say, in this place, that we are far from asserting that the use of gold and silver may not be very useful, in a variety of ways, in the operations of commerce, and in the ordinary transactions of society. Gold and silver are very valuable and very useful commodities, though not so valuable as iron, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the earth could do very well without an atom of gold or silver; but the metal, iron, is one that is absolutely indispensable. What we wish to say is, that the employment of gold and silver as money is altogether unnecessary; and that the determination to make those two particular metals the only money, and to restrict all the operations of industry to the quantity of gold and silver which we can obtain to carry them on with, is a most pernicious regulation; and, as we shall endeavour to prove as we go on, the cause of much of the social difficulties which at present embarrass, and which threaten to overwhelm,

the empire with a resistless mass of discontented pauperism. But to return to banks.

The Bank of Hamburg was established in 1619; and the functions of this bank were to act principally as the depository of coins and bullion; for which coins and bullion it issued its paper, which was necessarily limited, therefore, to the quantity of coins and bullion deposited.

Of the Bank of England, established in 1694; of the Bank of Scotland, established in 1695; and the Royal Bank (of Scotland), established in 1727, we shall have to speak separately; we shall say no more of them in this place, therefore, than to enumerate them in their order of date.

The Bank of Vienna, founded by the Empress Maria-Theresa during the "Seven Years' War," owed its establishment to the same cause as that of Venice in 1171, and was primarily used for the same purposes. But the statesmen of later days, grown wiser by experience, did not risk the excitement of the popular odium by exacting a forced contribution from her majesty's subjects; they managed the affair more adroitly, seeing that the circumstances of modern times enabled them to squeeze the amount out of the people in the shape of additional taxes; which, being spread over a wide surface, were not so onerously felt. In this case paper, under the title of "bills of credit," was issued to the amount of twelve millions of florins; the same being receivable, in a certain proportion, by the government for the payment of taxes. By this wise and moderate course the burthen of the taxes was rendered more tolerable, and the commercial value of this state paper money, issued in the form of Bank of Vienna notes, was preserved. A little further advance in the knowledge of the currency and of the nature of money, would have enabled the Austrian government to establish a system free from the defects of the other sorts of money around them; but the opportunity was not seen, or neglected.

The Bank of Stockholm, established in 1657; of Copenhagen, established in 1736; of Berlin, in 1765; and of Russia, in 1768, call for no particular observation at the present moment, more than that the dates of their establishment, and of the other principal banks of Europe, prove of how very modern a date the system of banks is in the history of the world; and give rise to the reflection, that all these banks, established at hazard and without any fixed principle, by no means prove that the science of political economy in that branch of the subject has been exhausted. On the contrary, it may be assumed that much remains to be learned, seeing the multitudes of banks which have failed; and here we have specially in view the general crash of the many banking establishments in this country in 1825, and partially again in 1836; and that some fatal error has existed in all such establishments, or has been forced upon them, which has prevented them from carrying out the uses of which they were susceptible. But as all the remarks applicable to them are applicable also to the Bank of England, inasmuch as they have all been subjected to the same system, we shall confine our illustrations principally to the history and proceedings of the latter establishment; and with this

view it may be useful to introduce a slight sketch of the origin and growth of that Institution.

But before we proceed with that part of our task, we will take the opportunity of reminding our readers that our purpose is to show :—

First, That so soon as mankind began to interchange commodities with one another, they felt the necessity of having some sort of money to represent the value of their exchanges :—

Second, That the first sort of money was as inconvenient as the people who used it were ignorant and uncivilised :—

Third, That by degrees mankind adopted a better sort of money, until at last they arrived at paper money, which is the best of all, because it is the cheapest, the easiest to be made, and capable of being multiplied to any extent to serve the purpose for which money is wanted :—

Fourth, That in arriving at the use of paper money, mankind unhappily did not get rid of the original error prevailing in the earliest times in regard to money, namely, that the money itself ought to be a thing of intrinsic value instead of being a mere symbol or expression of value elsewhere existing :—

Fifth, That it is this error that has pervaded the system of all the states and banks of Europe :—

Sixth, That the mischief of this error is, that it limits the operations of industry to the amount of gold and silver which can be obtained, to serve as the money which is wanted for carrying on the operations of industry :—

Seventh, That this is the cause, or the chief cause, of the present pauperised state of this country.

When we have proved this, it will be our endeavour to point out the remedy for the evils which we have described.

But in order that the subject may be more easily understood, it will be useful to enter into some examination of the system and practice of the establishment which exercises so prodigious an influence over all the commercial operations of Europe, and affects the industrial occupations of almost the whole of the earth.

The Bank of England owed its origin, like the Bank of Venice and the Bank of Vienna, to the exigencies of the state. A party of merchants lent to the government, in the reign of King William and Mary, a sum of 1,200,000*l.*, for which they received, as part of the return for their accommodation, a charter conferring on them particular and exclusive privileges. The exigencies of King William at that time are evidenced by the fact, that the interest agreed to be paid for the advance of 1,200,000*l.* was 100,000*l.* a-year.

The Bank of England was incorporated into a society in 1694. By the charter then granted, it was laid down that the management of the business of the bank should be conducted by a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors annually chosen.

The qualification of an elector is 500*l.* of stock (now worth about double), which entitles him to give one vote; and no proprietor can have more than one vote.

The qualification of a director is 2000*l.* of stock, and for a governor 4000*l.* of stock.

The Bank is restricted from engaging in any commercial transaction, except the dealing in bills of exchange, and in gold and silver.

The Bank was jealously prohibited, however, in the charter above-mentioned, from advancing any money to the reigning monarch unless sanctioned by Parliament.

In 1696 the Bank was involved in considerable difficulties, and was even obliged to suspend payment of its notes, which were at a heavy discount. The assistance of the government, however, enabled it to get over this crisis. To increase its credit the capital of the Bank was at this time advanced from 1,200,000*l.* to 2,200,000*l.*

In 1708 the profitable nature of the business of the Bank led to the attempt on the part of other persons to set on foot similar undertakings. To prevent this and to protect the Bank in its monopoly, an act was passed to prohibit the formation of any partnership concern of a greater number than six persons from dealing in bills of exchange, promissory notes, or the like, of a shorter date than six months. It is necessary to keep this fact in view, in respect to the time and the circumstances when this restrictive act took place, as we shall have to comment on the effect of its monopoly, and on the effect of the recent relaxation of that monopoly, by and bye.

This act of course put a decisive check to the formation of banking establishments in competition with the Bank, as the profit attendant on the issuing of notes was one of the principal inducements to such undertakings.

The charter of the Bank, when granted in 1694, was for eleven years, namely, to 1705; it was further prolonged in 1697.

In 1708 the Bank having advanced 400,000*l.* for the public service without interest, its exclusive privileges were prolonged to 1733.

Various other renewals were from time to time granted, in consideration of the advances made by the Bank to government.

A renewal was again made in the year 1800, when the Bank advanced to the public service three millions for six years without interest.

It is to be noted that the Bank has not been exempt during this period from political and commercial panics among the holders of its notes.

In 1745, the advance of the Pretender led to material inconveniences, which were happily averted by his timely retreat. During the run upon the Bank which then took place, it is said that time was gained by counting out sixpences.

In June 1780, during the prevalence of the No-Popery riots, the Bank incurred considerable damage; this, however, had no relation to its monopoly or to its credit, and is noted here because it was the apprehensions which were then excited that led to the precaution of placing a considerable military force within the interior of the establishment, a practice which has been partially continued to the present day.

But the most important epoch in the history of the Bank is the Bank Restriction Act, which was passed in 1797. It is remarkable, and perhaps little known, that Mr. Pitt, when he resolved on that bold

measure, for which he had no precedent to guide him, was so little aware of the facility with which such a change could be made in the circulating medium, and was so fearful of the consequences which his measure might produce, that he prepared a large military force to act immediately on the occurrence of any popular tumult, which, he apprehended, might be the effect of his novel and decisive expedient. In a week, however, from the passing of the Bill, everything went on as usual; and he, with others, was surprised to learn, that commercial operations could be carried on by a medium of paper alone. It may be observed, by the way, that this measure of Mr. Pitt's had the same effect on the commercial and political relations of this country, as if a mountain of gold had been discovered for its benefit. People began to discover to their extreme surprise, that it was not the presence of gold and silver that constituted the wealth of the nation, but that such quantities of those metals as they possessed formed only a very small part, and most insignificant portion, of the riches of the country; that the wealth lay somewhere else—in their labour, in their industry, and in their knowledge applied to the natural resources of the country. And as to the necessity of their industrial occupations being carried on by gold and silver money, they began to learn, that if paper could be substituted in its stead, it was not only more convenient, but more economical, as it saved the interest of so much unproductive capital to the nation, and was not liable to the objection of being incapable of expansion, as gold and silver are, in accordance with the wants of the community.

It is to be noted, that, in 1797, when the Restriction Bill was passed, there were not more than two hundred banks in existence in this country; but so great an impetus did the convenience of a paper circulation give, that in 1813 the public wants had given rise to the establishment of nearly seven hundred.

It may be observed also that, during the continuance of the Bank Restriction Act, this country attained a height of prosperity with which previous times bear no comparison; and that during that period Great Britain was enabled to carry on a war, almost single-handed, vast and expensive beyond all precedent; that she was enabled to bear the prodigious load of taxation consequent on the raising of the money for the support of that war with the greatest facility; and that, instead of being paralysed or embarrassed by the necessity of raising the millions upon millions to bring the war to a successful issue, she increased in strength, in wealth, and in general prosperity, in proportion as she advanced in her experience of the use of symbolic money. We shall have to dilate on this point further on; for the present we confine ourselves to the succinct history of the Bank, which we are endeavouring to compress into as small a space as the subject allows. We have now to speak of the abolition of the Bank Restriction Act; from the time of the preparation of which, and subsequently, the country has experienced in a remarkable manner periodical returns of panics, and of commercial and general disasters.

It was in 1819 that a bill was brought in to compel the Bank to return to cash payments in 1823.

Before the enactment of this measure, a public meeting was held in the city of London to petition against the passing of the bill; and it is one of not the least remarkable facts relating to this celebrated bill, that the late Sir Robert Peel, than whom no man was more intimately acquainted with the advantages of the system which had existed since 1797, and who was strongly opposed to the measure advocated by his son, acted as chairman on that occasion; and that on the night when his son brought in his bill in the House of Commons, Sir Robert presented and supported the petition of the merchants, bankers, and traders of the city of London against it.

We will not interrupt our historical account of the Bank by indulging in the observations which the above remarkable fact suggests, reserving our remarks for a more fitting place, and we return therefore to the present part of our subject.

We shall have to speak farther on of the memorable year of 1825, in which the Bank was reduced almost to its last guinea, and the country was saved from the inconvenience of a state of barter by the accidental discovery of some one-pound notes which had been neglected to be destroyed. This crisis is one of the most instructive which this country has received, and exhibits in a remarkable manner the utter inadequacy of a gold and silver currency to supply the wants of the country.

In 1826 a modification was made, with the concurrence of the Bank of England, in that part of the law of 1708 which prohibited the partnership of more than six persons to carry on banking concerns. The modification then made was to allow a greater number than six persons to form a partnership bank, provided that it was not within sixty-five miles of London.

In 1826 was prohibited the future issue of one-pound notes.

In the same year, and in order to supply the vacuum occasioned by the failure or secession of many country banks, the Bank of England began to carry into effect a plan of forming branch banks in various towns; and in the year 1832, the Bank had established its branch banks in the principal towns of Gloucester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, Exeter, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, Norwich, and some other less important places. This plan the Bank has continued steadily to pursue.

It may be noted here that, previously to the year 1759, the Bank issued no notes under 20*l*. In that year it began to issue 10*l*. notes; in 1793, 5*l*. notes; and in March, 1797, it began to issue one-pound notes. It is necessary to bear these facts and dates in mind, in order to trace the effect of these monetary changes as we proceed.

In May, 1833, advantage was taken of the approaching expiring of the Bank charter in August of the same year, to introduce some further modifications in the privileges of the Bank; but it is unnecessary at this place to enter into a detail of them, which would occupy more space than our limits admit. It is to be noted, however, that one of the novelties introduced was the periodical publication, by the new charter, of the Bank's accounts. From this year, also, is to be dated the formation of Joint Stock Banks, which now form so prominent a feature in the monetary machinery of the country.

The next important legislative interference with the privileges and practice of the Bank of England was last year, 1844, when Sir Robert Peel proposed the enactment of that which he designated as the "complement" of his bill of 1819. By this new enactment, the Bank of England has been limited by law to an issue of only fourteen millions of notes on securities, leaving to the Bank the power to issue more of its notes in return for bullion deposited with it. Of the fourteen millions only which the Bank is now allowed to issue on securities, eleven millions consist of the loan borrowed of the Bank by the public; so that the Bank is restricted to the sum of three millions in its advances on bills discounted and other securities. It was enacted, also, that no new bank of issue should be established, and that the issues of the banks of issue already existing other than the Bank of England should not be increased beyond their present amount.

Some further privileges were granted in the same session to Joint-Stock Banks, to enable them to carry on their business with greater facility.

Such is the concise history of the Bank of England. It might easily have been made longer by entering into details; but as such details are not necessary for our purpose, we have avoided them; our object being mainly to show, that the system on which the Bank of England has been compelled by the government to act since its establishment has been an erroneous system, and has been the occasion of a multitude of disasters; and that it will be impossible for the operations of industry to be sufficiently developed, so as to remedy the existing pauperism of the bulk of the population, until this erroneous system shall be amended. In short, that the present monetary system of this country, by restricting the creation of wealth and of all industrial employments to the quantity of gold which can be obtained for their measurement, is the cause of the wide-spread pauperism which exists; and that whereas this country possesses the capability, by its intelligence, its machinery, its industry, and its capital, to provide the whole of the population abundantly with all the necessaries, comforts, and even the luxuries of life, the present pernicious system of the Currency prevents the gifts of God from being distributed among his creatures, converting those blessings of plenty with which Providence has lavishly endowed this country into a curse, and giving rise to the extraordinary modern assertion—that "over-production(!) is the cause of the destitution of its inhabitants!"

Now, the thesis which it will be our endeavour to prove is, that the cause of the disgraceful state of wretchedness and privation in which so large a portion of our population is plunged, is caused not by God's CURSE, but by Man's FOLLY; not by OVER-PRODUCTION, but by DEFECTIVE DISTRIBUTION.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Eothen. Third Edition. London : John Ollivier, 59, Pall Mall. 1845.

THIS is a charming book—charming from its matter, but principally from its style. This is not the place to write an essay on style, or we might endeavour to show that the charm of all literary composition—independent of the communication of facts, which is another matter—is principally its style. In ethics and in poetry there is nothing left for modern writers to say—that is, nothing new. All that they can do is to express the same thing which has been said a thousand times before, in another way—and that is style.

It is the “style” which is the great charm in the present volume; there is nothing very new in it, far less is there any thing very profound; but what the author has to tell he says in so pleasing a manner, that it is impossible to lay down the book without perusing it to the end, and wishing for more when it is ended.

The description, in the first chapter, of the frequent misapprehension of the courteous terms of the East by European travellers, is entertaining and instructive; it is one of the pleasantest little pieces of good-natured satire that we ever met with. As it seems to us a favourable specimen of the author’s manner, and forms an attractive introduction to the subsequent descriptions, we extract it entire:—

“*Pasha.*—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

“*Dragoman* (to the Traveller).—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

“*Traveller.*—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I’m delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

“*Dragoman* (to the Pasha).—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scourer of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karaghoolookoldour.

“*Traveller* (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say, that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I’ve not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy-Lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you’d tell the simple truth.

“*Dragoman*—[is silent.]

“*Pasha.*—What says the friendly Lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karaghoolookoldour?

“*Dragoman* (growing sulky and literal).—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

"*Pasha*. — The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the Earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven !

"*Dragoman* (to the Traveller). — The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

"*Traveller*. — About Goldborough ? The deuce he does ! — but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire ; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

"*Dragoman* (to the Pasha). — This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

"*Pasha*. — Wonderful chair ! Wonderful houses ! — whirr ! whirr ! all by wheels — whiz ! whiz ! all by steam ! — wonderful chair ! wonderful houses ! wonderful people ! — whirr ! whirr ! whirr ! all by wheels ! — whiz ! whiz ! all by steam !

"*Traveller* (to the Dragoman). — What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing ? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan ?

"*Dragoman*. — No, your Excellency ; but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

"*Traveller*. — That's an exaggeration ; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection ; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that), that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand to the scene of action, in a few hours.

"*Dragoman* (recovering his temper and freedom of speech). — His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

"*Pasha*. — I know it — I know all — the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals ! — whirr ! whirr ! all by wheels ! — whiz ! whiz ! all by steam !

"*Traveller* (to his Dragoman). — I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures ; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

"*Pasha* (after having received the communication of the Dragoman). — The ships of the English swarm like flies ; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the Merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones ! — whirr ! whirr ! all by wheels ! — whiz ! whiz ! all by steam !

"*Dragoman*. — The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

"*Traveller*. — The Pasha's right about the cutlery, (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel). Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy ; but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies ; do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events you can explain that we have our virtues in the country — that the British yeoman is still, thank God ! the British yeoman : — Oh ! and, by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmarlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

"*Pasha* (after hearing the Dragoman). — It is true, it is true : — through all

Feringhistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of Songs, and the French are the sons of Newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols; so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies,—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

"*Dragoman*.—The Pasha compliments the English.

"*Traveller* (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

"*Pasha* (after hearing the *Dragoman*, and standing up on his Divan).—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses, that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers! Farewell!

"*Dragoman*.—The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

"So ends the visit."

The author visits Constantinople, and could hardly avoid speaking of the plague: so much has been written on this much controverted question already, that we presume he thought it unnecessary to dwell on the subject, and therefore has said little about it. He says:—

"All the while that I staid at Constantinople the Plague was prevailing, but not with any degree of violence; its presence, however, lent a mysterious and exciting, though not very pleasant interest to my first knowledge of a great Oriental city; it gave tone and colour to all I saw, and all I felt—a tone and a colour sombre enough, but true, and well befitting the dreary monuments of past power and splendour. With all that is most truly oriental in its character, the Plague is associated; it dwells with the faithful in the holiest quarters of their city: the coats and the hats of Pera are held to be nearly as innocent of infection as they are ugly in shape and fashion; but the rich furs, and the costly shawls, the brodered slippers, and the gold-laden saddle-cloths—the fragrance of burning aloes, and the rich aroma of patchouli—these are the signs which mark the familiar home of Plague. You go out from your imperious London—the centre of the greatest and strongest amongst all earthly dominions—you go out thence, and travel on to the capital of an Eastern Prince—you find but a waning power, and a faded splendour, that inclines you to laugh and mock; but let the infernal Angel of Plague be at hand, and he more mighty than armies—more terrible than Suleyman in his glory, can restore such pomp and majesty to the weakness of the Imperial walls, that if, *when HE is there*, you must still go prying amongst the shades of this dead Empire, at least you will tread the path with seemly reverence and awe.

"It is the firm faith of almost all the Europeans living in the East, that Plague is conveyed by the touch of infected substances, and that the deadly atoms especially lurk in all kinds of clothes and furs: it is held safer to breathe the same air with a man sick of the Plague, and even to come in contact with his skin, than to be touched by the smallest particle of woollen or of thread which may have been within the reach of possible infection. If this notion be correct, the spread of the malady must be materially aided by the observance of a custom which prevails amongst the people of Stamboul: when an Osmanlee dies, it is usual to cut up one of his dresses, and to send a small piece of it to each of his friends, as a memorial of the departed. A fatal present is this, according to the opinion of the Franks; for it too often forces the living not merely to remember the dead man, but to follow and bear him company.

"The Europeans, during the prevalence of the Plague, if they are forced to venture into the streets, will carefully avoid the touch of every human being whom

they pass. Their conduct, in this respect, shows them strongly in contrast with the 'true believers;' the Moslem stalks on serenely, as though he were under the eye of his God, and were 'equal to either fate;' the Franks go crouching and slinking from death, and some (those chiefly of French extraction) will fondly strive to fence out Destiny with shining capes of oilskin!"

On this subject, however, we may take occasion to mention a fact which we believe is not generally known, and which we state on good authority; and that is, that at Alexandria, to which port bales of all sorts of goods are imported from countries and districts infected with the plague, the porters who are employed in conveying the goods to the warehouses, in which process they must necessarily handle them extensively, are less subject to the disease of the "plague" than all the other people in the place; indeed, that the porters so employed are seldom or never infected with it. Still this does not prove that the disease is not contagious; but it is a remarkable fact which we leave to be commented on by those more specially engaged in such inquiries.

An Ottoman lady has often been described before by numerous travellers in the East; but we doubt if she has ever been described so well and so graphically as in the following picture:—

"Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough, but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labour and effort with which she tugs and lifts the burthen of her charms; she is closely followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing, except the dark, luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rose-buds from out of the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak, she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this, which so dizzies your brain, is not the light, changeful grace which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body, or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard, downright outlines, and in the glow of generous colour. There is fire, though, too—high courage, and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely parted lips."

The language—and especially the written language of the Turks, forms one of the most formidable obstacles to their civilisation; that is, so far as their civilisation might be promoted by a knowledge of European institutions and arts, and by the spread of European literature; for the world is changed since a knowledge of the arts and sciences was derived from the East; it is now to be imported from the West; and this revolution of empires, as well physical as mental, gives rise to thoughts involving many and serious considerations.—But that is not our theme at present; we return to our book, and the language of the Turks. The author says:—

"I troubled myself a great deal with the Turkish tongue, and gained at last some knowledge of its structure: it is enriched, perhaps overladen, with Persian and Arabic words, which have been imported into the language chiefly for the purpose of representing sentiments, and religious dogmas, and terms of art and luxury, which were all unknown to the Tartar ancestors of the present Osmanlees; but the body and spirit of the old tongue is yet alive, and the smooth words of the

shopkeeper at Constantinople can still carry understanding to the ears of the untamed millions who rove over the plains of Northern Asia. The structure of the language, especially in its more lengthy sentences, is very like to the Latin; the subject-matters are slowly and patiently enumerated, without disclosing the purpose of the speaker until he reaches the end of his sentence, and then at last there comes the clenching word, which gives a meaning and connexion to all that has gone before. If you listen at all to speaking of this kind, your attention, rather than be suffered to flag, must grow more and more lively, as the phrase marches on."

Under the head of "Infidel Smyrna," the author gives some interesting descriptions of the country, and of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. With respect to the Greek Church he takes occasion to say:—

"I think that the change which has taken place in the character of the Greeks has been occasioned, in great measure, by the doctrines and practice of their religion. The Greek Church has animated the Muscovite peasant, and inspired him with hopes and ideas, which, however humble, are still better than none at all; but the faith, and the forms, and the strange ecclesiastical literature which act so advantageously upon the mere clay of the Russian serf, seem to hang like lead upon the ethereal spirit of the Greek. Never, in any part of the world, have I seen religious performances so painful to witness as those of the Greeks. The horror, however, with which one shudders at their worship, is attributable, in some measure, to the mere effect of costume. In all the Ottoman dominions, and very frequently, too, in the kingdom of Otho, the Greeks wear turbans, or other head-dresses, and shave their heads, leaving only a rat's tail at the crown of their head: they of course keep themselves covered within doors as well as abroad, and never remove their head-gear merely on account of being in a church; but when the Greek stops to worship at his proper shrine, then, and then only, he always uncovers; and as you see him thus, with shaven skull, and savage tail depending from his crown, kissing a thing of wood and glass, and cringing with base prostrations and apparent terror before a miserable picture, you see superstition in a shape which, outwardly at least, is sadly abject and repulsive.

"The fasts, too, of the Greek Church produce an ill effect upon the character of the people, for they are not a mere farce, but are carried to such an extent as to bring about a real mortification of the flesh: the febrile irritation of the frame operating in conjunction with the depression of the spirits occasioned by abstinence, will so far answer the objects of the rite as to engender some religious excitement; but this is of a morbid and gloomy character, and it seems to be certain that, along with the increase of sanctity, there comes a fiercer desire for the perpetration of dark crimes. The number of murders committed during Lent is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year. A man under the influence of a bean dietary (for this is the principal food of the Greeks during their fasts) will be in an apt humour for enriching the shrine of his Saint, and passing a knife through his next door neighbour. The monies deposited upon the shrines are appropriated by priests; the priests are married men, and have families to provide for; they 'take the good with the bad,' and continue to recommend fasts.

"Then, too, the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep holy such a vast number of Saints' days as practically to shorten the lives of the people very materially. I believe that one-third out of the number of days in the year are 'kept holy,' or rather *kept stupid*, in honour of the Saints. No great portion of the time thus set apart is spent in religious exercises, and the people don't betake themselves to any animating pastimes, which might serve to strengthen the frame, or invigorate the mind, or exalt the taste. On the contrary, the Saints' days of the Greeks in Smyrna are passed in the same manner as the Sabbaths of well-behaved Protestant housemaids in London; that is to say, in a steady and serious contemplation of street scenery. The men perform this duty *at the doors* of their houses,—the women *at the windows*, which the custom of Greek towns has so decidedly appropriated to them as the proper station of their sex, that a man would be looked upon as utterly effeminate if he ventured to choose that situation for the keeping of the Saints' days. I was present one day at a treaty for the hire of some apartments

at Smyrna, which was carried on between Carrigaholt and the Greek woman to whom the rooms belonged. Carrigaholt objected that the windows commanded no view of the street: immediately the brow of the majestic matron was clouded, and, with all the scorn of a Spartan mother, she coolly asked Carrigaholt, and said, 'Art thou a tender damsel, that thou wouldst sit and gaze from windows?'

He thinks that the modern Greek sailor forms the most correct type of any of the inhabitants of ancient Greece:—

"It seemed to me that the personal freedom of these sailors, who own no superiors except those of their own choice, is as like as may be to that of their sea-faring ancestors; and even in their mode of navigation, they have admitted no such an entire change as you would suppose probable: it is true that they have so far availed themselves of modern discoveries as to look to the compass instead of the stars, and that they have superseded the immortal Gods of their forefathers by St. Nicholas in his glass case, but they are not yet so confident either in their needle, or their Saint, as to love an open sea, and they still hug their shores as fondly as the Argonauts of old. Indeed they have a most unsailor-like love for the land, and I really believe that, in a gale of wind, they would rather have a rock-bound coast on their lee than no coast at all. According to the notions of an English seaman, this kind of navigation would soon bring the vessel on which it might be practised to an evil end. The Greek, however, is unaccountably successful in escaping the consequences of being 'jammed in,' as it is called, upon a lee shore; he is favoured, I suppose, by the nature of the coast along which he sails, especially those of the many islands through which he threads his way in the *Ægean*, for there is generally, I think, deep water home to the very cliffs, and, besides, there are innumerable coves in which the dexterous sailor, who knows and loves the land so well, will contrive to find a shelter.

"These seamen, like their forefathers, rely upon no winds unless they are right a-stern or on the quarter: they rarely go on a wind if it blows at all fresh; and if the adverse breeze approaches to a gale, they at once fumigate St. Nicholas, and put up the helm. The consequence of course is, that, under the ever-varying winds of the *Ægean*, they are blown about in the most whimsical manner. I used to think that Ulysses, with his ten years' voyage, had taken his time in making Ithaca; but my experience in Greek navigation soon made me understand that he had, in point of fact, a pretty good 'average passage.'

"Such are now the mariners of the *Ægean*: free, equal amongst themselves, navigating the seas of their forefathers with the same heroic, and yet child-like spirit of venture, the same half-trustful reliance upon heavenly aid, they are the liveliest images of true old Greeks that time and the new religion have spared to us."

He found, that in the family of the Greek vice-consul at Cyprus, the names of ancient heroes and sages were preserved, which had rather a droll effect in their modern representatives: these appellatives, it is to be observed, were given to the children traditionally, and, as a matter of course, without any thought of exalting their personal importance by the addition of high-sounding handles to their patronymics.

"Themistocles, my love, don't fight."—"Alcibiades, can't you sit still?"—"Socrates, put down the cup."—"Oh, fie! Aspasia, don't, Oh! don't be naughty!" It is true that the names were pronounced Socrätie, Aspäsie—that is, according to accent, and not according to quantity; but I suppose it is scarcely now to be doubted that they were so sounded in ancient times."

The eighth chapter is devoted to a description of that remarkable and most eccentric person, Lady Hester Stanhope; and it contains much that is really interesting, and, which is of more importance

when the private history of individuals is in question, bearing the marks of truth; but as we should spoil the chapter by dividing it, and as it is too long to extract entire, we must refer the reader to the book itself, which we can assure him will afford him abundant entertainment.

The whole of the author's description of the "Holy Land," is very interesting; but as we have not room for quotations from all parts of the work, we pass on to his description of "The Dead Sea:"—

At about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, he says, "I caught a first sight of its dismal face:"—

"I went on, and came near to those waters of Death: they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever, the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but, instead, a deep stillness—no grass grew from the earth—no weed peered through the void sand, but, in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms, all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long, silent years."

Having a curiosity, we suppose, to know how he would feel in a crystallised state, he bathed in its bitter waters:—

"I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually, that I was not only forced to 'sneak in,' but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile, before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply, that the pain which I thus suffered, acceding to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments, but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water, but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear: its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with salts."

The passage of "The Jordan" is interesting from the circumstance of the inhabitants assisting our author to pass the river by the same simple and ingenious means which history tells us was practised in the same countries more than two thousand years ago, in Xenophon's famous "Retreat of the Ten Thousand:"—

"The Council now broke up, and most of the men rushed madly towards me, and overwhelmed me with vehement gratulations; they caressed my boots with much affection, and my hands were severely kissed.

"The Arabs now went to work in right earnest to effect the passage of the river. They had brought with them a great number of the skins which they use for carrying water in the desert: these they filled with air, and fastened several of them to small boughs which they cut from the banks of the river. In this way they constructed a raft not more than about four feet square, but rendered buoyant by the inflated skins which supported it. On this a portion of my baggage was placed, and was firmly tied to it by the cords used on my pack-saddles. The little raft, with its weighty cargo, was then gently lifted into the water, and I had the satisfaction to see that it floated well.

"Twelve of the Arabs now stripped, and tied inflated skins to their loins: six of the men went down into the river, got in front of the little raft, and pulled it off a

few feet from the bank. The other six then dashed into the stream with loud shouts, and swam along after the raft, pushing from behind. Off went the craft in capital style at first, for the stream was easy on the eastern side; but I saw that the tug was to come, for the main torrent swept round in a bend near the western bank of the river.

"The old men, with their long gray, grisly beards, stood shouting and cheering, praying and commanding. At length the raft entered upon the difficult part of its course; the whirling stream seized and twisted it about, and then bore it rapidly downwards; the swimmers flagged, and seemed to be beat in the struggle. But now the old men on the bank, with their rigid arms uplifted straight, sent forth a cry and a shout that tore the wide air into tatters, and then, to make their urging yet more strong, they shrieked out the dreadful syllables, 'brahim Pasha!' The swimmers, one moment before so blown and so weary, found lungs to answer the cry, and, shouting back the name of their great destroyer, they dashed on through the torrent, and bore the raft in safety to the western bank.

"Afterwards the swimmers returned with the raft, and attached to it the rest of my baggage. I took my seat upon the top of the cargo, and the raft, thus laden, passed the river in the same way, and with the same struggle as before. The skins, however, not being perfectly air-tight, had lost a great part of their buoyancy, so that I, as well as the luggage that passed on this last voyage, got wet in the waters of Jordan. The raft could not be trusted for another trip, and the rest of my party passed the river in a different and (for them) much safer way. Inflated skins were fastened to their loins, and, thus supported, they were tugged across by Arabs swimming on either side of them. The horses and mules were thrown into the water, and forced to swim over; the poor beasts had a hard struggle for their lives in that swift stream, and I thought that one of the horses would have been drowned, for he was too weak to gain a footing on the western bank, and the stream bore him down. At last, however, he swam back to the side from which he had come. Before dark all had passed the river except this one horse and old Shereef. He, poor fellow, was shivering on the eastern bank, for his dread of the passage was so great, that he delayed it as long as he could; and at last it became so dark, that he was obliged to wait till the morning.

"I lay that night on the banks of the river; and at a little distance from me the Arabs kindled a fire, round which they sat in a circle. They were made most savagely happy by the tobacco with which I had supplied them, and they soon determined that the whole night should be one smoking festival. The poor fellows had only a cracked bowl, without any tube at all; but this morsel of a pipe they passed round from one to the other, allowing to each a fixed number of whiffs. In that way they passed the whole night."

The feelings cherished by Christian people towards the Holy City are felicitously contrasted with the incongruous ideas suggested by the actual state of those venerated sites:—

"A Protestant, familiar with the Holy Scriptures, but ignorant of tradition, and the geography of Modern Jerusalem, finds himself a good deal 'mazed' when he first looks for the sacred sites. The Holy Sepulchre is not in a field without the walls, but in the midst and in the best part of the town, under the roof of the great Church which I have been talking about: it is a handsome tomb, of oblong form, partly subterranean, and partly above ground; and closed in on all sides, except the one by which it is entered. You descend into the interior by a few steps, and there find an altar with burning tapers. This is the spot which is held in greater sanctity than any other at Jerusalem. When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd, and inclined for a gallop: you ask your Dragoon whether there will be time before sunset to procure horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, Signor?—*cccolo!* it is *upstairs*—*in the first floor*. In effect you ascend, if I remember rightly, just thirteen steps, and then you are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed. All this is startling; but the truth is, that the city having gathered round the Sepulchre, which is the main point of interest, has crept north-

ward, and thus, in great measure, are occasioned the many geographical surprises which puzzle the 'Bible Christian.'

Again:—

"If you stay in the Holy City long enough to fall into anything like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to become, in short, for the time, 'a man about town' at Jerusalem, you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you trod the sacred soil for the first time, and it will then seem almost strange to you to find yourself so thoroughly surrounded in all your daily pursuits by the sights and sounds of religion. Your hotel is a monastery—your rooms are cells—the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks. If you walk out of the town you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Counsel. If you mount your horse and extend your rambles, you will be guided to the wilderness of St. John, or the birthplace of our Saviour. Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where everybody meets everybody every day. If you lounge through the town, your Bond Street is the Via Dolorosa, and the object of your hopeless affections is some maid or matron all forlorn, and sadly shrouded in her pilgrim's robe. If you would hear music, it must be the chanting of friars—if you look at pictures, you see Virgins with mis-foreshortened arms, or devils out of drawing, or angels tumbling up the skies in impious perspective. If you would make any purchases, you must go again to the church doors, and when you inquire for the manufactures of the place, you find that they consist of double-blessed beads, and sanctified shells. These last are the favourite tokens which the pilgrims carry off with them: the shell is graven, or rather scratched, on the white side with a rude drawing of the Blessed Virgin, or of the Crucifixion, or some other scriptural subject; and having passed this stage, it goes into the hands of a priest; by him it is subjected to some process for rendering it efficacious against the schemes of our ghostly enemy. The manufacture is then complete, and is deemed to be fit for use.

"The village of Bethlehem lies prettily couched on the slope of a hill. The sanctuary is a subterranean grotto, and is committed to the joint-guardianship of the Romans, Greeks, and Armenians, who vie with each other in adorning it. Beneath an altar gorgeously decorated, and lit with everlasting fires, there stands the low slab of stone which marks the holy site of the Nativity; and near to this is a hollow scooped out of the living rock. Here the infant Jesus was laid. Near the spot of the Nativity is the rock against which the Blessed Virgin was leaning, when she presented her babe to the adoring shepherds.

"Many of those Protestants who are accustomed to despise tradition, consider that this sanctuary is altogether unscriptural—that a grotto is not a stable, and that mangers are made of wood. It is perfectly true, however, that the many grottos and caves which are found among the rocks of Judea were formerly used for the reception of cattle; they are so used at this day: I have myself seen grottos appropriated to this purpose."

Preparing for the Desert:—

"In a couple of days I was ready to start. The way of providing for the passage of the Desert is this: there is an agent in the town who keeps himself in communication with some of the desert Arabs that are hovering within a day's journey of the place. A party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure, or other ill-treatment at the hands of the governor, come into the town, bringing with them the number of camels which you require, and then they stipulate for a certain sum to take you to the place of your destination in a given time. The agreement which they thus enter into includes a safe-conduct through their country, as well as the hire of the camels. According to the contract made with me, I was to reach Cairo within ten days from the commencement of the journey. I had four camels; one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent at Jerusalem, and a couple

of bottles of wine from the same source, two goat-skins filled with water, tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter, which Mysseri had purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the desert through which we were to pass is destitute of fuel.

"The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation, but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burthen upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife; if sighs will not move you, she begins to weep; you soon learn to pity, and soon to love her, for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

"You canhot, of course, put an English or any other riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt, or carpet, or whatever you carry for the purpose of lying on at night, is folded, and fastened on to the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump; and on this you ride, or rather sit. You sit as a man sits on a chair when he sits astride and faces the back of it. I made an improvement on this plan: I had my English stirrups strapped on to the cross bars of the pack-saddle, and thus, by gaining rest for my dangling legs, and gaining, too, the power of varying my position more easily than I could otherwise have done, I added very much to my comfort. Don't forget to do as I did."

Charming simplicity of the Arabs in respect to robbing and cheating:—

"It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the Desert; but as we rested at the end of the first day's journey, by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we had encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence; we were now just two days deep in the Desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants: I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half-rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait, for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain, by the value of a few paras' worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light. I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine, philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness: I well knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and, therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself, from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions, that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big Desert; so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me, and prayed loudly for bread: I refused them.

"Then we die!"

"God's will be done!"

"I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own; that, in short, I was happily resigned to their fate. The men would have talked a great

deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter: they looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there; so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

"In about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe, the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent, but you would no more recoil from an Oriental on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw you. Indeed, I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs, because they had so wofully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right: they, too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme."

But though, according to the author's account, these Arabs, or this class of them at least, are great rascals, it is exceedingly satisfactory for them to feel that they bake their bread in precisely the same way as in the days of Mahomet:—

"The Arabs adhere to those ancestral principles of bread-baking which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages. The very first baker that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal, and holds it out in the hollow of his hands, whilst his comrade pours over it a few drops of water; he then mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, which he pulls into small pieces, and thrusts into the embers. His way of baking exactly resembles the craft or mystery of roasting chestnuts, as practised by children: there is the same prudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel—the same enterprise and self-sacrificing valour in pulling it out with the fingers."

A sunshiny day in the Desert:—

"As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning; and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you. Then, for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled, and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory; but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken; but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache,—and, for sights, you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending Sun has compassed the Heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia. Then, again, you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side."

Our traveller meets a countryman in the Desert. The description of the meeting, or rather of the passing, is so curiously illustrative of the manners and customs of the English people, and so mighty comical withal, that we transcribe the passage entire:—

"I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the Desert, for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck in the horizon; my party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises. Soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and that two of them carried riders: in a little while we saw that one of the riders wore the European dress, and at last the travellers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant; by their side there was a couple, I think, of Arabs on foot, and this was the whole party.

"You,—you love sailing,—in returning from a cruise to the English coast, you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly, black sky above, and an angry sea beneath;—you watch the grisly old man at the helm, carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy, supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast,—you see him understanding commandments from the jerk of his father's white eyebrow,—now belaying, and now letting go,—now scrunching himself down into mere ballast, or haling out Death with a pipkin. Stale enough is the sight, and yet, when I see it, I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat, with the brain of a man and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black Heaven and Ocean: well, so when you have travelled for days and days over an Eastern Desert, without meeting the likeness of a human being, and then at last see an English shooting-jacket and his servant come listlessly slouching along from out of the forward horizon, you stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.

"This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the Desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half way from our respective starting points. As we approached each other, it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and, in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be, according to my nature; but still I could not think of any thing particular that I had to say to him. Of course, among civilised people, the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking; but I was shy, and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor, in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveller, perhaps, felt as I did, for, except that we lifted our hands to our caps, and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street. Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners, and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other, than their respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her, she caught the social feeling, and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation, and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkwardness of remaining stuck fast in the Desert whilst our servants were amusing themselves. With this intent I turned round my camel. I found that the gallant officer, who had passed me by about thirty or forty yards, was exactly in the same predicament as myself. I put my now willing camel in motion, and rode up towards the stranger, who, seeing this, followed my example, and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak: he was much too courteous to address me as if he admitted the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability, or civilian-like love of vain talk; on the contrary, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information; and, accordingly, when we got up within speaking distance, he said, 'I dare say you wish to know how the plague is going on at Cairo?' and then he went on to say,

he regretted that his information did not enable him to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths. He afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other and less ghastly subjects. I thought him manly and intelligent — a worthy one of the few thousand strong Englishmen to whom the Empire of India is committed."

As some of our readers may be desirous of being acquainted with the mode of buying and selling female slaves at Cairo, we extract the following account of the process for their information : —

"I went round the bazaars : it seemed to me that pipes and arms were cheaper here than at Constantinople, and I should advise you therefore, if you go to both places, to prefer the market of Cairo. I had previously bought several of such things at Constantinople, and did not choose to encumber myself, or, to speak more honestly, I did not choose to disencumber my purse by making any more purchases. In the open slave market I saw about fifty girls exposed for sale, but all of them black, or 'invisible' brown. A slave agent took me to some rooms in the upper story of the building, and also into several obscure houses in the neighbourhood, with a view to show me some white women. The owners raised various objections to the display of their ware, and well they might, for I had not the least notion of purchasing : some refused on account of the illegality of the proceeding, and others declared that all transactions of this sort were completely out of the question as long as the plague was raging. I only succeeded in seeing one white slave who was for sale ; but on this one the owner affected to set an immense value, and raised my expectations to a high pitch, by saying that the girl was Circassian, and was 'fair as the full Moon.' After a good deal of delay, I was at last led into a room, at the farther end of which was that mass of white linen which indicates an Eastern woman : she was bid to uncover her face, and I presently saw that, though very far from being good looking, according to my notion of beauty, she had not been inaptly described by the man who compared her to the full moon, for her large face was perfectly round, and perfectly white. Though very young, she was nevertheless extremely fat. She gave me the idea of having been got up for sale, — of having been fattened, and whitened by medicines, or by some peculiar diet. I was firmly determined not to see any more of her than the face ; she was perhaps disgusted at this my virtuous resolve, as well as with my personal appearance ; perhaps she saw my distaste and disappointment ; perhaps she wished to gain favour with her owner by showing her attachment to his faith ; — at all events she hollared out very lustily, and very decidedly, that 'she would not be bought by the Infidel.'"

We copy the following description of the celebrated trick of an Egyptian magician, not on account of its novelty, because it has been often described before, but for its exquisite portraiture of Dr. Keate, which is perfectly delicious, and cannot fail to be in the highest degree gratifying to all Etonians. We may take occasion to add a fact which, doubtless, remains as a traditional legend at the College of intense interest, namely, that this is the same Dr. Keate who signalized his accession to the head-mastership (succeeding the mild and amiable Dr. Goodall) about five and thirty years ago, by flogging sixty boys at one prodigious flagellation at the time of the "Great Booming." There must be many who remember those glorious martyrs sitting on the long wall (uneasily may be) opposite Yonge's after the operation. This, which was one of the most brilliant exploits of vigorous authority ever perpetrated at that renowned seat of incipient learning, struck such a salutary terror into the hearts of the disaffected as broke the heart of the rebellion, and established the head master for a long time in a despotic supremacy over that juvenile republic. But

to return to our author and his most graphic delineation of the outward and visible man; inside he was stuffed full of Greek : —

"Whilst I remained at Cairo, I thought it worth while to see something of the Magicians, because I considered that these men were in some sort the descendants of those who contended so stoutly against the superior power of Aaron. I therefore sent for an old man who was held to be the chief of the Magicians, and desired him to show me the wonders of his art. The old man looked and dressed his character exceedingly well; the vast turban, the flowing beard, and the ample robes were all that one could wish in the way of appearance. The first experiment (a very stale one) which he attempted to perform for me was that of attempting to show the forms and faces of my absent friends, not to me, but to a boy brought in from the streets for the purpose, and said to be chosen at random. A mangale (pan of burning charcoal) was brought into my room, and the Magician, bending over it, sprinkled upon the fire some substances which must have consisted partly of spices, or sweetly burning woods, for immediately a fragrant smoke arose, which curled around the bending form of the wizard the while that he pronounced his first incantations. When these were over, the boy was made to sit down, and a common green shade was bound over his brow; then the wizard took ink, and, still continuing his incantations, wrote certain mysterious figures upon the boy's palm, and directed him to rivet his attention to these marks, without looking aside for an instant: again the incantations proceeded, and after a while the boy, being seemingly a little agitated, was asked whether he saw anything on the palm of his hand; he declared that he saw a kind of military procession, with flags and banners, which he described rather minutely. I was then called upon to name the absent person whose form was to be made visible. I named Keate. You were not at Eton, and I must tell you, therefore, what manner of man it was that I named, though I think you must have some idea of him already, for wherever, from utmost Canada to Bundeund, — wherever there was the whitewashed wall of an officer's room, or of any other apartment in which English gentlemen are forced to kick their heels, there, likely enough (in the days of his reign), the head of Keate would be seen, scratched or drawn with those various degrees of skill which one observes in the representations of Saints. Anybody, without the least notion of drawing, could still draw a speaking, nay, scolding likeness of Keate. If you had no pencil, you could draw him well enough with a poker, or the leg of a chair, or the smoke of a candle. He was little more (if more at all) than five feet in height, and was not very great in girth; but in this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had a really noble voice, which he could modulate with great skill; but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck, and he almost always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire respect; he was a capital scholar, but his ingenious learning had *not* 'softened his manners,' and *had* 'permitted them to be fierce' — tremendously fierce; he had the most complete command over his temper — I mean over his *good* temper, which he scarcely ever allowed to appear: you could not put him out of humour — that is, out of the *ill*-humour which he thought to be fitting for a head-master. His red, shaggy eyebrows were so prominent, that he habitually used them as arms and hands for the purpose of pointing out any object towards which he wished to direct attention. The rest of his features were equally striking in their way, and were all and all his own. He wore a fancy dress, partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, and partly that of a widow-woman. I could not by any possibility have named anybody more decidedly differing in appearance from the rest of the human race.

"'Whom do you name?' — 'I name John Keate.' — 'Now, what do you see?' said the wizard to the boy. — 'I see,' answered the boy, 'I see a fair girl with golden hair, blue eyes, pallid face, rosy lips.' *There was a shot!* I shouted out my laughter to the horror of the wizard, who, perceiving the grossness of his failure, declared that the boy must have known sin (for none but the innocent can see truth), and accordingly kicked him down stairs."

We might continue our quotations until we had transferred the whole of this most delightful book to the pages of our review; but we must conclude with one extract more relating to the instinct of the

camel; for to speak of a work relating to Eastern travel, and of the passage of the Desert, without alluding to "The Ship of the Desert," would be an omission quite unpardonable:—

"The camels with which I traversed this part of the Desert were very different in their ways and habits from those which you get on a frequented route. They were never led. There was not the slightest sign of a track in this part of the Desert, but the camels never failed to choose the right line. By the direction taken at starting, they knew, I suppose, the point (some encampment) for which they were to make. There is always a leading camel (generally, I believe, the eldest), who marches foremost, and determines the path for the whole party. If it happens that no one of the camels has been accustomed to lead the others, there is very great difficulty in making a start; if you force your beast forward for a moment, he will contrive to wheel and draw back, at the same time looking at one of the other camels with an expression and gesture exactly equivalent to 'après vous.' The responsibility of finding the way is evidently assumed very unwillingly. After some time, however, it becomes understood that one of the beasts has reluctantly consented to take the lead, and he accordingly advances for that purpose. For a minute or two he goes on with much indecision, taking first one line, and then another; but soon, by the aid of some mysterious sense, he discovers the true direction, and follows it steadily from morning till night. When once the leadership is established, you cannot by any persuasion, and can scarcely by any force, induce a junior camel to walk one single step in advance of the chosen guide."

We have now, we think, done justice to the author of this entertaining book; and we have no hesitation in saying that no one can read it without being charmed with the buoyancy of spirit, and the joyousness of heart which accompany its vivid descriptions of Eastern life and scenery. We cordially hope that the author will take another journey to the East, or any other part of the globe, and write a book about it;—it is sure to be a good one.

Memorials of a Tour on the Continent; to which are added Miscellaneous Poems. By ROBERT SNOW, Esq. London: William Pickering. 1845.

THERE is a clever essay among the prose contents of this volume under the title of "Observations on Imitation, and especially Sculpture, suggested by Works of Art at home and abroad." As a specimen of the author's style and matter we make the following extract:—

"Juvenal's 'nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum'—the 'felt but undefined'—seems at first the only account to be given of the pleasure enjoyed in the contemplation of works of art, and especially of Sculpture: but a little consideration shows it to be analogous to the pleasure derived from a simile, which Dr. Johnson defines to be 'the discovery of likeness between two actions in their general nature dissimilar, or of causes terminating by different operations in some resemblance of effect.' And again he says, 'A simile may be compared to lines converging in a point, and is more excellent as the lines approach from greater distance.'—*Life of Addison*. And again—'A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; and show it to the understanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity.'—*Life of Pope*. So, under the hands of the sculptor, a block of marble, every way most unlike the living subject, becomes an enchanting object of intellectual contemplation. And this is effected (as I shall again have occasion to remark) by the influence of *form* alone; for in sculpture, the effects of light and shade, and of perspective, are impossible; and any attempt at a closer approach to

reality by colouring, or other adventitious aids — any mistaken substitution of deception for imitation — must defeat its own purpose, and tend, like an exhibition of wax work, to surprise without pleasing the spectator, and to overwhelm him beneath an ineffectual load of detail, and lifeless exemplification.

"Sculpture is pre-eminently distinguished by its purely abstract quality — its ideality — its admitting of but one style, or, rather, admitting of none — its holding the letter in entire subjection to the spirit of the subject — its rejection of realities for the expression of essential verities. If it falls but a little short of this degree of excellence, it is at once repudiated. The sculptor who would pride himself upon his skill in the expression of detail, and rest in that as an end, thenceforwards loses caste ;

‘ Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum
Nesciet ’

HORACE.

All *tours de force* — all petty triumphs — all false appliances and means, are equally unworthy of his calling. Of this false character are the three following pieces of sculpture in the Chapel of San Severo at Naples ; the Modesty (so called) by Corradini ; Man in the toils of Vice by Queirolo ; and the dead Christ, by Giuseppe San Martino ; to which we might add, the popular figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, that were exhibited some years ago in our own country. It is not from such efforts as the above, but it is from the pure and abstract specimens of the art, that the mind's eye, as it were, acquires the power of restoring a mutilated statue ; for, provided the relic be first-rate, however its material shape may have been injured, the spectator recalls without effort the form of the original conception, as though it were immortal and indiscernible. The Theseus and the Ilissus in the British Museum, and the Antinous in the Vatican, are grand examples of this. Further, these very qualities of loftiness and abstraction in form and character exclude nearly all expression from the countenance of a statue, except that which is given to it by the position of the head. The celebrated group of the wrestlers, in the Florence gallery, offers a well-known example. Their features are perfectly calm and unmoved, though the figures themselves appear engaged in the most violent bodily action. On the other hand, the malignant scowl of Canova's gladiators, in the Vatican, adds nothing to the expression conveyed in their attitudes, and can hardly fail to shock the spectator. Again, who, in witnessing first-rate stage dancing, ever thinks of inquiring whether the performer's countenance is beautiful or not ? Such exhibitions would be equally effective though the performer wore a mask. Every one must have observed that even in grotesque pantomime, the masks then worn rarely fail to bear the appearance of varying their expression with the attitudes of the performers. Such is the all-sufficiency of the poetry of form. Hence, however, it follows that sculpture is necessarily tied down to rigorous accuracy of outline. For who could bear disproportion in a statue ? who could enter upon a physical question of thews and sinews, when called upon to feel deeply, and to generalize upon moral attributes ? Moreover, a statue, being a solid, is, geometrically speaking, of three dimensions ; and is, on that very account, brought into such palpable, close, unprotected contact — such immediate juxta-position and comparison, with surrounding objects and the breathing world, that it requires to be ensured from meeting with positive contempt by the magic influence of its abstract qualities, with which, as with a kind of divinity, it must be hedged about, or perish. The unities of time and place in a piece of sculpture, are, of course, perfect ; and it is further imperative on the sculptor to preserve its unity of action perfect. The roughest design ever modelled — the rudest sketch ever dashed off — will be more pleasing than the finished statue that does not quite succeed. It is scarcely too much to say that the sculptor ventures for complete success or for total failure. And since the sculptor cannot have a style, he cannot become popular. There cannot be a Hunt or a Wilkie in sculpture.

"In painting, the case is wholly different. A picture is a surface, and is therefore, geometrically speaking, of two dimensions only. Its unities of time and place are necessarily, as in a piece of sculpture, perfect ; and so ought its unity of action to be ; albeit, greater latitude is allowed to the painter in its developement. Nay,

some latitude is allowed him even as regards the unity of time; for a picture may, as it often does, present circumstances to the spectator, which assist in telling the story, but which could not have occurred at one and the same instant. Besides, the painter produces his effect by a knowledge of colouring, light and shade, outline, and perspective; each indeed requiring separate study, but each contributing its distinct resources, combining at last in favour of the painter. Many faults in the above particulars are venial: nor is it true, as sometimes asserted, that false drawing in a picture is as unpardonable as false grammar in writing.* Not because the art of painting has in itself no abstract quality; far from it; but because the faults can be artificially concealed; they, therefore, do not interfere with the delight of the spectator. In matters of art, *'ce ne pas pécher que pécher en silence.'*

"Sir Joshua Reynolds (Notes to Fresnoy, 37) says,—'From the various ancient paintings which have come down to us, we may form a judgment with tolerable accuracy of the excellencies and the effects of the arts among the ancients. There can be no doubt but that the same correctness of design was required from the painter as from the sculptor; and if what has happened in the case of sculpture, had likewise happened in regard to their paintings, and we had the good fortune to possess what the ancients themselves esteemed their master-pieces, I have no doubt but we should find their figures as correctly drawn as the Laocoon, and probably coloured like Titian.' But, with deference, does it necessarily follow that the painters contemporary with the sculptor of the Laocoon would even in their 'masterpieces' always draw unerringly, although they must be supposed to have perfectly understood the principles of drawing? Further, how can a statue be said to be 'drawn'? Drawing is a word which can only be applied to that which is supposed to be behind, and which is exhibited or projected upon, a plane surface, which is the limit of the approach that the object in a picture can make towards the spectator; and the world of painting, as it were, thus becomes a region safely removed from the interference of external objects. Hence, it follows that the lowest degree of the art, down to the positively bad, and even wretched, will never be without advocates and supporters; because a picture never can cease altogether to be imitation—never through the meretricious blandishments of false taste, to whatever pitch of enormity they may be carried, can risk the entire loss of its denomination and character; a loss which infallibly befalls the sculpture that sinks at all below a certain limit, or oversteps the modesty of the rules that are naturally, and not arbitrarily, assigned to it. The Transfiguration of Raphael, and the veriest sign-post daub, are both of them pictures: but the Theseus of the Parthenon, and Wyatt's Newfoundland dog in variegated marbles, are not both of them statues.

"In common parlance a particular figure or limb in a picture is often said to appear to come out of the canvas. This only means that it is more prominent than the other component parts of the picture: the very utmost it can do is to appear to push the plane of the canvas before it; for, otherwise, it would be an imitation of a basso-relievo, and not a picture. Anomalies are to be met with in the works of the early painters, that are neither examples of, nor exceptions to, any thing that has here been stated. To take a solitary instance, in the Brera gallery at Milan, is a painting by Carlo Crivelli (A. D. 1412) of the Virgin and Child, with attendant saints, in three compartments; each compartment being painted, not upon a plane, but upon a convex surface of wood. Several ornaments appertaining to the dresses of the figures, and the keys borne by St. Peter, are attached bodily by gilt wires to the external surface of the painting. But from the hardness of the outlines, the palpable erroneousness of the perspective, which renders criticism impossible, and the severe character of the whole, the above peculiarities do not in the least detract from its effect, which, owing to its sentiment and rich colouring, is very grand and solemn.

* "It is possible to throw a veil even over a grammatical error. For example, in the Book of Common Prayer, in the exordium—'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his goodness to give you safe deliverance, and hath preserved you in the great danger of Child-birth; &c.'—the beauty of the rhythm is such that it is not immediately perceived that the verb 'hath preserved' has no nominative case."

"Painting may, with the greatest propriety, consist of large groups of figures; a further instance of the latitude allowed to the painter in the development of his action. But in sculpture, if an historical subject, for example, consisting perhaps of fifteen or twenty personages, were attempted to be represented, though each particular figure, like the figures in the Niobe gallery at Florence, might be admirably executed, yet the whole would be little better than a spectral assemblage encroaching to an intolerable degree upon external objects. Of this nature is the uncouth, ill-devised monument erected to the memory of Canova in the church of the Frari at Venice, which I cannot believe to have been designed by himself. Again, Samson slaying the Philistines might be represented in painting, but not in sculpture. Again, the celebrated marble group of the Dircæ, at Naples, may be objected to on account of the number of figures it contains. Another, and a very singular instance, is the marble group of the fall of Lucifer and his angels, by Agostino Fagiolato, in the Palazzo Papafava at Padua. It is about five feet high, and contains sixty figures; the whole being said to be cut out of a single block. In spite of the ingenuity exhibited by the artist, it strikes the eye at once that the whole is supported by a base which is of greater diameter than any other part of the group, so that a pyramid of figures is represented, a form which of necessity carries the eye upwards instead of downwards, and suggests the idea of a rise instead of a fall. Moreover, under its glass case, when seen from a little distance, it looks, owing to its complexity, not unlike a specimen of stalactite, or some calcareous marine formation, such as we see in museums of natural history. It is perhaps the most curious example of perverted art in existence. In all these examples the unity of action is violated. At the same time, such subjects may very properly be represented in a cameo or intaglio, or in a basso-rilievo, in which the figures are, as in a picture, referred to one general plane surface; a principle certainly acknowledged in the following graphic passage from the *Promessi Sposi* (cap. iv.), where it is said of two persons, neither of whom will suffer the other to take the wall — 'Quei due si venivano incontro, entrambi stretti alla muraglia, come due figure di basso rilievo ambulanti.' Again, the fine spiral illusion of Trajan's column affords a magnificent example of the properties of basso-rilievo. Alto-rilievos, on the contrary, are rarely finely conceived. In them *statuary* appears to be applied bodily to a background, to which they are hardly referable; and this gives them a confused character. Their fault is a lack of distinctness of purpose; their unity of action is broken and disturbed; the spectator is left in doubt whether the artist intended them to be, geometrically speaking, of two or of three dimensions."

With respect to the verses on various subjects and in many forms of metre, we have made an extract from those which appear to us the best under the head of "Spezzia," and relating to the death of Shelley:—

"Turn now this way. By yonder narrow creek
The savage Magra pours his torrent flood
Into the bay: and further yet (your eyes
Are good) among the cliffs you may descry
The fishing town Lerici; once the home
Of hapless Shelley. Well his tale is known,
So touching, and so touchingly disclosed
By her with whom the mellow grief survives:
But it is good to dwell upon it here.
Here in his bauble boat the poet sail'd
With every breeze that blew; rode still afloat
At morn, and eve, or weltering at mid-day;
And with imaginative soul drank in
The inspiration of Italian skies.
Oft paddled to some cavern in the rocks
By moonlight, on the calm phosphoric sea,
There to pour out melodious verse, what time
• The village girls, half sea-maids, wildly sang

To the reverberant rocks, strange madrigals,
 Or footed in the surf their gamesome rounds.
 Fearless, one summer-morn he left the bay
 For the wide ocean, and with prosperous winds
 Sail'd to Livorno : but on his return,
 By those who stood on shore, a thunder-cloud
 Enveloping the ocean like a pall,
 Was seen to blot his vessel from all view.
 It pass'd off, and he was not : not a speck,
 Howe'er minute, was on the ocean : O
 The heart-sickening hours for those who watch'd for him
 With chill forebodings, and with fluttering hearts ! . .
 There lay the uniform blank of sea, that gave
 No certain tidings ! but left ample place
 For miserable doubt, report, and hope
 Beyond all hope : the spot alone was mark'd
 Where he was last seen on the purple sea.*
 But soon the truth was manifest. His corse
 Was wash'd on shore. His boat was after found
 In twice five fathom sunk. But here the tale
 Ends not. Perhaps the law's severity
 'That from dire pestilence defends this coast
 To you may be unknown. 'The public weal
 Requires it, and so runs the law's decree,
 (In truth, severer seeming than is need,)
 'That all things cast on shore be straight consumed
 To ashes, and be scatter'd to the winds.
 And thus the rites of burial were denied
 'To one, a Briton, in a foreign land
 Untimely dead. And they who loved him best,
 By supplications and unwearied prayers,
 Hardly prevail'd to wrest the stubborn law
 Aside thus far, a bare permission gaining
 To gather up his ashes. A dear friend
 Lighted the funeral pile, and the remains
 Collected. And when all at length was done,
 In self-devoted friendship, how unfeign'd !
 He came with scorch'd and blister'd hands, and stood
 Before her, who a wife's most grievous loss
 Bewail'd, and to her charge the casket gave
 That held all left on earth of one so dear.
 I knew not Shelley ; but if e'er the gift
 Of song on mortal was bestow'd, 'twas his.
 Often and often have his melodies,
 Sweeter than music heard in morning dreams,
 Drawn down my cheeks refined luxurious tears.
 I will no more. His memory must live.
 His ashes, gather'd in a golden urn,
 Repose at Rome, by Cestius' pyramid,
 In a sweet spot where earliest violets blow,
 Which you, I hope, will visit soon with me.

" But the sun sinks apace ; and in the east
 Mysteriously the snowy Apennines,
 With unimaginable tints of gray,
 Come out upon the sky emblazon'd o'er
 With the reflection of his western throne,

Verbatim from Mrs. Shelley's account of the event.

Waited upon by flaming ministers.
 The universal canopy of heaven
 Is fleck'd with fire; cold lies the earth beneath;
 But under such a firmament, how fair!"

Spezzia, November, 1843.

Double Entry elucidated: an improved Method of teaching Book-keeping. By B. F. FOSTER, author of "Prize Essay on the best Method of teaching Penmanship," "Elementary Copy Books," "The Counting-house Assistant," "Hints to Young Tradesmen," &c. London: Souter and Law, Fleet Street.

THE best way to keep books is not to lend them; but this does not relate to keeping books in that sense, but to book-keeping.

With respect to literary men, the keeping of their accounts by one description of double-entry cannot but be particularly agreeable; we mean the double entry which is occasioned by a second edition. As to their keeping accounts by any sort of entry, happy is the author who has money enough to receive and pay away, to render the keeping of his accounts a matter of important study! However, that is neither here nor there.

We like this book because it has a philosophical air about it: it is divided into parts, the theoretical and the practical. This shows that the writer knows what he is about, and has a due sense of the importance of his subject. His illustrations, however, in the form of tables, containing items of "Cash received," and "Available Assets," are rather tantalising. But really it is a good and useful book, and one of the best of the sort that has come under our observations, and we particularly recommend it for the initiation of the young into the mysteries of book-keeping, for whose use it is specially designed.

[It is particularly requested that any Works of any Description sent to Hood's Magazine for Review be addressed to the Editor to the care of Mr. Renshaw, 356, Strand.]

STATE OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.

LOCKE said long since, that one of the principal causes of the differences of opinion among men, was the differences of signification attached to words; and that, if people would agree on the precise meaning of the words which they used to express their ideas, they could dispute less about things.

To effect that desirable object, is one of the uses of Etymology.

Nor let the general reader hastily suppose that the study of etymology is useful only for the purpose of tracing the origin of languages. Etymology is the great adjunct of history. Where traditional knowledge on written testimony fails, etymology steps in, and by proving the derivation of words proves the derivation of nations; and the evidence of the migration of the inhabitants of countries, at particular periods especially, which etymology affords, is one of not the least important parts of human knowledge.

There is something more in the scientific etymology of a single language, than was supposed when the notion universally prevailed, that the words of one people had descended to numerous others in various proportions, which were again transmitted, in a like irregularity of quantity, to tribes and nations of later growth—when parallel descent from a common parent was hardly ever imagined; and when the moment that two forms of speech bore a resemblance, it was concluded that one must be the offspring of the other.* This fundamental error was exploded by the cultivation of comparative etymology, to which in every language there are materials for affording important contributions, though sometimes deeply hidden in its bosom.

Upon the nice and accurate analysis of single words, and even sometimes monosyllables into their elements, so as to detect their primary sense, and enable the investigator to classify them with forms to which they bear little or no visible or audible resemblance, depends the entire structure of the more noble and comprehensive science of ethnography. It is due to this patient and laborious process, that languages widely separated have been restored, as it were, to their paternal homes, and grouped in families; and that the pristine connection of people, the most remote in age and geographical position, is traced from point to point, so as ultimately to present an unbroken connection of races and tongues from morning to evening, from the east of the Himalaya to the west of Hecla. Besides this larger use of etymology in its special application, the science possesses its peculiar utility. To determine with precision the minute shades of difference in a numerous class of vocables occurring in the languages of all cultivated people, and known as their synonymous terms, by developing the sensible idea on which each was originally constructed, is one of its advantages, and a certain means to prevent

* Dr. Wiseman, Lectures on the Connection of Science with revealed Religion, vol. i. p. 18.

the ambiguity and confusion, which popular and familiar conversation has a tendency to introduce into speech. Besides, the minute analysis of the words of a language gratifies no ignoble or irrational curiosity, since it brings to the light of day the thoughts of our forefathers in an age inaccessible to history, and enables us to ascertain the impressions made upon their minds by the sensible objects around them, and the qualities which appeared to them most prominent or most considerable. In this point of view, special etymology is the anatomy of the human mind.

The English language, with its copious admixture of foreign terms and idiom, but with its Teutonic foundation and Teutonic influences pervading every part and exerting irrepressible dominion over its internal economy, offers peculiar temptations to research. From the gigantic strides which Philology has made within little more than the last half century, leaving immense facilities for pursuit at every stage of her progress, a reasonable belief might be entertained by those who are not conversant in such matters, that the sources and affinities of this language had also been investigated with a correspondent success. The contrary, however, is the melancholy fact; and the etymologists, to whom English is the mother tongue, and who, within this period of brilliant discoveries in the sister dialects, have professedly undertaken the task, do not show themselves superior to the random conjectures and frivolous conceits of Junius, Skinner, and Minshew. Whether it be a national reproach or not, the only two works which the people speaking English consult as authorities for information respecting the derivation of their words, are flatly contradicted in every instance to which sound philological principles are applied to test their accuracy. The one is a dictionary, the production of an American, Dr. Noah Webster, and is a work internally exhibiting great pretensions, through an ostentatious collection of foreign words of similar orthography, but of little value in discovering the primary signification of the terms, for the elucidation of which they are adduced. The other etymological lexicon is the work of Dr. Richardson, and originally appeared in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. It was published separately in 1836, and not long since a new edition appeared. This dictionary is truly inestimable, if considered solely with reference to the series of quotations illustrating the history of each word from the earliest times. The labour and research employed upon this dictionary must be immense; but, considered as an etymological production, it is an entire failure; for it is founded on the same principles and often consists of the same kind of investigations that brought the older school of etymology, with the science itself, into contempt. The author frequently quotes Junius, Schiller, Hattaus, Wachter, and Ihre, for the Teutonic derivations, but neither he nor Dr. Webster appears ever to have sought for information in the later and far more valuable dictionaries and disquisitions of the German philologists. Of Adelung's *Wörterbuch*, the *Holsteinisches Idiotikon*, the *Bremisches Sächsisches Wörterbuch*, Grimm's extraordinary *Deutsche Grammatik*, and extensively useful canon of "Lauterverschiebung," or sound-shifting, they seem never to have heard. It is a lamentable truth, there are not wanting indications of their inability to read German, without which

English etymology is an impossibility. Of Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, the evidences in both dictionaries convict them of ignorance. Their Norsk or Icelandic comes through the medium of Ihre's Latin, and through the medium of Latin alone have they obtained a glimpse of the signification of any of their Teutonic citations.

Dr. Richardson, whose work, excluding its etymological department, is a valuable acquisition to literature, does not attempt to find the primary sense of his words in the Oriental languages; he is always content to seek for a Teutonic root. But Dr. Webster is far more ambitious, and parades Celtic and Shemitic, Sanskrit and Persian, Russian and Dalmatian, with an astonishing prodigality, and without any discernible system of arrangement, while the errors committed in these citations are of such a nature as to engender a suspicion, that the author's acquaintance with the languages named is equal to his knowledge of the Teutonic. This book, the most presumptuous and least deserving of its kind, has been reprinted in England, and, therefore, properly claims notice in a consideration of the state of English etymology.

The only treatise that we possess with formal pretensions to the character of a scientific research into the origin of the language, is the result of the speculations of Horne Tooke, Dr. Richardson's master, in whose time the attention of scholars was scarcely attracted to the necessity of applying to the East for the sources of European forms of speech. Leibnitz, whose penetrating mind was directed to ethnography, had pointed out its value in tracing the migrations of early nations, passing beyond their earliest records, and bringing historical truth to light from behind the mists of tradition*, zealously inculcated the necessity of constructing comparative tables, investigating the Georgian, confronting Armenian with Coptic, and comparing the Albanese with German and Latin. But the proposition seems to have had no effect in this country. Mr. Halted, about 1778, instituted a comparison of the Sanskrit with the Greek and Latin, and thus, for the first time, gave an insight into their affinities, which have had the effect of entirely changing the means and the manner of conducting philological investigations. Very few however yet noticed the discovery. Of those few, some considered it interesting only to the Oriental and classical scholar; while others, unless Dugald Stewart stand entirely alone, looked upon it with doubt. In fact, the Scottish philosopher so far forgot his wisdom as to make the unlucky assertion, that Sanskrit was a new language, invented by some Brahmins. It is this language, however, which, while it forms the basis of the principal dialects of India and Persia, connects those of Europe in a common bond of relationship, and shows an unbroken chain of kindred people from the bay of Bengal to the Atlantic Ocean.

* "Je trouve," says Leibnitz, "que rien ne sert davantage à juger des connexions des peuples que les langues. Par exemple, la langue des Abyssiniens nous fait connaître qu'ils sont une colonie d'Arabes." And again, — "Nihil majorem ad antiquas populorum origines indagandas lucem præbet quam collatio linguarum." — Quoted by Dr. Wiseman, Lectures on the Connection of Science with revealed Religion, i. 23, 24.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

MAMMA—why don't you answer me ?
 Why do you lie so still ?
 Can't you sit up, and can't you see ?
 Are you so very ill ?

You have been sick a long, long while,
 And very, very weak ;
 But yet you always used to smile—
 Mamma ! why don't you speak ?

When round the bed I used to play,
 And show'd her my new toy,
 She would smile on me as she lay,
 And ask to kiss her boy.

Why is that shade upon her brow ?
 Her eyes are sunk and deep ;
 She is quite still and quiet now—
 And yet 'tis not like sleep.

She was in Heaven, I was told,
 And there she felt no pain ;
 But here she is all pale and cold !—
 Will she not wake again ?

Poor child ! thy mother feels no pain ;
 Her spirit is at rest ;
 She sleeps ; she will not wake again ;
 With angels she is blest !

'Tis sad to chill thy tender youth—
 With tears convulse thy breath ;
 But thou must know the mournful truth—
 This sleep, dear child, is Death.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

THERE are few more pleasing spectacles than Kensington Gardens on a band day in June, when the sun is warm and the First Life Guards quartered in town. The gay colours of the promenaders, contrasted with the more sombre tints of hat and habit, without the wall—the noble old trees, waving over the velvet turf—the enlivening strains of the music—all contribute to render the scene as unlike the other sedate amusements of London as it is possible to imagine. One cannot fail, on such an occasion, to be struck with the wonderful increase both of horseflesh and horsemanship within the last few years. A horse is no longer a luxury, but a necessary. Younger sons disport themselves—not, as of yore, on creatures with four legs and a tail—but on veritable Andersons, which (if we may believe their owners), are very fortunes in themselves; but which, we are strongly inclined to suppose, must, in more than one instance, be *sold* before they can be *bought*. One excellent feature in the march of equestrian intellect, however, is that the fair sex now lend an undoubted patronage to an exercise, which is, to them at least, as becoming as it is healthful. A foreigner might be tempted to inquire how all these animals are to be fed, groomed, and housed; but we should reply, that it is the last death-struggle between railroads and horseflesh, and that those are *minutiae* that are no affairs of ours. But how we have digressed!

“Two polkas, a minuet, and half a valz—to be claimed within the present week, to whoever can tell *me* the name of that man, now leaning against the tree yonder!”

The speaker was Miss Campbell, the most graceful rider, and the owner of the fairest face and best figure to be met with in many a dusty day's ramble through the parks. Other qualifications, too, had Miss Campbell, of a more sterling value than those already enumerated—graces of mind and character, which alas! are as seldom elicited as they can be appreciated, in London society; for Nature shrinks from a contest with Art; and although the merit lies generally with the former, the victory falls usually to the share of the latter; and so, what is but shallow, and empty, and valueless, passes in common currency as refined, and intellectual, and precious. Oh! London, London, you that turn night into day,—that pass your Christmas in the Highlands and your dog-days in Rotten Row,—when will you learn to discriminate, and be just?

“See!” continued Miss Campbell, “he is looking towards us. He certainly is my *bête-noir*; I never go anywhere that I do not find that extraordinary figure standing in a sentimental attitude, either before me or at my side. Does any one know who he is?”

“Heaven forbid,” drawled Lord Clavering, “that I should hazard anything beyond speculation, with regard to so peculiar an individual! I should imagine he was a grocer in Holborn; he looks as though he had lost his way.”

"Perhaps he is a friend of the band," suggested Mr. Sandford.

"Or the negotiator for a fresh Pennsylvanian loan," said Mr. Sullivan.

"Pray, Captain Graham," said Miss Campbell, turning to another of the group, who had remained silent, "can neither your wit nor your charity contribute anything to the stores of imagination which my question has drawn forth?"

"He certainly is a most extraordinary-looking person," replied Captain Graham, with alacrity; "I have remarked him myself more than once. Common report, as usual, pronounces him mad; but I am convinced there is a method in his madness, and that a melancholy one."

"Nay, you pique my curiosity. I desire that you will obtain every possible particular of your hero. But I am afraid that he has seen us laughing; see, he is moving away. What say you to a canter, papa," she added, as she turned to her father, who had been steadily pshawing the whole affair for the last half hour; and away rode the party, with the exception of Lord Clavering, whose curls, on very rare occasions, admitted of any more invigorating pace than an amble.

They had not proceeded far, when Miss Campbell's horse shied at something on the footpath, and swerving, narrowly missed throwing his rider. Captain Graham was, however, soon at her bridle; but, having ascertained that she had perfect command over the animal, turned to observe the cause. It was the luckless subject of their late conversation; and, to look at him, he was certainly sufficient to scare any horse, if not its rider. He was about the middle height, dressed in a rough kind of light surtout, thrown far off the chest, and fluttering loosely after him as he walked. His legs were encased in two shapeless bags, intended to represent trousers, falling nearly at right angles with his toes, of which his points were just visible, and drawn round him in a profusion of plaits, of which the Grand Turk himself might be justly proud. His hat, napless, but studiously brushed, and of a conical shape, was planted aside on a head of long, matted hair, jet black, and apparently indifferent to comb and bear's-grease. His eyes were the only feature of his face discernible, so entirely was it covered by a mass of moustache and whisker, which grew in wild and untrimmed disorder over every available inch of space; but they were of a peculiar brilliancy, and whoever had once met their gaze, would not easily forget their expression. In his hands, which were ungloved, and of a delicate shape, he grasped an enormous stick; and as he stalked along, he looked not unlike some huge bear, which had made his escape from a strolling menagerie.

He raised his hat, and muttered a few unintelligible words of apology, by which time the riding party had proceeded on its way. At the end of the ride, Captain Graham made his bow, and turned his horse's head back again, with the intention of taking a sulky gallop. He was returning slowly homewards, when he again happened upon our friend; and he resolved to execute Miss Campbell's commission, and scrape some kind of acquaintance with him.

"It's a fine day," he remarked, in a conciliatory tone, and throw-

ing as much expression of interest into his words as the subject would admit.

The stranger eyed him with a rapid and scrutinising glance, and cautiously rejoined, "Very."

"There were a great many people at the gardens to-day," pursued Graham, looking down at his horse's near fore-foot carelessly.

"Indeed!" answered the other mechanically, "I saw but one."

"You must have a very un-microscopic eye."

"I have a very selfish one; I only remark what gives me pleasure."

"Your's should be a very happy physical arrangement."

"Nay, I know not; some people delight in hugging what others avoid as carefully."

"At least you please yourself."

"Who does not strive to do so? the only difference lies in the proportion of success at which men arrive in the attempt."

"Do you not find the eye-sight wane by gazing too fixedly at one object?"

"Perhaps; but better to be blinded by the sun, than never to have seen its glorious light. I should apologise to you (for you were one of the party), for being on the foot-path just now."

"Indeed! why so?" asked Captain Graham, smiling.

"Do you look at me, and need an answer? Did you not see that brute beast start at me; and is it strange, when mankind sets the example? Miss Campbell was not much frightened, I hope."

"How the deuce does the fellow know her name?" thought Graham.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "It is only the vulgar and uneducated who may laugh at the peculiarities they cannot understand."

The other shook his head. "Do you think so?" he asked; "I saw Miss Campbell smile, as that empty dandy was indulging in some witticism at my expense. I am sure it was of me he spoke, for she looked my way; but when she saw me, the smile was gone. Is it a pleasant thing, think you, to be ridiculous to one whom you have exalted into a divinity?"

"You appear to set great store upon the lady's passing glance," said Graham, with some show of pique.

"I do; but with a reason: and one day you shall know it. But here we are in the garish streets again; and Captain Graham would not like to be seen riding with the wild man. Can you meet me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock by the water in St. James's Park? I have a home," he added (with what might possibly have been a smile, if only one could have seen his face), "although men do not think it; but it is known to no one in town, and I would not that even you should form the exception."

"At nine o'clock then I will be there."

"Yes," if it be not too early. Farewell."

The stranger struck off in the direction of Pimlico, and was quickly out of sight. Captain Graham mused in astonishment over the interview he had just held. By what chance could his new ally be acquainted, not only with his own name, but that of Miss Campbell? What could be the secret cause of the interest he took in her? And this latter reflection led him into a train of thought not altogether

agreeable to himself. Captain Graham had long known Miss Campbell ; and had not escaped the contagion of her society. He was a constant attendant on her rides ; he preferred the same church ; on the occasion of ball or opera she invariably received an anonymous bouquet ; and, if she went to the theatre, the first act of the play was not finished before his voice was to be heard at the back of the box. He appeared her shadow ; but destined to be her shadow only. She, on her part, received him ever with frank cordiality ; listened to him with friendly interest ; but would laugh almost as lightly at any sally of Lord Clavering as she would of Captain Graham. He was forced, indeed, to confess that, although her manner presented nothing whereon to hang a hope, still neither did it furnish the slightest ground of offence. He felt that the last thing in the world, of which he might accuse Flora Campbell, was insensibility, and, therefore, prudently determined that the fault, whatever it was, must be of his own. Still it may readily be imagined that this modesty, however proper in itself, by no means lessened the grievance.

The next morning found Captain Graham at the appointed spot before the time assigned. Having made up his mind to awake earlier than usual, he of course awoke full two hours before the hour he wished ; but he was fully compensated for his loss of sleep by the extreme beauty of the morning. It was one of those bright, dazzling days which, from their unhappy rarity in this country, we are apt, for a wonder, to appreciate to the fullest extent. The sun glittered on the water, on the dewy grass, and on the quivering leaf. Every where might be traced the genial signs of vegetable luxuriance and life. Nor did the animal world appear less sensible of the beauty of the scene. The birds twittered noisily on bush and tree ; the water-fowl, in anonymous variety, dived and came up again in unexpected places, splashed, shook their tails, and chased each other with unwonted vivacity ; the sheep stood blinking, with their mouths full ; and the cows folded their legs with ungrateful ease, and ruminated on things in general. Man alone, of all God's creatures, held aloof in contemptuous indifference. In summer, we seldom dream of stirring from home until it is so hot as to be positively an infliction to be abroad. In winter, it certainly is a different thing : the world then requires to be warmed, before the chilly exclusives can venture into it. How often does one then wrap one's blanket around one, and shiver compassionately as we think of the poor wretch who is forced to plunge *first* into the fog, unventilated as yet by the breath of his fellow-creatures.

Captain Graham was musing much after this fashion, when his unknown friend made his appearance. He certainly, for that morning at least, had not shaved.

" Captain Graham is punctual," he said. " Are you not yourself surprised at the feat you have accomplished in rising but four hours after the sun and the lark ? Do you know," he continued, seating himself by Graham's side, " I am of opinion that man was originally designed to regulate his day by the course of the sun. As it is, we wage an unjust and cruel war with him ; we shut him out of our houses by blinds and windows ; we warn him off, when he woos us, with um-

brellas and spectacles; we struggle to get quit of him, the very next moment to that in which we have been invoking his presence and chiding his delay!—whilst Time, however we may seek to stay *his* course, glides swiftly through our closing fingers, and may not be retained one instant in his onward flight. But I can see that you are thinking more of my promised history than of my philosophy; and I dare say you have not breakfasted. I had hoped never again to have opened my lips upon the subject; least of all did I expect to communicate it to *you*. Nay, do not stop me. When you have heard all you will not wonder." He paused an instant as if to collect his thoughts, passed his hand across his eyes, and proceeded:—

"My story is a very simple one. As a man of the world, you will say that it is one of every-day occurrence. It may be so: I am a man of the world myself, and ever was so; but my heart is well-nigh broken. It may perhaps have been my own fault that I had a heart to break. My name is Ellerton. My parents died when I was yet young; and left me, an only child, heir to large estates. I was alone in the world without a relation. Friends, in the broad sense of the word, I was enabled to purchase by my money: a rich man's table is never so long that he cannot fill it. Yet I had ardent feelings, and these ever prompted me to seek some one with whom to interchange their warmth; but so imaginative and jealous was I in my ideas of friendship, that I seldom found my *dorado* realised; and when I fancied that I did not feel a pulse beating as truly as my own, I have shrunk back into what men have thought *hauteur* and reserve. At length I loved, and with an intensity and an abstraction befitting the enthusiasm of my nature.

"Thou wert, then, worthy to be loved, my Kate! and wherefore should I not dwell lovingly on that memory, though thou wert false as hell? Man passes not so easily from love to hate. I have heard it said, that the two estates are at times convertible; that the one is, under certain circumstances, the natural consequence of the other. It may be so: nay, often do we find it to be the case; but whoever fancies that he has ever experienced both sentiments towards the same person, has never loved another than himself. With the unselfish, love can never be otherwise than what it once has been. It may be shaded by regret, dimmed by suspicion, or blown to the winds by the storm of passion; but its vitality cannot be destroyed; it will not cease to exist; and, though perhaps in altered form, it will return, as the dove to the ark, and hover, as a guardian angel, over the recollections of the past. But I am anticipating. If ever perfection might be said to exist on earth, Kate would have furnished an excuse for the idea. Lovely in form, but more lovely still in mind, she exemplified the real union of physical and mental excellence. Pause not to inquire whether there be really any connection between the corporeal and the mental: it is quite possible that some such chain should sometimes exist in similar cases. The fairest flowers are often scentless, and woman lovely to look upon until she open her mouth, and by her words rob the vermillion from her lips. It was not so with Kate. Often have I hung in bewildered rapture, not knowing which to admire the most—her own bright nature, or its equally bright counter-

feit. Nor was she content with being simply beautiful or simply intellectual. She could by turns be gay yet grave, joyous yet sad, persuasive yet appealing, silent yet eloquent. And as she spoke or thought, in her face might be read the while the varying index to her mind. Well! it was said to be a most desirable match; our estates were contiguous; we were both rich; we were married. For the first year we were happy—how happy! I had found a friend—a second self! and she would whisper, as she rested her head upon my bosom, that I was her world, her life. Alas! that speech should have a meaning, when it can be so false. Towards the expiration of the period I have mentioned, I was called a short distance abroad, upon business which required my personal presence. It was not long; and still the time seemed shorter; for she would write to me words such as she knew I loved and listened for; and, to the last, she signed herself my loving wife! Could she have thought that she was tearing asunder my heart, and tracing falsehoods with its blood! On my return homewards, I encountered in the same vessel a prating fool, who, to appear wise, told me, as a glorious piece of news, my own history: how that, in one short month, I had been deceived and forgotten by the only woman I had ever really loved, and that woman my wife. This was not all:—he was minute in his information, and had the tale quite at his fingers' ends—the man who had undermined her fidelity was, next to her, nearest my heart. We fought; and, in this, Fortune favoured me: he fell dangerously hurt, whilst I escaped without a wound. Would we had exchanged bullets! I returned to the Continent, to avoid the consequences of my act. *I*—wronged and injured in my tenderest point,—duped and betrayed—robbed of my dearest treasure—*I* was an outcast from society, with a price upon my head; whilst the man who had seduced my wife—the spoiler of my peace—strutted the streets of London, petted, compassioned,—nay, admired. Years rolled by, and round me much the same man I had ever been; a trifle greyer, thinner, weaker, but, after all, only by so much older to the eyes of men. Without an inclination, without a pursuit, I existed rather than lived; and, strange to say, found ever a fresh pleasure in recalling to mind what most men would have endeavoured to forget. Henceforth the past should be my future. With all its blighted hopes and realised fears, it would be a lesson to me far more instructive than anything that I might expect in after days to experience.

I had employed an agent to sell my estates; and, with the sum they brought me, had enriched an asylum of which I sometimes thought I should, at no distant period, become a tenant. Men deemed me mad; and, for my own part, I wonder that I was not so. I encouraged the idea; and, with this object, adopted the style of dress and appearance which you now see, and which has excited so much comment and observation. I soon found that the system possessed its advantages: I was acknowledged to be harmless, quiet, and orderly. I exacted from all respect, if not compassion; and, saving a passing gibe, was allowed to go my own way in peace. Besides, my disguise was complete: I needed not to fear the humiliation of being recognised and compassioned by any of my former associates. At length I

returned to England, and found my affair forgotten. Once I heard two men discussing an event so similar, that I dreaded, at each instant, to be discovered, and either branded as a murderer, or pointed at as a cuckold. But I soon found that it was of another that they spoke; and I rejoiced in secret to think that I was not singular in my misfortunes. Will you believe that, betrayed as I had been by that woman,—now that I fancied myself secure from detection, and found myself in the same city with her,—I at once longed and dreaded to see her? Often have I strained my eyes, as I have imagined that I distinguished her; and as often have I averted my gaze, in trembling fear that she should recognise me, although I have become aware that it was not indeed her. After suffering some months of this agonising existence, I read, in a tavern—suddenly—that she was dead! As I dropped the paper, a man, who sat at the table, asked me if there were any *news*? What I replied I know not; but, whether from the strangeness of my appearance, or the incoherence of my words, he *smiled*. I dashed him with fury to the ground, and trampled him beneath my feet. Whose throat, think you, that my fingers gripped, with terrible ideas crowding on my mind? Whose features were they whereon my eyes glared as though they would burst from their sockets? It was *he*—he who had made me what I was, and now smiled over *her* grave! Thank God! they parted us: my character as a madman stood me in good need; and I was suffered to depart, with the consolation of the thought that I had not this time killed him, but leaving, as I afterwards discovered, the indelible marks of my chastisement upon him. For some time I kept my bed, during which my senses were, I believe, really despaired of. Still did the precious freight cling to the shattered ship, but long after they had lost their value, and only to make me more poignantly aware of what I had once enjoyed, and what was now lost to me for ever. The first time I walked abroad, after my illness, it was just such a day as this; and I strolled into the park. Riding in a large party, but conspicuous for the elegance of her form and the symmetry of her features, was a young girl, who might have passed for the twin sister of my Kate. On either side of her rode one whom I should imagine to be her father, and, Captain Graham, yourself. I could scarcely explain the feeling: I knew that I was not dreaming; that the idea was madness; but I could not divest myself of the impression that I had regained my lost Kate. It grew upon me; day by day the vision became more real and more tangible; it was no longer an image, but a vital, moving, speaking, substance. I have sometimes thought to lay my hand upon her bridle, and examine more closely features that I knew to be faultlessly stamped upon my memory. But I have been ever restrained by some nameless influence; and I have contented myself with watching from a distance what I might not approach more nearly. Yes, never knit your brow, Captain Graham; but, as I have seen her turning with graceful vivacity to reply to you—as I have beheld her lips smile upon you—as I have caught the music of her laugh or the echo of her words,—I have fancied that it was for me, and me only, she was exhausting the witchery of her charms; that it was of me she thought, and that it was I who was the centre and mainspring of all her being. All

this is a cruel mockery ; I feel that it is false ; that it has its rise from the vapours of a heated and an overwrought brain ; that you, and you alone, can be to Miss Campbell what I have described, and what once I could claim as my own. Nay, I have watched her more closely than even you yourself, Captain Graham, and that she loves you I am certain. May you be more happy than he who speaks to you, for you deserve it ; and I would not that she should marry one unworthy of her. And now I have laid bare to you, a stranger, my inmost self. Promise me, in return—swear to me, that you will watch over and protect her ; and ever wipe away, with faithful and unceasing hand, the breath which unrequited affection knows how to spread over the mirror of your love. For myself—not much more remains. I cannot last long ; but, when I am gone, say you will not forget me. Farewell.”

He rose as he spoke ; grasped Captain Graham's hand with friendly pressure, and in one instant was out of sight.

Captain Graham remained some time lost in a painful reverie over the tale to which he had been listening. He regretted that he had not been allowed the opportunity of speaking a few words of consolation to one who had suffered, unpitied, so long and so deeply. Still if the truth must be told, we are at the best but selfish creatures ; and he experienced a secret joy as he recalled to mind the assurance of Ellerton that he was an object of interest to Miss Campbell. As he dismissed from his thoughts poor Ellerton with a sigh, it was with a smile that he reflected there were not much more than six hours to elapse, before he might make his appearance in the park, with any prospect of success. Captain Graham was by no means a vain man ; he had as little idea of turning himself into a walking book of patterns as any other sensible man. Still the time he that day consumed in arriving at a satisfactory tie, and the number of waistcoats that he alternately selected and rejected, were miraculous. At length it is fair to suppose that he was attired to the heart's content of the old lady opposite, if not his own ; and he was speedily in the park, and chasing a blue veil and habit round the ring at a very questionable pace. As his horse pulled up, of his own accord, it seemed, in the rear of the party he sought, he discovered, to his infinite disgust, Lord Clavering's curls presiding over an interminable tale, of some sort or another ; whilst Mr. Sandford, being on the wrong side of Miss Campbell, was, to avoid looking neglected, discussing the corn-laws with her worthy papa. Ellerton's words were yet ringing in Graham's ears—“She loves you”—and he advanced manfully to the attack, and took up his position on Lord Clavering's left side, resolved to sacrifice his pet sensitiveness, and to ascertain that very day the exact state of Flora Campbell's feelings towards himself. He was sorely tried, however : Lord Clavering was less vapid than usual ; Sandford made a brilliant sally, won half-a-dozen pair of gloves from Miss Campbell, and an invitation to dinner, on the spot, from her fascinated papa. Something must be done ; they had turned for the last time, and still no opportunity presented itself. “Courage,” thought Graham, as he reflected that, on leaving the grass, they must pass in single file, “if I can but frighten Lord Clavering's horse

presently, the day is mine." As luck would have it, just as they were passing under a tree, one of the boughs caught Clavering's hat, and exposed his locks to the wanton action of the winds. He retreated with loss, and Graham hastened to the vacant place.

"Poor Clavering," he said, with a laugh, "we shall see no more of him to-day. He will not know a moment's peace of mind, until his head is in the hands of his valet. *Apropos*, Lumley has requested me to offer your father, Miss Campbell, the use of the "Omnibus," in the event of your desiring a larger number of souls in your box than you had last night."

"I thought you were not in the house last night," said Miss Campbell, bending to pluck a silver hair from her horse's mane.

"Yes, I was in the lobby; but I should have had more chance of a seat in the pit on a benefit night, than of standing room in your box."

"I presume that those who made so desperate an effort as to pay their respects to mamma and myself, consulted in some degree their own safety and convenience."

"Convenience, I doubt not; Dumbell, for instance, whose snores I heard even outside; and that little wretch Lorgnette, who has no opera-glass."

"Nay, do not depreciate their civility; I trust you found the box-keeper amusing."

"So much so, that I was induced to wait till the end of the ballet; and had thus the pleasure of seeing you pass into the crush-room in close custody of two men, whose faces were unknown to me."

"*Qui me cherche, me trouve*," says the violet in the fable somewhere. But I see you are aghast at my presumption in anticipating a compliment that you were on the point of paying me. By the way, what news do you bring me, as a peace-offering, of your wild man of the woods? or have you, as a matter of course, forgotten your promise?"

"On the contrary, I have much to tell you on the subject. It is a sad tale; yet one in which you are interested."

"Indeed! what a charming mystery. But I never saw you look so grave before, Captain Graham; I hope it is no tragedy."

"I fear it is, and that I shall not do its merits full justice. And yet I am an interested party: I too have something at stake."

To this Miss Campbell made no reply: she appeared to have discovered, for the first time, something very curious upon her whip.

"You have heard of the savage worshipping the sun, because he feels its influence not only on himself, but on all surrounding nature. It is his familiar spirit, with which, in imagination, he holds sweet converse; in whose rays he basks himself; and for which, if it be hid, for an instant, behind a cloud, he watches with eager expectation and anxiety. Forgive his temerity for the thought — forgive me for daring to give language to so hallowed an idea; but what the sun is to the untutored savage, is Miss Campbell to that unhappy creature of whom you just now spoke — a thinking, reasoning, civilised man, unhappy in all but the enjoyment of a dream, which has become a part of his destiny. When you have heard his history, the only feel-

ing that can actuate you will be that of deep and sympathising compassion; unless, at least," he added with a smile, "you authorise me to convey to him the expression of any more decided feeling."

Miss Campbell turned round, and looked at Graham inquiringly for a moment. He could not trust himself to return her gaze; but recounted the tale which Ellerton had communicated to him. If Miss Campbell's eyes had glistened at the commencement of Captain Graham's address, undeniable tears stood in them as he concluded. The woman who can find it in her heart to slight *any* man's sincere and honest regard, is far more to be pitied than the object of her coquetry.

"I have discharged my mission so far," said Graham, at length; "but I have to plead for another, whose feelings are equally profound, although the utmost he has yet suffered has arisen from the perplexities of doubt. Imagine the position of one ever striving for an esteem which is beyond every thing dear to him, but ever contending against the fear that it is either carelessly withheld, or but niggardly doled out to him. Such an esteem cannot be enjoyed in part; it is in your power to bestow it entire, at once and for ever, and it is I who would fain sun it at your hands."

"You are an admirable advocate, Captain Graham," said Miss Campbell, smiling through her tears, "but I fear your second client possesses more influence with the bench than your first has had the opportunity of commanding. Whatever value my poor esteem will have in your eyes, it is yours; and, I am not ashamed to say, has been yours from the time that I felt I *knew* you. No one will better teach me than yourself how I can best alleviate the sorrows and sufferings of one in whose welfare I shall ever take a livelier interest. But here we are at home; and papa is asking you for the third time if you will meet Mr. Sandford at dinner to-day."

But although Captain Graham made many inquiries after Ellerton, he could not succeed in obtaining any clue to him, and he never saw him more.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DISCOVERY.

TREVOR and the corporal made good way as long as the daylight lasted: but when darkness began to encompass them, they were obliged to pause; and the corporal, whose spirits were not sustained by the same feelings which animated his officer, ventured to suggest, that trying to discover a track in the dark was not likely to be successful. But the ensign reminding him that the young lady's glove pointed out that their course was the opening between the high hills which loomed in the distance, encouraged him to proceed, not forgetting to be liberal in his promises of personal reward, — a motive, however, which the corporal indignantly repudiated, averring that it was stimulus sufficient for him to save the poor young lady from the clutches of "those blackguards," and "to have a slap at the rascals who had run off with a girl against her will!" They kept on therefore, till they reached the entrance of the opening and began to climb the ascent between the hills.

But Trevor was not long in experiencing the difficulty of going over unknown ground at night, obstructed at every step by dead timber and loose stones; and although the moon lent its light, it was not sufficient to help them much in their difficult way; and when they came to the entrance of the gorge, which was thickly covered with trees, even that light was obscured, and they were soon obliged to come to a stand-still.

"I am inclined to think that the bushrangers must be somewhere hereabouts," said Trevor, sitting down on the ground, in which he was followed by his companion, "for they must have had the same difficulty as we have, in making their way through this pass."

"That is, if they came this way," remarked the corporal, with much sagacity.

"They must have come this way," replied Trevor, "if it was their intention to pass this tier of hills, for there is no other opening. But, as I say, their difficulty must have been the same as our own, and more — for they had a lady with them, and she could not walk like a man."

"What shall I do?" asked the corporal, who, although it was too dark to distinguish objects, himself included, clearly, did not neglect to make the usual military salute, as he stood before his officer, waiting for orders.

"That's just what I am at a loss about," replied the ensign, who was apprised by the sound of the "present," more than by the sight of it, that his one soldier was standing in the accustomed respectful attitude. "But, my good fellow, sit down and rest yourself; you must be tired with this long march. You are used to the bush, I understand; what do you think is best to be done?"

"I cannot pretend to know so well as your Honour," replied the corporal, speaking deferentially; "but, in my opinion, the best thing to be done would be to light a fire, and try to get something to eat."

"I am not at all hungry," said the ensign.

"Of course, if your Honour is not hungry," replied the corporal, "it would not be proper for me to be so; but a good fire would warm us, and make us feel more comfortable; not that I feel cold, unless your Honour feels so too."

"The light of the fire may discover us," observed the ensign.

"Never fear, your Honour; those blackguards will be thinking more of our discovering them, than of their discovering us. Besides, I will mount guard while your Honour sits by the fire; and, who knows? — perhaps the young lady may see the light, and give us a screech, and then we can be down upon 'em in no time."

"You are a clever fellow, corporal! I could not have a better friend to second me, I see; for I must allow our attempt is somewhat venturesome."

"Oh! we shall do very well; only it's awkward to have nothing to eat in the bush; — though, as to drink, there is water; and that's the best drink, after all, when you can't get any better. — And now to look for a bit of punk. . . ."

"Punk! what's that?"

"Oh, it's a — a sort of big wart, that grows on the trees; and it's the handiest thing in nature to catch fire; better than rag-tinder, any day. All that you want is a little fire to set it a-going."

"But it strikes me," observed the ensign, "that if you have the fire already, you don't want the punk, as you call it, to make it. — By-the-bye, corporal, you are an Irishman, are you not?"

"Not exactly, your Honour. — I am neither English nor Irish, quite; because I was born, by mistake, on the sea between England and Ireland; so that the land of my birth was the Irish Channel, your Honour. But my father and mother were Irishmen, and they always said I was as good as English; and that no one, let him be English or Irish, or both, could be so mean as to take advantage of an accident

like that. And I didn't stay long in Ireland neither; for, before I could walk, I was marched with my father and mother, and the rest of the regiment, over the sea to America."

"It must be in the air!" said Trevor, musingly to himself.

"Just so; the air, as your Honour says, is very cold; and it's that makes us chilly. — But you'll have a beautiful fire in a minute," said the corporal, snapping his flint on a slip of decayed punk, which he had removed with his nail, and placed in the pan of his firelock.

"Stop," said the ensign, "your piece will go off, and that will give the alarm."

"Go off! your Honour: how can it go off, when it's not loaded?"

"How is that? I thought your piece was loaded — ready for work."

"Oh! she is always ready for work, your Honour; but there's no use dirtying her without occasion. I gave her a scour out at the cave yonder, and made her as bright as a new pin inside. Why! I can load my firelock before one of those bushranging rascals could get his piece up to his shoulder."

"How are you off for ammunition?" asked the ensign, a little anxiously.

"Box full; I emptied two of the men's, who were hit, into my own, before I came away from the creek. — I hope your Honour is well provided?"

"I have a large horn full of powder," replied the Ensign, "a shot-belt full of small shot, and a bag of balls to fit the fowling-piece which the Major lent to me before we went after the brig."

"All right!" said the corporal. "Nothing like ammunition! Why we two, back to back, if your Honour would permit me to take that liberty, could stand against all the natives in the island! — And now for some more wood; — there's plenty lying about, luckily. — There, sir, don't you think that looks theery? If we could only get something to eat, we should do very well. A kangaroo steak would be no bad thing; and I'll be bound there are plenty of them hopping about, if we could only see 'em; and if your Honour would not mind my banging my piece off at a boomah, that would be worth a cartridge!"

"Better not; it is of importance that we should come upon those villains by surprise; and we can do very well for one night without supper. But we are losing time, corporal, we are losing time," said Trevor fretfully.

"Perhaps your Honour would like to have a sleep? Then your Honour wouldn't be losing time. I remember, when we were in America, our old colonel used always to bid us go to sleep when he had nothing else for us to do; so that at last we got used to taking it anyhow, like our grub, when we could get it; and when we couldn't, we went without. A long march and night air, as we used to say, are the best things in the world to make a man sleep sound: not that I would take the liberty to feel tired or sleepy, unless it was your Honour's pleasure. Our old colonel used to say in America"

"There must be no sleep to-night for either of us," interrupted the ensign abruptly, and starting up, as if stung with some sudden and painful thought. "God knows what atrocity those ruffians may be

committing at this very moment. Corporal, are you strong enough to move forward?"

"Always ready to obey orders," replied the corporal, bringing his firelock to the "present;" "but, if I may be so bold as to ask, which way is it your Honour's pleasure to go; and how shall we find our way in the dark?"

The ensign cast his eyes in the direction of the opening. The light of the fire, which illuminated the spot where he was standing, made the country in the distance look more gloomy and dark; and he could not disguise from himself the truth, that to wander about at night without a certain path to travel on, and a fixed point to go to, was a vain and fruitless labour. He had no doubt, from the significant pointing of Helen's glove, but she had become acquainted with the bushrangers' intention to make their way to the opening at which he had arrived; but whether Mark Brandon would continue his course through the pass, or turn to the left towards the sea, or skirt the base of the tier of hills to his right, and penetrate into the interior in that direction, was a question which he found it impossible satisfactorily to resolve; and he was fully alive to the folly and uselessness of exhausting themselves in a pursuit on a wrong track. While he was anxiously pondering these thoughts, on the one side stimulated to action by the horrible thought of Helen being that night at the mercy of the bushrangers, and, on the other, restrained by the consideration that to move without some reasonable certainty of moving in the right direction was a loss of time and a waste of strength, the corporal had stepped to some little distance from the light, in order that his view into the distance for some other watchfire, which might perchance be burning, might not be confused by an illumination under his eyes. As he tried to pierce the gloom, he observed a white appearance on the trunk of a tree, resembling the "mark" which explorers in the bush make for the purpose of finding their way back, as well as to assist them to keep in a straight line in their progress forward. Surprised at seeing such a mark in a part of the country which was generally supposed to be unexplored by white people, he advanced to the tree, and then he ascertained that the mark was indeed made by the white man's axe, but that it was not a mere "blaze;" it was the white surface of the tree exposed, from the cutting off, intentionally, of a branch; neither was there a similar "blaze" on the opposite side of the tree, as is always the case when a tree is "marked" as a post of direction. Guessing at once that it was the work of the parties of whom they were in pursuit, he made his way back without noise to his officer, and in few words communicated the fact, taking the opportunity at the same time to hold the pan of his firelock towards the light of the fire, to see that it was clear, and clearing the touch-hole with his pricker, lest any atom of punk should have insinuated itself into the orifice.

Trevor immediately accompanied him to the tree, and was at once convinced that the branch had been but recently lopped off, and that it had been done by the bushrangers. He agreed with the corporal, that this seemed to argue that the bushrangers had made up their encampment for the night in their immediate vicinity; but in that

case they had surely taken the alarm at the fire, and had no doubt reconnoitred him and the corporal while they were standing near it. On examining the ground further, however, they perceived the marks of the bough having been cut at both ends, and of having been pruned and fitted for some purpose. On investigating more minutely the part of the tree from which the bough had been cut, they calculated, from the thickness of the base of the excised part, that it must have been a piece of timber some twelve or fifteen feet long ; and measuring the two ends which had been cut off from the top and the bottom of the bough, they found that it had been shortened to a length of four or five feet. But they were at a loss to conjecture the purpose for which such a stake had been fashioned. However, it seemed quite clear that the axe of the white man had been at work within a few hours ; and there was every reason to conclude that it was the bushrangers who had been there before them. But although they made a most diligent search for a considerable distance round the spot, they were for some time unable to discover any further trace of the enemy ; and it was not until they had proceeded more than half a mile from the fire that their perseverance was rewarded with success.

On looking forward in the direction of the opening, Trevor fancied he saw something gently agitated by the wind, like a piece of ribbon. It was not far from him ; and the moon having now risen high, there was a dim sort of light spread over the ground, sufficient for distinguishing the outlines of objects. He hastened to the spot, and found on a forked branch of dead wood projecting across the only path that was available at that point, a strip of a woman's dress. It seemed to have been torn off by accident, not design ; but, whether by accident or design, it served the purpose of pointing out to him the direction of the bushrangers. Taking into consideration that he had now proceeded some distance through the opening, and regarding the towering hills on either side, which forbade advance to the right or to the left, he now felt assured that the bushrangers had determined to get through the pass without delay ; for it was not to be supposed that they would stop in their flight in the only path that was open for their retreat through the tier, and thereby render themselves liable to be discovered by a pursuing enemy. That would be, as they say, "giving away a chance ;" an act of folly which Mark Brandon, by all accounts, was the last man in the world to be guilty of.

Encouraged, therefore, by this discovery, which showed that they were on the right scent, the spirits of the corporal were considerably raised, and those of the ensign proportionably excited ; and Trevor determined to endeavour to make his way through the opening, as on the other side the rays of the moon would assist them in their progress, and enable them perhaps to discover some other sign of the retreating bushrangers, or of their captive ; and the corporal leading the way, as the one most experienced in bush-travelling, and their hopes raised by the good luck of the discovery which they had already made, they pushed on as rapidly as the obscurity, the difficulty of the way, and the ascent which they had still to contend against, would allow.

As Trevor had youth and love to animate him, and the corporal

brought to the task the steady power of endurance possessed by an old soldier, neither of them would allow an expression of fretfulness or fatigue to escape him; but they kept on their way resolutely till they had descended the slope on the opposite side, and reached the level ground, when the corporal halted:—

"May I make so bold as to speak?"

"Speak on," said the ensign, "what is it?"

"It's this, your Honour. It strikes me that any one going up that hill which we have left behind us would feel a little bit tired."

"What then?"

"Why then, you see, after being tired at the top of the hill, they wouldn't stop there, especially if they were making a run of it, but they would bowl down hill like a spent cannon-ball, easy-like, till they came to the bottom."

"Good; and what then?"

"Why, when they came to the bottom, do you see, they would find themselves pretty well knocked up."

"Are you knocked up then, corporal?"

"That's just as your Honour pleases. But to my thinking, those fellows, as they have the young lady with them, must be knocked up some time, whether she walks or they carry her"

"You are right, corporal."

"And then, as they would want some handy hiding-place to pass the night in, they would naturally look out for some hollow or sheltered spot"

"You are quite right, corporal, and I was thinking so myself. And now we will do this; suppose yourself to be a bushranger"

"Certainly, your Honour, if your Honour wishes it," said the corporal, hesitatingly; "but I had rather not; it doesn't become"

"We will suppose ourselves to be bushrangers—both of us,"—continued the ensign

"If your Honour is pleased to be one—of course your Honour knows the rules of the service better than I do—it would not be proper for me to object"

"Well, then, suppose we were bushrangers, standing here, and looking out for a place of shelter to hide in for the night;—what spot within range should we fix on?"

"Are we to have a gal with us?" asked the corporal.

Trevor winced at this question, which the corporal asked in all innocence, and entirely with a view to make himself as much like the bushrangers as possible, in order that he might be in a better condition to reply seriatim to the question propounded by his officer.

"Observe that hollow to our right," said the ensign, "thick with trees"

"They look like mimosa trees," said the corporal.

"Does it not strike you that it is just the spot for the bushrangers to choose?"

"I can't say what the bushrangers would do, because I never have been a bushranger myself," replied the corporal; "but if I had a party under my command, and wanted a snug place to pass the night in, that's just the corner I should pitch on."

Trevor looked behind him, up the slope of the hill which he had descended, and then threw his eyes towards the hollow, and endeavoured to divine the route which the bushrangers would choose, if they had it in their minds to make that spot the place of their retreat; and he thought he could trace, by the light of the moon, a clear path which it was likely they would take under such circumstances. He pointed it out to the corporal, and directed him to observe the bearings as well as he could by the moonlight. Then placing himself in the stated direction, and desiring the corporal to keep a good look out for the enemy, while he concentrated his attention on the keeping of the "line," the two advanced steadily and warily into the hollow.

Trevor kept on till he reached a point which he judged was about the centre of the mimosa trees, when he espied an object which resembled neither tree nor shrub, and which he at first supposed was some hut built by the natives. He pointed it out to the corporal, whispering to him his suspicion. But that experienced person, in a similar whisper, informed the ensign that the natives never formed their break-winds of branches of trees, but always of slips of bark, which they contrived to strip from any trees convenient.

"It must be the bushrangers, then," said the ensign.

"That's what I think," returned the corporal, cautiously ramming down a cartridge.

"Follow me, silently," said Trevor.

Then, with their weapons in readiness, stepping with the greatest caution, and prepared for immediate conflict, but desirous of surprising their enemies, who they knew were resolute men; and lending their ears to the slightest sound that arose in the stillness of the night, they advanced silently to the bush-hut which had excited their suspicion.

The corporal forgot his fatigue and his appetite, in his hope of a "brush" with the bushrangers; and Trevor felt his heart beat with excitement so as almost to give audible sound, as he thought of Helen and her desperate position in the power of relentless ruffians.

Possessed with these characteristic feelings, they made their way, as they supposed, without giving any alarm, to the back of the hut of boughs, where Trevor listened for a few moments in breathless excitement.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NATIVES.

THE Major, in the mean time, was not a little surprised at Trevor's continued absence, and at the simultaneous disappearance of the corporal. He was desirous of consulting with him, as the commander of the military, in respect to their future proceedings; and it was in the most fretful state of suspense, therefore, that he looked out for his return. But when the evening wore away without any tidings of the young officer or his subaltern, the Major's embarrassment was changed to alarm, and his mind became troubled with all sorts of painful apprehensions.

This new cause of alarm coming on him in addition to his absorbing anxiety for the safety of his daughter Helen, whose probable fate in the hands of remorseless ruffians was too dreadful for the father to contemplate without the most violent agitation of grief and rage, was almost too much for him to bear, and totally upset for the time the usual equanimity which it was his pride and boast under all circumstances to preserve.

The mind of the Major was the more disturbed at Trevor's absence, as it was most important that no time should be lost in adopting measures for the recapture of Helen; and being at a loss to conjecture what had happened to his future son-in-law, or what had become of the corporal, he was unable to decide on his plan of action. In this state of perplexity he remained until the dark had set in; and then it was too late to move about in the bush without knowing the country, and without having any fixed point towards which to direct his steps. But the habits of the old soldier prompting him not to neglect any means of assisting his friends, or of discovering his enemies, he despatched scouts in various directions, with orders to proceed warily and to listen for the sound of voices; he directed them also to ascend any convenient eminence, and to look out for the appearance of a fire in the distance.

There was some moonlight, but not enough to be of much service; and the men being unacquainted with the country, and unaccustomed to the bush, were not able to penetrate far into the wilds beyond the cave; and they all returned with the same account, that they could neither see nor hear anything of their absent friends nor of the bushrangers. One of them reported, however, that at a particular spot, which he described as abounding in masses of irregular stones and rocks, he had heard noises that resembled the barking and whining of a dog. But this information afforded no assistance, as the Major was aware that there existed a sort of native dog on the island, of a species between that of a hyena and a jackall; and neither Trevor nor the bushrangers, he knew, had a dog with them.

Thus the night passed away very uneasily; for the party at the cave, seeing that Trevor and the corporal did not return, were led to fear that they had fallen into the hands of the bushrangers; and such a circumstance argued that the enemy was in greater force than the party of Mark Brandon only and his two associates. It was possible, therefore, that they themselves might be attacked; and the Major sent a message to his mate on board the brig to keep a sharp look out, while the party on shore kept watch diligently to guard against surprise.

The Major, however, knew too well the value of time to allow the hours of the night to elapse without making arrangements for starting at the earliest dawn of day in pursuit of his captive daughter. In this expedition he decided on taking with him the two soldiers who formed part of the detachment under the command of the ensign, and who, being aware of the Major's former rank in the army, though now no longer in the service, readily agreed to obey his orders, and were scarcely less eager to rescue their officer, who it was to be feared had been taken by the convicts, than the Major was to save his daughter.

He then summoned his trusty mate to the council; and in the first place he gave him written instructions, placing him in command of the vessel in his absence, "which," he said, "might be for some days, or longer." He enjoined him to be particularly cautious of the approach of strangers, whether in boats or on rafts, and to keep the brig as much as possible in the centre of the bay. He was at first inclined to send the brig up the Derwent to Hobart Town, in order to convey Louisa to a place of greater security than the vessel under the circumstances afforded; but, on further consideration, he thought, as he was not acquainted with any family at Hobart Town, that she would be better in the brig under the care of the trusty mate. Besides, it was desirable that the vessel should remain where it was, near at hand, not only as a place of retreat on an emergency, but for the purpose also of furnishing assistance and supplies, should the occasion demand them.

Neither did the Major neglect, in his arrangements, the captured and wounded convicts, whom Trevor had left under the charge of the constable at the creek beyond the hills; but as it would have been dangerous to leave the brig without the means of communicating with the shore, he was able to send only one of the boats for the removal of the wounded to the town. This boat he despatched at once, as the night was fair; and he wrote a letter by the conveyance to the authorities at Hobart Town, communicating the events which had taken place, and stating his fears that the ensign and the corporal had by some means been entrapped by Mark Brandon; and that it was his intention to set off at daybreak for the purpose of rescuing his daughter from the bushrangers, who had got possession of her, and of gaining intelligence of the ensign, who had disappeared so mysteriously.

Having settled all these matters in a business-like manner, as became an experienced officer, and having paid personal attention to all the details necessary for their convenient travel in the bush, the Major endeavoured to snatch a few minutes of repose; but, although he closed his eyes, he could not sleep. The image of his daughter in the hands of merciless ruffians was constantly present to his mind — sometimes, to his disturbed fancy, extending her hands to him for help in her extremity; and sometimes, preferring death to dishonour, in the agonies of a death inflicted by her own heroic hand.

The dawn of the morning, therefore, came to him as a friend, to cheer him with its light, and to brace him up with its cooling freshness for the coming fatigues of the day. He instantly summoned his companions, for in the wilds of the bush subordinate followers soon come to be viewed in that light, as joint-sharers in privations and dangers; and all having been prepared over-night for their departure, and having taken leave of Louisa, as soon as there was sufficient daylight to enable them to distinguish any track left by the bushrangers, they plunged into the intricacies of the pathless bush.

But the outset of his expedition was by no means propitious; and a less cool and determined character than the Major might have been daunted in encountering the dangers to which it seemed he was to be beset in the very beginning of his pursuit.

The unusual circumstance of the appearance of a vessel in that un-

frequented bay had excited the curiosity of a body of natives, who, unseen, and at a distance, near the sea shore to the westward, watched the manœuvres of the brig and the boats on the water. They were able to understand that there were two parties engaged, but their object was beyond the simple understandings of the natives to comprehend. However, as they had felt the mischievous effects of the interference of the white people with their hunting-grounds in other parts of the island, they were fully alive to the evil effects of the strangers taking possession of this district, and they regarded their proceedings therefore with the deepest interest.

When they observed that a party from the "big canoe" had landed and established themselves on the shore at the cave by the margin of the bay, they began to fear that it was the intention of the white people to take possession of this part of their country also, and to drive them towards the barren wastes of the western coast, where the kangaroo and the opossum were scarce, and where the sweet gum trees were seldom to be met with. It was with much alarm, therefore, that they regarded the overt act of aggression, as manifested by the Major and his sailors on the morning after their landing from the brig, when Mark Brandon, in pursuance of his schemes, had allowed them to go at liberty. They watched the white people closely; and they observed a small party, consisting of four men and one woman, depart from the cave and make their way into the interior. This they regarded as an exploring expedition for the purpose of surveying the country, and of examining into the condition of the game, and of the most favourable spots for building houses.

Now it is to be borne in mind, that the natives of Van Diemen's Land had been gradually expelled, by the immigration of the white people, from some of the most fertile spots on the island; that is to say, where the grass land was favourable to the increase of the kangaroo, and the peppermint trees to the opossum. These successive usurpations compelled the tribes of natives who were dispossessed of their hunting-grounds to fall back on the hunting-grounds of other tribes; and the disputes to which these collisions gave rise, were the cause of constant fights between the conflicting parties. The natives, therefore, regarded the white people as most unjust and cruel oppressors; and there was a mischief attendant on the encroachments of the Europeans in this country, greater than usually attends their usurpation of the lands of savage countries.

The native of Van Diemen's Land, the lowest in the scale of human beings, unlike the rudest of the most ignorant of other savages, had no fixed place of residence: he neither planted, nor sowed, nor built a dwelling. The country being destitute of indigenous fruits or roots on which man could subsist, his only resource for food were the few wild animals which the island afforded, and the gum of the trees similar to those from which the well-known gum-arabic is produced. To these aliments were added snakes, occasionally locusts, large caterpillars found in the resinous blue-gum tree, and a few other delicacies of a like nature; which, however, were considered rather in the light of a relish than as a substantial food. Their principal sustenance, therefore, being wild game, it was necessary for them to have a wide

range of country at their command, in order to afford them the means of subsistence ; and this led to the division of the country into different districts, in each of which a particular tribe reigned paramount, jealousy resisting the intrusion of neighbouring tribes ; which was in fact doing no more than defending the circuit of country from which they derived their means of living, from the invasion of parties who had no right to trespass on them.

It may be said that the necessity of traversing over a large space of country to procure subsistence, and the remarkable absence of anything like a permanent dwelling-house, had a reciprocal action on the habits of the native of Van Diemen's Land. Having no house, he had no home ; and he had no tie to bind him to a particular spot ; and having the habit of roaming over the country for food, he felt the less necessity for a fixed dwelling-place, and therefore was less solicitous about effecting one. Thus he has ever remained, so far as his history can be ascertained, the only being in the human form without a roof of some sort wherewith to shelter himself from the inclemencies of the weather.

It is to be observed also, in explanation of the peculiar habits of those aboriginals, that the country produces no wild seed similar to any grain, such as wheat, barley, or Indian corn : they have no bulbous root ; nothing like the yam, or the banana, or the bread fruit. Neither have they any fruit of any sort in the whole of Australia. This singular denial of Nature in these countries of the food necessary for the sustenance of man in the shape of grain, fruit, herbs, or vegetables, is of a piece with the other singularities of those primitive regions. There the trees are all evergreens, and shed not their leaves annually, but their bark ; almost all that grows there is, in some respects, different from all that grows in the rest of the known globe ; and all the animals, and even some of the fishes, possess an organic peculiarity of formation, in the false belly, or pouch, which is different from that of the animals in all other countries.

It is to be observed that the natives of Van Diemen's Land are now to be spoken of in the past tense, for none exist at present in the colony ; the remnants of the surviving tribes having been removed to an island, which they have to themselves, under the care of the government ; but these records of their customs and habits refer also to all the known existing tribes of the continental island of Australia still existing, but fast disappearing before the exterminating approaches of the white people.

The absence of any grain indigenous to the country, deprived the native of Van Diemen's Land of the opportunity of cultivating the arts of agriculture even in their rudest form ; for there was no material on which he could exercise his industry, or which could be the means of developing his ingenuity. Neither was there any animal which could be domesticated. The kangaroo is the only animal fit for food, so far as has yet been discovered, in all Australia ; and this creature is peculiarly unfitted for domestication ; and all the arts of the settlers in the various Australian colonies have failed to do more than tame it to a certain degree ; and in that semi-domesticated state it seldom lives long ; for such is the fondness of this strange and uncouth animal

for liberty, or such is its necessity, that it soon pines away and dies when deprived of its free range of forest pasture.

Thus the native of Van Diemen's Land was compelled by necessity to be what he was, and what he is in other parts of Australia, a mere wandering savage, without a home, and without those arts, contrivances, and tendency to intellectual development and progress, which the possession and the love of a home engender. It is remarkable also, that the native of Van Diemen's Land had not arrived even at that degree of human progress which consists of feeling the necessity of some sort of clothing, for decency's sake, or even for the purpose of warmth in the cold season of the year, which in that latitude is sometimes, in the early morning, very severe.

Thus they were mere savages, having only one thought, that of obtaining the day's subsistence, for they never provided for the morrow; and of preserving for their own use — that is, each tribe its own district — the extent of country which formed their hunting-ground. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they regarded the white people, from the first, with suspicion and distrust; and that having been already driven from the lands of which they had from time immemorial retained possession, they were exceedingly jealous of the intrusion of strangers on the portions which remained to them; and that they were ready to resist such aggressions by all the means in their power.

It was with such dispositions that the body of natives already referred to in this narrative, regarded the landing and the proceedings of the Major and his sailors; and it was from the circumstance of his companions being divided, first into the party of five, under Mark Brandon,—then into the party of two, being that of the ensign and the corporal,—and afterwards into the party of three, consisting of the Major and the two soldiers,—that they conceived the project of cutting them off in detail, and of so destroying the enemies whom they supposed had come to deprive them forcibly of their own country. And the natives of this particular tribe were the more exasperated and savage in their feelings, as they had been successively driven from district to district, first by the white people, and then by their fellows, until they had been forced to content themselves with a part of the territory abutting on the sea-coast, and which from its sterile character was scarcely sufficient with their utmost diligence, to afford them the means of supporting life.

It was a few prying scouts of this tribe of angry and revengeful natives, the main body consisting of about forty individuals, men, women, and children, who now watched the motions of the Major and his two companions, as they departed from the camp, the rest of his sailors having returned to the brig, which was shortly afterwards anchored in the middle of the bay. The Major himself, when he had proceeded about two miles from the cave, first caught sight of a moving body, entirely black and naked, which he immediately guessed to be a native. His curiosity to see these original possessors of the soil of which he had come to take his share by right of immigration, was so great, that he was rather pleased at the circumstance than otherwise, as he was well armed and accompanied by two men used

to discipline and to the management of their weapons; and he had no fear for Louisa's safety, who, being on board the brig, and under the care of the vigilant mate, he considered to be in a perfect state of security. He pointed out the object to his men; but before they could catch sight of it, the native had disappeared. The Major expressed his desire to endeavour to come to some parley with the savage; but he found his men by no means of the same inclination; and they were full of stories relating to the treacherous and ferocious character of the natives, of whom, soldiers as they were, they seemed to be possessed with a sort of superstitious dread. The Major made light of their representations; but before the end of his campaign he had abundance of opportunity of arriving at a better knowledge of the aborigines whose acquaintance he was so anxious to cultivate.

The further description, however, of the Major's dealings with the savages must form the subject of another chapter, as the course of the narrative demands our attention to the adventures of the lover in pursuit of the more savage captors of his mistress.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A TOKEN.

TREVOR stood for some time in a crouching attitude behind the hut of boughs, his mind tortured by the most horrible fears for the fate of Helen. He stood; and he listened; and he held his breath; but he could hear no sound. Presently he protruded his head cautiously round the hut; but he could see nothing. The clear moonlight shone on a small open space in the front of the hut, but an universal silence prevailed; and the moon seemed to shed her unimpassioned beams on a cold and silent solitude. •

Astonished at this stillness, he touched the corporal on the arm, as an intimation to follow him; and retiring backwards among the bushy mimosa trees, he made a circuit to the right, under the concealment of their shadows, till he came in front of the hut. Still there was no sign of living thing; but he saw between him and the hut a dark mass lying on the ground, which excited his attention. There were no dead trees encumbering the park-like space where he was standing, and the dark mass looked strange in that place, and incongruous with its general appearance. He directed the corporal to move forward and examine it.

The corporal made the usual salute, and obeyed with military promptitude; not neglecting to look about him, however, as he advanced from the protective shade of the trees to the open piece of grass. But he had no sooner reached the object which had excited his officer's suspicion, than he stopped suddenly, and cocking his musket, which he directed towards the object, stood in an attitude prepared to fire or charge. In this position he continued to advance by short steps nearer and nearer, until he was close to the object, when he disengaged his right arm from his firelock and beckoned to the ensign to join him.

His officer was quickly at his side; and then he saw that the mass was a man lying with his face to the ground, and apparently asleep. The corporal made signs that they should pounce upon the man and bind him, to which Trevor assented by a nod. Laying his musket, therefore, softly on the grass, the corporal sprung at the supposed sleeping man, and seizing his two arms, wrenched them behind his back, at the same time putting his knee on his body to keep him down; but the man made no resistance, and gave no sign of being aroused from his slumbers, and it struck the corporal that his hands were particularly cold. He turned him over on his back, and then the aspect of that fixed cold face, and those half-opened eyes, on which the rays of the moon shed their faint light, revealed at once that the man was dead.

"He is dead," said the corporal, in a low voice.

"Are you sure?" said the ensign, holding his piece prepared, and looking around him with an uneasy glance; for he was well aware, that as they stood exposed in that open space, they were an easy mark for an enemy lurking behind the trees.

"Dead!"—repeated the corporal;—"there is no doubt of that. I have seen death too often to mistake it. Now, who is this? One of the bushrangers?"

"Let us examine the hut," said Trevor; "it is possible that our enemies are there."

Saying this, and impressed with an idea that he should either find Helen within it, or some trace of her having occupied it, he proceeded to the front, accompanied by the corporal; and while Trevor, in his eagerness, pulled down the leafy branches which obstructed his view, the corporal stood ready to defend his officer from any sudden attack. But a very brief survey convinced Trevor that the hut was empty. He nevertheless proceeded to examine it thoroughly; and he presently discovered the other glove of Helen, and the fellow one to that which he already had in his possession.

This token he in a moment comprehended was intended to convey to him that the poor girl, although still in the power of the bushrangers, had not met with any violent treatment at their hands; although the dead body of the man on the grass seemed to signify that there had been a quarrel among them, very likely for the possession of their victim. But the finding of the glove was on the whole satisfactory, as it assured him of the existence of Helen; and he felt within him a strong conviction that the heroic girl would not be dishonoured and alive.

As he gazed on the token, agitated with these thoughts, he opened the glove, that he might kiss the inanimate substance which had been in contact with her hand, when he perceived, he thought, something unusual within. Turning the inside to the light of the moon, he saw written in dark thin red lines the letter "N," and the word "West." He fancied that the thin red lines were not quite dry.

The corporal, seeing that his officer was agitated with some strong emotion, asked eagerly:—

"If he had learned any news of the young lady?"

The ensign showed to him the writing on the glove, which was of leather, and of a light colour.

"That's blood!" said the corporal, at once, and without ceremony. "And this, I presume, sir, is the other glove belonging to the young lady; and the poor thing has written this with the only ink she could get — with her own blood — to assist us in our search after her. Well — she has a spirit has that girl! I'll be bound she would snap off a firelock like a regular!"

"Her blood!" repeated Trevor, shuddering; "this is her blood! This is her love-token, addressed to me! My God! what will be the end of this fearful tragedy! Yes, Helen, I understand it! You will shed your own blood rather than yield yourself to the commands of those merciless villains! If they have no mercy on their own comrades, they will have none on you, poor girl! But, thank God, I am so far on their track; and at any rate I have only two to contend against, for their own passions have doubtless slain the third, who lies here food for the eagles and the jackals! It's a pity, though, that the gallows has been robbed of its legitimate prey." The corporal, who had not the slightest idea of Miss Horton and his officer having been previously acquainted, was utterly at a loss to imagine the reason for the ensign indulging in this lover-like rhapsody; but being aware of the exposure of their position, he thought himself warranted, as he was more than three times the age of his officer, to recall his attention to actual circumstances. Performing the usual salute, therefore, with his hand to his cap, he ventured to say:

"Your Honour is a pretty mark for any rascal wanting to have a shot at you; what shall we do with this dead body? — I suppose your Honour has no objection to my examining him to see what he has got about him?"

"Do so: it may give us some information."

Having this permission, the corporal, who had not the slightest fastidiousness about the body being dead or alive, immediately proceeded to turn it about and to examine it for effects. Wrapped round the body he found a stout handkerchief, in which was enclosed a quantity of dollars.

The corporal was by no means of a greedy disposition: — but dollars were dollars; and some vague ideas of their being legitimate plunder — for he looked on the dead convict in the light of an enemy killed by the chances of war — involuntarily took possession of his mind. He regarded the silver affectionately; weighed some of them in his hand; and, looking up to the ensign with a dubious air, inquired: —

"What shall I do with these?"

"If you like to take the trouble of carrying them, you may keep them for yourself."

"Trouble! your Honour; no trouble at all: they are as light as a feather," said the corporal, tying them with alacrity round his own waist. "But how did this rascal come by them, I wonder?" — a scruple of conscience suddenly seizing on the old soldier.

"I have no doubt," replied the ensign, "that they are part of those stolen from the Major."

"Then they belong to the Major," said the corporal with a disappointed air; "and in that case they can't be considered fair plunder;

and they are heavy as lead. I don't think they will make me walk lighter in the bush ; and so, with your leave, your Honour," continued the corporal, untying the handkerchief from his waist, with a deep sigh, "I will plant them where somebody may find them again, and see whether this rogue has anything else that might be useful."

Nothing more was to be found, except about half a pound of tobacco and a short wooden pipe, which the corporal took possession of without the slightest hesitation.

"This is a something," he said, when he had concluded his search, and had offered the tobacco and the pipe to the ensign, who desired him to keep them ; — but I wish the rascal had carried some prog with him. Shall I bury this chap, or leave him where he is ? He would lie more comfortable if he had a sod over him ; and though no doubt he was a big rascal, your Honour, he is dead now, and that makes an end of all."

"You are quite right, my good fellow," returned the ensign, who was as much pleased with his subaltern's right-feeling as he was amused occasionally by his absurdities ; "but without tools we should have a difficulty in making a grave for him ; — besides we have other things to think of. It is clear to me that the bushrangers have made off from this place ; but as it is impossible for them to travel rapidly in the night, I am inclined to think they cannot be many miles distant ; and we have the clue to their course ; it is to the north-west. We must make out as well as we can which way that is, and try to come up with them before the morning."

"Will your Honour look at your watch and see what the time is ?"

The ensign found that his watch had stopped, from not having been wound up. He uttered some pettish expressions at his own forgetfulness.

"Sure it's only counting from the time your Honour's watch stopped," said the corporal, "and that will give us the true time exactly ? . . ."

But Trevor, albeit that he admired the extraordinary confusion of ideas which had suggested to his subaltern so novel a mode of ascertaining the hour, had recourse to other means for satisfying his mind on that important point ; and regarding the aspect of the heavens, he judged that the night was near its close. But the corporal formed his opinion from less scientific data.

"The morning can't be far off," he said, "for the cold is always greatest just before sun-rise, and it nips my fingers just now so that I can hardly handle my fire-lock ; and I fancy I see a difference in the light yonder."

"Now," said the ensign, "we have rested ourselves long enough. Let us make another effort, and endeavour to surprise these rascals before the morning breaks."

"I am ready, your Honour, to go to the end of the island, if it is your Honour's pleasure. I will just throw these loose boughs over the body, with your Honour's leave, so that I may feel that I have done as I would be done by. No knowing whose turn it may be next," he added, as he cast some branches over the body — "there, my man, that's all we can do for you, and be thankful for that. You have

been a bad one in your time, I reckon: however, it's all over now; so better luck to you in another world."

With this valedictory address, the corporal joined his officer, who was waiting for him at a few paces' distance with a little impatience. The two then proceeded onwards at a brisk pace.

But Trevor soon found that to make progress in the bush at night, without any prominent point for direction, was a more difficult task than he had anticipated. He had made his way through the opening pretty well, but then he had the two sides of the hills to keep him right. Now that he was on level ground, amidst trees which prevented his view, and obliged to turn aside frequently to avoid the obstructions in his way, he found that to make progress in the right direction under such circumstance was an impossible task. Besides, after about an hour's toil, the moon's light failed him, and they were left in almost complete darkness. Fearing therefore that he might be wandering from the very point which he desired to pursue, and that their attempt in the dark was only so much labour lost, he came to a halt, and, wearied out with his night's march, threw himself on the grass.

The corporal gladly followed his example; and for some time neither spoke, Trevor being occupied with the most anxious fears for the safety of Helen, and the corporal being engaged in an abstruse mental problem as to how the victualling department was to be carried on. This interesting question, which always occupies so much of a soldier's thoughts on active service, was the more pressing on the present occasion, as the corporal, from long habits of observation, and from certain admonitions of the inward man, became aware that it was a practical one, the solution of which could by no means be indefinitely postponed. And indeed Trevor, lover and enthusiast as he was, began to feel those symptoms of incipient craving for food which reminded him, that although mental resolution may do much in supporting fatigue, it is necessary to support the corporeal faculties by something more solid than such ethereal aliment. It was with heartfelt sympathy, therefore, that he responded to an involuntary ejaculation which, in a moment of uncontrollable emotion at the idea of a beefsteak, escaped from the corporal, who had fallen into a dozing reverie:—

"By the powers, wouldn't I give one of those dollars for a mouthful? We must look out for some game. — A cockatoo or a parrot would be better than nothing," continued the corporal, becoming more excited.

"This bush travelling," said the ensign, "is no easy matter. I wish we had a compass with us; we shall get puzzled in the bush, I fear, without some guide to direct us."

"Your Honour never was out on a bush campaign before?"

"Never: I have always had rather an inclination to explore the country, but I fear we are not well provided."

"Ah! it's all very well to explore a country where there are plenty of farm-houses, and villages with inns and public-houses handy; but exploring in this country, your Honour, is quite a different thing. It's all a waste, and there is nothing to be got but what you bring down with powder and shot; and that's a sad waste of ammunition when

you have natives and savages to provide against. But will your Honour allow me to ask if it is your intention to seek for these bushrangers all over the island? It's hard to find a man in the bush when he is determined to hide himself!"

"I will not stop till I have rescued the young lady," replied Trevor with determination. "But we must hope that we shall come upon their track as soon as we have daylight to help us; and four persons cannot move about even in the bush without leaving some marks of their steps behind them."

"If we only had one of the natives to help us!" said the corporal. "It's wonderful to see how those black fellows can track in the bush, where a white man can see nothing!"

"We must hope that we shall have no occasion for that," replied the ensign. "I am strongly of opinion that these rascals are not far off. And see — the daylight is coming. Do you observe the faint glow in the sky yonder? That is the east; now we have a guide to the north-west. It was lucky that we stopped where we did. We were going quite out of our way.—Now to find the track."

"If your Honour would allow me to give my advice," said the corporal, "it would be to find our way back to the place that we started from; I mean where the dead man lies by the hut of boughs. There we shall find the track, if there is any track to be found; and when we are once on it, we can keep it. But if we go towards the north-west from the spot where we are, we may travel on all our lives and never come up with the enemy; for you see, sir, we may be going to the north-west, and the enemy too, and yet we may never hit on them, because we are marching side by side all the time."

"In parallel lines," said the ensign: "I understand."

"The best line," continued the corporal, "is to be in the same line as they are, and then we may stand a chance to come up to them, which we might never do by the lines that your Honour speaks of."

The ensign thought that his subaltern's advice was good; and as the light of the morning was now increased sufficiently to enable them to look about them, he lost no time in regaining the spot from which they had wandered. The corporal was not a little delighted, on casting his eyes around him, to observe on the ground on which the unfortunate Jeremiah had been temporarily located the night before, a something which his foraging eye quickly detected to be, as he emphatically pronounced it, "prog:" and although it was in the form of two humble ship's biscuits, a supply of which formed part of Jerry's load, it was a prize under the circumstances of which both he and the ensign eagerly availed themselves. To add to their present good fortune, the corporal in a few minutes was able to make out clearly the point from which the bushrangers had started when they left the place; which was in a different direction from that adopted by Trevor.

Animated by the feeling of certainty of direction, which has such an astonishing effect on the spirits in the bush, — while the contrary fear produces an oppression of the mind, and a confusion of ideas, against which it is most difficult for the strongest mind to struggle; — and refreshed by the modicum of food which they had found so opportunely, the corporal led the way, keeping his eye steadily fixed on

the track, which was here and there visible ; while the ensign followed at a short distance in his rear, with his attention directed to the general aspect of the country, and eagerly listening for the slightest sound which might betray the vicinity of the enemy.

In this way they proceeded rapidly for some miles without meeting with anything in their course, until they reached the borders of a wide and sterile-looking plain, entirely bare of trees, which stretched out to the base of a high hill beyond. They looked to the right and to the left, but they could see nothing. The track, however, evidently pointed to the opposite hill ; and the corporal and his officer, girding up their loins, prepared to traverse the dreary expanse, well aware that in their passage they would form conspicuous moving objects to the view of any one on the eminence beyond ; and that, if the bush-rangers were not too far advanced to catch sight of them, they would become aware of pursuers being on their track.

"It can't be helped," said the corporal : "that cunning rascal, Mark Brandon, seems to have chosen this way on purpose that he might have the opportunity of seeing what was behind him. I'll be bound he is on the hill yonder, watching us all the time. If we were standing on that height we should be able to see ourselves on this bare place as plain as can be !"

"Let us make haste then," said Trevor ; "that hill cannot be more than a mile off. We may come up with him yet."

"Distances deceive in the bush," quietly replied the corporal. "But I will not fail, your Honour, depend on it, now or any time. But that Mark Brandon is not easily to be outwitted. We must be cautious not to lose the track. I must ask your Honour to keep at a little distance behind ; for nothing distracts more than two going abreast. If your Honour will try to keep a straight line to the hill yonder, while I look for the tracks, we shall have the better chance between us of keeping the line, so as not to lose time ; and time is everything now."

"Stop," exclaimed the ensign ; "stand still : there they are ! but we were going wrong. Look there — to the right. Now, by George ! we have them in sight, and it's a fair run for it."

"Where?" said the corporal, looking round, and handling his firelock.

"There ! — to the right. Run your eyes along the ground in the direction of my fowling-piece."

"I see !" said the corporal ; "but"

"How many of them do you see ? I fancy I can see only two."

"There are only two," said the corporal, with his eyes attentively fixed on the object ; — "but I thought so — they are moving now."

"Which way?"

"It matters little to us," replied the corporal, grounding his firelock, "which way they are moving ; but I should like to get within shot ; for it is said that their fat is the best thing in the world to heal wounds."

"Their fat ! whose fat?"

"Emu fat, your Honour. Those are two emus that you see yonder. They deceive one at first, in the distance ; but when they begin to

move, their long legs tell what they are. They say a plume of emu's feathers is worth something in England. I don't know whether they are good eating; though I have heard, I think, that their flesh is something like beef. At any rate, broiled emu would be better than nothing, just now."

"We must not think of eating or drinking till we have come up with the bushrangers. But if you could near one of them, and could knock him down with the butt end of your musket without losing any time, I see no objection to that."

"Get near them! your Honour: why, they are the shyest birds in nature, and it's a hard matter to run them down on horseback. And they always take to the mountains when they are pursued. It's of no use thinking of them; so now for another march across this plain. There's one good thing about it — there's no dead timber, and no big loose stones lying about, that worry one so in many places. We must keep a sharp look-out, your Honour, when we near the foot of the hill, for it will be easy for those blackguards, if they are there, to pick us off as we are coming up. The sooner we are over this plain the better."

"Go on, then," said Trevor, "and put your best leg foremost, corporal, for something tells me that before long we shall come up with the rascals."

"If we do come up with them," said the corporal, handling his musket viciously, "it shall be a bad day for them or for me! They shan't say that I have had this march for nothing."

After this professional exclamation the corporal kept silence, being busily engaged in following the track; and the two wayfarers continued their march over the plain at a pace which showed that, notwithstanding their previous fatigue and scanty refreshment, neither their courage nor their strength, flagged in their spirited enterprise.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRECIPICE.

THE corporal guessed right when he conjectured that Mark Brandon was on the look out on the high hill in the distance; but he was far from divining the ulterior object of the wily bushranger in taking a route which he had chosen for the purpose of better baffling his pursuers.

When he had committed that decisive act, the night before, and with his fowling-piece presented at his remaining associate, with his finger on the trigger of the second barrel, had offered him, in a tone determined but conciliatory, "peace or war," the fellow-ruffian, taken by surprise, and without the possibility of effectual resistance, could do nothing but submit. Mark, however, modulated the tones of his voice so as to convey his own desire for peace; and as it was in his power, by a slight motion of his finger, to render it a matter of indifference which way he was answered, his comrade could not but consider that he was in some degree beholden to him for the life which it was in Brandon's power to take without parley on the instant.

Besides, the coarse and brutal Grough, who had nothing but his animal strength to rely on, was by no means inclined to quarrel with one on whose wit and contrivance he depended for escape from the colony. It was with undisguised satisfaction, therefore, that he received this earnest of his comrade's especial good will towards him in particular; and he expressed his acquiescence in Brandon's little arrangement in respect to the defunct Swindell with characteristic disregard, as to there being one more or less in the world, so long as the latter part of the hypothesis did not regard himself.

"D——n the fool," he said, "it was no more than he deserved; what was the use of quarrelling, when they ought to hang together, and stand by one another; and as to the gal, he was ready, he said, if Mark would only say the word, to cut her windpipe, and have done with her, for she was only an encumbrance in the bush; and that would be the best way of settling the matter; for he had always remarked, he emphatically averred, that wherever there was a woman there was sure to be mischief; and especially where there was only one among three, which was always certain to give rise to words, even among the best friends; and so that the shortest way was to get rid of her;" and saying this, he made a step or two towards the hut, looking at Brandon, and with the same sort of air as a man would have about to kill a sheep.

But Mark, with a confidential wink, took him aside, and in a whisper explained to him that it was important that Helen's life should be spared, in order that she might be made use of as a hostage to be played off in their operations against the Major. He said that fathers sometimes had the most extraordinary affection for their daughters; and that no doubt, in the present case, the Major would offer them a large sum to restore the girl; but that his intention was to insist on his placing a boat at their disposal, well provided and stored, in which they could make their escape, as the condition for the restoration of his daughter.

To this project, which struck him as a remarkably clever one, and altogether worthy of the reputation of Mark, as being up to more dodges than any government-man in the colony, Grough at once assented, with enthusiastic expressions of approbation. But he thought, he said, and this opinion he expressed aloud, in order that the party concerned might have the full comfort of its suggestion, "that there was no use at all in keeping 'that fat little man,' meaning Jeremiah, any longer, for he only ate their grub, and tired them to look after; and that a stick with his knife—for it was a pity to waste powder and shot in the bush—would put an end to that trouble, in a way," as he expressed it, "comfortable to the gentleman and to themselves."

To this, Mark said he had no objection, and that his comrade might gratify himself in that trifling matter according to his own fancy; but he recommended him to postpone the pleasure until the gentleman had done his work, and had carried the stores with which he was laden to the place of their concealment.

The unhappy Jeremiah, who, although bound and gagged, was not deaf, and who had the satisfaction of overhearing the amiable conversation of the two bushrangers concerning himself, expressed his

personal disinclination to the arrangement by deep deprecatory groans, and by various convulsive rollings and tumblings on the grass, expressive of the emotions to which he was unable to give vent in language, and which the facetious Grough, softened by his conference with Brandon, goodhumouredly checked by a little knock on Jerry's head with the butt-end of his musket, bidding him "be quiet, and thank his stars that he had gentlemen to deal with, and not to frighten the kangaroos with his noises."

But Helen's mind was strangely disturbed with the recent catastrophe, and by the words uttered by Mark Brandon at the close of the altercation with the murdered Swindell, which more strongly than ever confirmed her in the opinion that she possessed a power over the bushranger, which she might be able to use to the advantage of herself and her helpless companion in distress. It seemed clear to her that Brandon, in order to save her from the violence of the ruffian whom he had slain, had not scrupled to add murder to his other crimes in her defence, and for her sake! And this desperate act she considered could not but argue that Brandon's—what should she call it?—"desire to stand favourably in her opinion" had led him to sacrifice one of his comrades; thereby reducing his strength, and lessening his chances of success against the attack of his pursuers, who she had no doubt were on their track. It was also breaking faith with his comrades, rendering himself, as she hoped, suspected by the other, and liable to suffer by the same treachery which he had practised. — Still it was clearly in her defence that he had exposed himself to these risks—as she flattered herself; and she beguiled herself with the hope that, having this clue to the bushranger's motives, and this hold, as she thought, on his actions, she should be able to turn him to her own purposes, and persuade him to set her free. She also set her wits to work to engage him to set free Mr. Silliman, with whose aid she trusted she could not only offer more effectual resistance to violence, if violence should be offered, but perhaps even be enabled to overpower the two bushrangers at some unguarded moment, and so escape!

Such were the rapid thoughts which passed through her mind, as Mark approached her, after his brief conference with his unskilled but sturdy comrade.

Before Mark addressed her, he waited to hear her speak, in order that he might judge, either by the words that fell from her, or the tone in which they were uttered, of the mind and temper of the speaker. But in this expectation he was disappointed. Helen waited for him to begin. He was obliged, therefore, to say something; but he commenced with what lawyers call a "fishing" observation:

"This is a rough deed for a lady to witness, Miss Horton."

Helen, having in her mind her own plans, made answer with as much composure as she could assume.

"It is a dreadful deed!—But at least I have to thank you for preventing the insult which that wretch contemplated."

"All right," said Brandon to himself. Then, as if penetrated with the extent of the risk which he had run for her sake, he continued:

"It was a dreadful deed, Miss Horton, and a desperate one; but

there was no other way of saving you. — Had I been thinking of myself more than others," he added, "I should not have given my enemies the opportunity of adding that which might be construed into the crime of murder to the other excesses of which necessity has made me guilty. Might I hope that Miss Horton would bear favourable testimony to my motives, should this act be at any time brought against me?"

"It is of little use to talk to me of my testimony, while I am a prisoner in your power, with my hands bound thus," said Helen, making an impatient movement with her arms.

"I am now able to fulfil my promise, and to release them," said Mark, cutting the cords with his knife; "and I sincerely wish, Miss Horton, it was in my power to release you entirely, as easily as I now cut your painful bonds — not less painful for me to witness than for you to bear."

"But what prevents you?" said Helen, hope glowing in her heart, and already contemplating flight; "you would be sure of the gratitude of my father and of myself; and if any intercession with the Government, on his part, could avail in obtaining your pardon — I am sure it would be strenuously exercised in return for your protection of me." She used the word "protection" designedly, with the hope that it would stir up and aliment the desire which she felt the bushranger had, to be well thought of by her. But she was over-matched in her feminine cunning on this point by the masculine duplicity of her antagonist.

It was Brandon's object to carry her far into the interior, to some spot where he should be secure from pursuit; and under such circumstances, he had little doubt but he should be able to master her to his wishes: but he was well aware that, without her own consent, it would be impossible to force her much further forward, as the labour and the delay of carrying her on a litter through the bush would allow time for any pursuers on his track to come up with them. It was necessary therefore that she should be deluded into accompanying them; and with this view he thought he could not do better than deceive her by the same tale with which he had cajoled the brute Grough, which indeed was a plausible one enough, and adapted to the enticing of her to accompany him in his progress onwards without opposition. For he could not disguise from himself, that with a girl of Helen's turn of mind, high spirited, as she was, any suspicion of his own ulterior designs might tempt her to resist on the spot, and to sacrifice her own life, rather than allow herself to be removed to a greater distance from the chance of succour.

He told her the same tale, therefore, which he had invented for his undiscerning comrade, not without some remote and vague idea of carrying it at some future time into effect, after he had accomplished his other purposes. And this plan seemed the more sincere to Helen, as it squared with the known desire of Brandon to escape from the island; and in the innocence of her mind she was far from having any idea of the extent of duplicity and villainy of which such a man was capable. But with a view of testing his sincerity still further, and with the design to furnish help for her own escape, as

well as that of her companion in misfortune, she proposed to the bushranger to unbind Mr. Silliman's hands, and to release him from the gag in his mouth.

To this also Brandon assented, as he had already determined to do so in order to enable Jerry to travel with his load the faster; although he took care to pretend that it was entirely in deference to Miss Horton's wishes that he consented to make the concession.

"It is necessary, now," said Mark, "that we should seek for some place of securer retreat than this, from which we can treat with safety with your father; and if, as you assure me, there is no doubt of his complying with my conditions, your captivity will not be long. And, indeed, I begin to be ashamed that it has taken place at all; but if Miss Horton will condescend to reflect on the condition of my wretched bondage in this country, innocent as I am of all crime, except such as I have committed with her own knowledge,—if it can be considered a crime for a man unjustly condemned to endeavour to recover his liberty,—she will allow some excuse, perhaps, for the offence which I have involuntarily committed against herself, and of which necessity alone has been the unhappy cause."

"What will happen," asked Helen, "if I determine to remain here?"

"My comrade Grough, I fear, and indeed I have no doubt, would force you to go forward, by means which you could not resist—unless," he said, "you would have me add another death to this night's account."

Hellen shuddered at this suggestion of further slaughter: besides, she trusted that she should have more opportunities of escape in motion than in resting where she was, and especially with a friend devoted to her interests and liberty in the person of Mr. Silliman; and seeing that it would be vain to desist, and that her best course was to feign an indifference as to her being taken further which she did not feel, she signified her consent, asking only for a few minutes' longer repose, in order the better to recruit her strength by travel. This interval she employed in tracing with her blood, by means of a pin, those words on the glove which was fortunately discovered by Trevor.

The previous talk of the two men who had borne her for some miles on the way before they reached the scene of these transactions, had made her acquainted with the intention of the bushranger to retreat north-west into the interior, a part of the country with which the settlers were entirely unacquainted. She would not divest her mind of the conviction that her friends, when they discovered her abduction, would take immediate measures to follow to her rescue; and it was this hope that enabled her to support herself, and to preserve the equilibrium of her mind, under circumstances so trying and fearful to a young and delicate girl, on whom harm or insult had never before fallen.

In the mean time Brandon talked with Grough, taking care to instil into him the vital importance of preventing the girl's escape, and of the necessity of taking her along with them unharmed; and, as he endeavoured to make the insensible brute understand, without insult, in order to insure the compliance of her father with the conditions of her release; at the same time impressing on him the necessity of his

so comporting himself, without proceeding to actual violence, as to strike a terror into the girl, in order to urge her forward as fast as possible, and to intimidate her from attempting to escape.

With all these instructions the obedient Grough expressed his utmost willingness to comply, being not only congenial with his own tastes and habits, but necessary for the success of the ultimate design of Mark, which Grough felicitated himself on seeing through with an acuteness which almost equalled Mark's own prolific invention in plots and stratagems. In good humour, therefore, with himself and the state of their affairs, he gave Helen to understand that the musket, which he carried was loaded with two balls, which it was his intention, he said, instantly to discharge through her head if she did not immediately "stir her stumps" and give no trouble.

Mark Brandon, in the mean time, having released Jeremiah from his fetters, and having intimated to him, though in more polite terms, his own determination to the same effect, that humiliated gentleman, somewhat reanimated by the release of his hands and mouth, reloaded himself with his burdens with a most pains-taking alacrity, and stood ready, as submissive as the beast of burden to which Grough compared him.

As they were about to start, Grough hailed Brandon :

"I say, Mark, where are the dollars which that fool Swindell had with him? Why, we are almost as big fools as he to go away without 'em."

"No, no!" said Mark, who, as he used to boast, never "gave away a chance." "If we take his dollars, it will be said that we killed him to rob him. Now I call this young lady and this worthy gentleman to witness that he met with his death by his own fault, in attempting a most atrocious violence; and, in short, that he was killed in self-defence."

"Well," said Grough, "just as you like. No matter how he was killed, to my mind: he is dead, sure enough. But I must do you the justice to say, Mark, that a cleaner shot I never saw! Why he died, as one may see, all in a hurry, without having time to say good-bye to any one! More fool he for tempting it!"

With this valedictory epigraph on his deceased companion, the ruffian gave a hint with the end of his musket to his prisoner to move on; and the bushranger gently propelling Jerry with a similar intimation, the party resumed their flight into the bush.

Their progress, at night, was unavoidably slow; and Brandon was careful not to hurry Helen too fast, as he wished to reserve her strength until the daylight when it would be more available, and when he should be able by a survey of the country to choose the course that seemed best for penetrating into that part of the interior. He did not care much for the delay; as he knew very well that the advance of a pursuing party, if there was any party on their track, which he had little fear of, must inevitably be slower than his own, inasmuch as they would be obliged to walk more leisurely, in order to preserve the track, should they chance to find it, and to pause also occasionally to recover it when lost.

After he had proceeded a few miles, therefore, he halted, and waited

for the dawn of day, to continue their flight. In this also he had the advantage of pursuers; for the faint light which is sufficient to allow a party to run away, is not enough for those who pursue; as it is necessary for the latter to be able to see, not only the general face of the country, but the particular marks of the passage of those whom they are following.

But Mark Brandon was not at all uneasy on that point. He was well acquainted with the difficulty of tracking travellers in the bush, in dry weather especially; and he had no suspicion of the clue which the ready-witted Helen had the ingenuity to devise for directing the course of her friends in pursuit. In this the bushranger, with all his cunning, failed to be a match for a feeble girl, who, relying on the promptitude of her father and her lover, was able to bear her present fate with a firmness which deceived the bushranger, and which he ascribed to a sort of indifference on her part, which sometimes pleased and sometimes puzzled him; but which was, in fact, owing to her strong reliance on her own courage and her own resources, and the speedy succour which she expected from those who she was sure would sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to save her.

As soon, therefore, as the first dawn of day spread sufficient light over the ground to enable them to pick their steps, the bushranger announced that it was necessary that they should proceed; and Helen, trusting that some lucky chance, now that her hands were free, would enable her to effect her escape, and desirous of blinding her persecutors by the semblance of a ready acquiescence in their commands, at once obeyed. As to poor Jeremiah, he had nothing to do but to comply at once with the hint of the brutal Grough, who, poking him up with his musket, signified to him that it was time for him to rise from the grass and take up his load again. As to any resistance on his part, the horrible sight of the ruffian's loaded musket, and the vividness of Jerry's fears, which made him fancy that he could actually see the cartridge with the ball at the top of it, ready to be shot out at the bottom of the barrel, put any such attempt entirely out of the question! But as he stole a doleful glance at Helen, whom Brandon sedulously kept at some distance from him, she gave him a look which seemed to imply that she was not without hope in the midst of their difficulties. In what that hope consisted he did not know; but there was a something in Helen's eye which indicated resolution and a sort of triumph, and which so elated him in his misery, that, in the exuberance of his sudden joy, he gave a sort of caper, much to the astonishment of Grough, who declared, that as the man was so fresh, he could carry a little more, and immediately added to Jerry's load his own knapsack, which, from the fear of overloading their package-horse, he had hitherto carried on his own shoulders. Thus admonished to conceal in future any outward exhibition of his feelings, the luckless Jerry trudged sadly forward, preceded by Grough and Helen, and followed by Brandon, who from time to time incited him to move on faster by well-timed hints of his comrade's unscrupulous ferocity, and now and then throwing a little encouragement into his words, by protesting that the term of Jerry's labours was fast approaching, and that then he would have nothing to do but to enjoy himself and study the botany of the country.

In this way they made their way through a dense forest, from which they emerged into an open plain. Had Brandon been aware that pursuers were so close behind him, he would not have risked discovery by venturing over a space on which he would be sure to be seen by any one in his rear. But depending on having so taken his course as to have baffled his enemies, he went boldly on, making, as his point, for a high hill on the other side of the plain, from the summit of which he calculated he should be able to obtain an extensive view of the country beyond.

In their passage over the flat and monotonous waste, Helen watched for an opportunity to make some mark, or to leave some trace of their road, to those who might be in pursuit; but in vain; she was so closely followed by Grough, and she felt that Brandon had his eye so constantly upon her, that she could contrive no expedient without betraying her purpose, of indicating her route.

But on arriving at the base of the hill, which was thinly covered with stunted-looking trees, known by the name of the she-oak, she pretended to stumble with fatigue, and catching hold of a fragile branch, she broke it off in her fall. Mark Brandon was quickly at her side, with many expressions of concern at her accident, which she ascribed to her excessive fatigue, which made her feel faint.

Mark immediately promised that they should rest as soon as they had proceeded a short distance up the ascent, and resuming his place near Jerry, left her to the superintendence of his fellow, adhering in this respect to the system which he had laid down for himself, never to appear near Helen in a position which implied his personal coercion of her, and which therefore could not fail to be offensive, and to disgust her with his presence.

Thus compelled and urged by the unceremonious promptings of the unpitiable Grough, she continued her weary course, holding the stick which she had snapped from the tree carelessly in her hand, and contriving to break off small pieces as she went on, which she dropped on the ground. In this way they slowly climbed the hill, until at last they gained the summit, when, at the command of Brandon, her conductor stopped; and, to the infinite satisfaction of Jerry, the bush-ranger announced that it was his pleasure that they should rest there for some time, in order that Miss Horton might recover from her fatigue. In pursuance of this intention, Mark immediately proceeded to cut down, with an axe which he carried, some of the boughs of the few trees which were scattered here and there near the top of the hill, and with which he rapidly and skilfully constructed a temporary hut, in which he invited Helen to repose herself. He next made a selection from the provisions carried by Jerry, which he offered for her refreshment, and which Helen, who was intent on escape, gladly accepted.

Brandon then began to examine carefully the appearance of the surrounding country, which his elevated position enabled him to do with advantage; and he noted especially all conspicuous objects towards the north-west, observing by the compass, with which he had taken care to provide himself from the Major's cabin in the brig, their relative points and bearings, as it was in that direction that he

intended to bend his steps; not only because it was the interior of the island, but because it was a part of the country untravelled, and unknown to any but a few of the prisoners of the crown, who imparted the secret of their information to the select only among themselves, for the purpose of availing themselves of its localities on occasions such as the present.

The aspect of the country which the bushranger surveyed was, indeed, romantic in the extreme. Diversified by low undulating hills and plains, and interspersed with clumps of trees, the scene resembled a gentleman's park; while the height from which he looked down on it, concealed its roughness and general character of solitude and desolation. But it was not the beauties of nature, or the romance of landscape, which it was the present business of Brandon to study. His only desire was to ascertain what tiers of hills lay beyond him, and the openings which appeared in them for the passage of his party to the districts on their other side. Having ascertained this point to his satisfaction, he next turned his attention to the examination of the difficulties and obstacles which intervened. He observed, stretching to the north, and losing itself in a circuitous course to the south-by-west, a narrow glistening line, which he was aware indicated water, and which he judged must be a rather considerable river. This river lay between him and the distant tier of hills, through an opening in which it was his object to penetrate; but as he could not see how to avoid it, he was obliged to trust to his own ingenuity to cross it safely, taking care only to choose as his line of route a way as far to the northward as possible, without interfering too much with his direct course; as he knew that the nearer he went to the river's source, the narrower would be the stream, and the more easy to be passed over; while towards the coast, to the south, it would naturally become broader and broader, till it emptied itself into the sea. Having completed his survey to his satisfaction, and formed the plan of his future route distinctly in his mind, he threw himself on the ground.

The wearied Jeremiah, exhausted with the weight of his afflictions, and of the heavy load of stores and provisions which he had borne so far, had sunk into a profound sleep, in which he had been quickly followed by the other bushranger; but Brandon, notwithstanding that fatigue and the necessity of constant watchfulness weighed heavily on him, did not dare to close his eyes. But finding, after some little time, that the desire of sleep was beginning to overcome his senses, he suddenly and with an effort awoke, and commenced pacing up and down at some distance, but within view of Helen's temporary habitation; sometimes taking a view of the country in the distance, and sometimes scanning the plain over which he had lately passed. Although he had no fear of being tracked and followed, not having any suspicion of Helen's significant hints for the information of her friends, he did not fail to keep a look-out in his rear, in pursuance of his favourite maxim. On a sudden, as he threw his glance over the bare plain behind him, he saw, or thought he saw, some moving objects; but whether they were emus, or whether they were natives, he could not at that distance distinguish; but he kept his eyes fixed on them steadily.

Helen also, who was on the alert, had already observed through the boughs of her hut two specks moving on the plain beneath the hill, and which her heart at once told her were friends coming to her rescue. In the eagerness of her joy, she ran out of her hut to the edge of the hill, which in that direction was nearly perpendicular, and with clasped hands and strained eyes gazed on the living atoms on the earth's surface, which by almost imperceptible degrees continued to advance.

At that moment the bushranger caught the expression of wild joy which was visible in her looks ; and there was a something in her eye which conveyed to him the idea that there was some secret intelligence, though by what means he was utterly at a loss to imagine, between his captive and the living creatures which he now made out to be human beings, who were following in his track. Seizing Helen by the arm with his left hand, and pointing to the suspicious objects with his fowling-piece, which he held extended in his right, he asked in a tone of strong but restrained passion :—

“Miss Horton, what do you know of those two men whom I see on our track? Have you betrayed me? Speak, girl! As you value your life, do you know them?”

As he pronounced these words, he shook Helen with convulsive passion, as he held her in his powerful grasp, tottering on the edge of the precipice.

five years utter barrister, and continuing that time in exercises of learning; also that none shall plead before justices of assize, unless allowed in the courts at Westminster, or allowed by the justices of assize." Time, however, in his progress, appears to have rendered this rule also ineffective in its probable design of stemming the rising current, if we may judge from an order made in Michaelmas Term, 1558, which really seems to have originated in a kind of frantic desperation at the increasing numbers of the "elect," in spite of rules enacted to diminish them.

This order forbade all utter barristers from pleading until they were of *twelve years standing*, "except those then in council with their clients on business begun;" when therefore we remember that, at the time, seven or eight years' preliminary attendance at an Inn was required before the party could begin to take a "standing," or, in other words, before he could be called, we shall find a freshman, to use a college expression, when this order was first promulgated, had a prospect of *waiting twenty years* before he could benefit by his labours; a procrastination enough in all conscience to daunt the most determined adventurers, and thus to lessen their number, and, by so doing, to make the bar sufficiently exclusive for those then in practice. Judging *à posteriori*, however, as well as from the nature of the rule, which was calculated to defeat itself, I should say the attention paid to it was not of long duration, for in 1635 another order was issued to the Middle Temple, and, no doubt, to the other Inns, though the fact does not specially appear, that none should be called under "eight years continuance, and such as have kept exercises in the House;" and that "no utter barrister should practise at the Barr, until of *three years' standing*;" thus reducing the whole period from admission to practice about four years below that directed by the order of Elizabeth, which preceded it. A curious notice was accordingly published by the Benchers, which naively stated that "to restrain the *too early practice of young barristers, which suit not so well unto these times*, the Masters of the Bench enjoin every utter barrister not to presume to take upon him to practise in any of the courts at Westminster, before he have been full three years at the barr at least. Neither do they intend to call any to the barr hereafter, other than such as have been their full time, and are otherwise qualified thereunto."

Why the "practice of young barristers" should not "suit so well unto these times," that they should be subjected to a delay of even three years before entering on their vocation, is no where very explicitly set forth. We must take the fact on the statement, and resort to conjecture for the reason of it. We may then find matter of belief that all the orders restricting the commencement of a barrister's practice were founded on the same motive, operating perhaps more *urgently* on the last occasion, when the dissensions between Charles I. and his subjects were fast verging on civil war, to the great detriment of all business. Counsel, I suspect, at each period, were increasing faster than the profits, and it therefore behoved those who preceded them to stay the competition which threatened to divide their emoluments. And this they could not better effect than by delaying the

expected competitors on their course. Such could only be the effect of these restricting regulations, and such, therefore, we may reasonably suppose to have been the object of not allowing barristers to practise immediately after their call. That they failed in their purpose is evidenced by the succession and variation of them. This order was the last of the kind, for from that time they have not been renewed.

I cannot refrain from alluding also to the vast difference between the duties and expenses incurred by the barrister of the present, compared with one of a former day, in regard to his Inn. Let his yearly dues, amounting from one to three pounds, be paid, he need not again enter the hall, or if he do, no more is required of him than to defray the expenses of any commons he may keep as a barrister. I must, however, except the Inner Temple, so far as it preserves the recollection of one of the ancient customs, that of requiring a barrister, according to seniority, to attend one of the Inns of Chancery belonging to it, there to lecture on some, few points, either in person, or by a deputy, the subject of the lecture being sent two days previously to the treasurer's office. Of course fees are payable on this occasion, amounting to about five guineas, but twenty pounds, it seems, will purchase an entire exemption from the office of reader. The estimation in which this single demonstration of intellect is held by the benchers is amply shown in this, that if the party prefer to deliver the lecture, and thus to save the difference, he will be escorted, *after dinner*, to the Inn where he is to hold forth—not by any members of that body, not by a retinue of barristers, nor, as might naturally be supposed, by students, but by ——— the butler and chief porter! These eminent individuals are his sole attendants, and I have known them compose almost his only audience. No wonder that these lectures are distinguished by their rarity, and that the commutations for a fine outnumber them. But, with the exception of this reminiscence, the utter barrister is very differently situated to his predecessors before the Commonwealth. They were subject, for many years after their call, to a variety of costly obligations. Their mootings and exercises before the members of their respective Inns were continual. An order of Elizabeth required a case to be argued by each mess every evening. The barrister appointed in those times to be a reader delivered lectures to the students of the minor Inns, and superintended their exercises. That post, however, was far from being lucrative; for, rated as one of great honour and dignity, which required to be well supported, it often entailed enormous expenses on the holder of it, in consequence of the feasts and entertainments expected of him for the credit of the Inns, amounting sometimes, according to Stow, to £1000 of the currency of the period when he lived. The reader who failed to signalise himself by his liberality on these occasions was, no doubt, reputed as a lord mayor or sheriff of London would be who omitted to cultivate the corporate taste according to custom; it is equally probable, therefore, that, like them, no one was chosen as reader whose coat, to use the language of Iago, was not “well lined.” The difference between the condition of an ancient and a modern barrister will thus be sufficiently apparent.

Well, this quondam student may now assume the wig and gown. Ha! that wig; it reminds me that I should say something about it; and, indeed, about the whole costume of our bar, before considering him in his new character of barrister.

Many persons are at first apt (I have met only one or two that were not) to view the wig and bands, as well as the gown, as ancient emblems of a British advocate. Unprofessional readers may therefore be excused the mistake, when the more literate have, and do, labour under it; not so much from ignorance as sheer forgetfulness that the modern *capital* disfigurement of a counsel is altogether of modern date, — that, in fact, the bar have merely retained one of the oddest and most extraordinary fashions that ever prevailed amongst any people, long after its rejection by the commonalty, the first wig, by the way, on record in England, being that worn by King Henry the Eighth's fool, Saxon! — A glance at the portraits of our legal sages at different periods will prove that a considerable time elapsed before they thought of enshrouding their wisdom in wigs, without reference to antiquarian writers. Coke, Hale, and others will be found wearing the simple coif of the serjeant.* The counsellor wore on his head a cap, formerly like a high hat without a rim, and latterly lower in the crown. When this, certainly more elegant head-dress, was superseded by its uncouth successor, is not very clear. The writer of "The Memoirs of an Old Wig," a little brochure published in 1815, fixed the period as 1660; but the portraits of wigless judges flourishing considerably after that date suggest a mistake on his part, especially as he quotes no authority for his statement, for it is hardly to be supposed that while the judges retained the cap the bar should desert it. Again, the gossiping diary writers of the day, such as Pepys and Evelyn, make no mention of the special adoption of the wig by the courts or advocates, though they treat us to details of their visits to Westminster Hall on various interesting occasions and other matters.† Besides, I question if the present bar wig was known at the time, for the portrait of the former writer, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which we may regard as illustrating the prevailing costume, represents him in a long peruke, almost identical with that now worn

* "These serjeant counters," as they were anciently called, says Sir Henry Chauncey, "being clerks or religious men, were bound by their order to shave their heads; they were for decency allowed to cover their bald pates with a coif, which was a thin linen cover for the head, gathered together in the form of a skull-cap or helmet, by which the serjeants-at-law are known who are of the highest degree in our law. The word coifa cometh from the French word *coife* or *coiffe*, otherwise *scoffion*. These coifs were soon after turned into coifs of white silk, whence these serjeant counters or pleaders were called *serjeants of the coife*, and every serjeant was clothed in a long priest-like robe, with a cape about his shoulders furred with lambskin, and a hood with two labels upon it, a white coif of silk upon his head, and party-coloured robes, that the people should show the greater respect as well to their persons as to their professions." In a note by Strutt, from whose work on "Saxon Antiquities" I have made this extract, it is added, from manuscripts in the Harleian Library, that the coif was made to resemble a helmet, as "signifying that as helmeted soldiers ought to be bold in time of war, so ought these to be in their client's cause!"

† For instance, Pepys is very particular in telling us that in 1661 the singing men appeared for the first time in surplices at Whitehall Chapel.

by the judges and king's or queen's counsel on the first day of term. It is not until the reign of William the Third that we begin to discover the short wigs, which continued in vogue with slight variations of form until nearly the close of the last century*, though the long flowing ones did not quite disappear until about 1750. As the disciples of the French revolution were opposed to all outward signs of superiority (and wigs were of those, being marks of gentility), the head-dress was speedily reformed among them, the natural hair being now displayed *à la Brutus*.† The result was, that, though for a short time the absence of a wig was disdainfully regarded as an unquestionable token of vulgarity, the fashion being once broken, the comfort of the change carried the day, and he who then wore it came to be viewed, in turn, as an antiquated aristocrat. Thus the bar of Great Britain‡ remains conspicuous in retaining an old fashion abandoned full fifty years since by all the people of ton, by foreign judges and advocates, and now ridiculed by all on account of its absurdity.§

But the wig is not the only singular article of dress at variance with the ancient costume of the bar. The bands and cravat also have nothing in common with it. The latter certainly may be pleaded as still in use, but certainly not the former, which is nothing more than a discarded portion of the original cravat, to which, indeed, it was anterior. The portraits of the sixteenth century, when it became fashionable in a measure to conceal the neck, display a broad starched band of fine linen passed round the neck from the edge of the shirt, the ends being suffered to fall tastefully on the breast, where it was secured. After the ruffs came the broad ribbons dangling in front, and, lastly, the cravats, in 1660, disposed in a bow with tassels. In

* As every schoolboy will be reminded by the vignettes of Dr. Johnson prefixed to his Dictionary.

† Mr. Fox, I believe, was the first in England to set the example of wearing his own hair in this fashion.

‡ Scotch advocates wear wigs in the "Inner House;" but I have heard them addressing the "Outer House" without them. The total abandonment of them has been two or three times discussed in Edinburgh. The Irish bar imitate the English.

§ I much wonder how the bar wig survived the inimitable pleasantry of Stevens in his "Lecture on Heads;" — "There are special pleadings in the foretops; pleas, rejoinders, replications, and demurrers in each turn of the curls; knotty points in the twist of the tail; the length of a Chancery suit in the depth of a full bottom; and a serjeant's block coif as much as tells us that the law is a sort of blister plaster, never to be used but in desperate cases." The laity never seemed to have regarded the imputation thrown upon the wearers of the new wigs by Cardinal Grimaldi, Bishop of Aix 1670—1680, who forbade priests wearing them without dispensation or necessity, a priest's head under a peruke being a sort of monster in the church, because loss of hair was then thought to arise from disease and ennui. Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos, many years a distinguished judge of the criminal court of Seville, and a distinguished writer, who died 1811, is mentioned as the first judge in Spain bold enough to abandon the wig, the innovation requiring all the influence of the prime minister, Count Aranda, to support it. It is now abandoned by all foreign lawyers in favour of a cap. In 1830 Lord Brougham ventured to wear a smaller wig than that usually worn by a chancellor; and in the same year the Bishops of Carlisle and Oxford set an example to their brethren by appearing without it in the House of Lords.

the course of time, coeval with the wigs, they were prepared with front pieces, resembling the bands now worn by barristers and clergymen, and this, I believe, is the whole history of their origin. This kind of cravat was worn to the present century. Of late years this constructory article of dress has assumed a more reasonable form than previously; but though the bar have adopted it in its altered shape, the same absurd predilection for custom that has preserved the wig still preserves the show of a deserted fashion of cravats. — When will my brethren cease to look ridiculous? *

When the gown assumed its present form I cannot find grounds to surmise. I judge, however, that it is not the real antique, because a drawing in Strutt's work "On Costume and Dresses," represents a counsellor of distant days as wearing a stuff gown closed in front, and reaching to his feet, so as completely to conceal his person, in fact, like a priest's robe, but less ample, and without the cape.† I may here add, that the dresses of the judges in term time are made according to the directions of Edward the Third, always excepting the wig. An ancient order directs them to wear a "black robe or gown and cap" when they meet at chapel, hall, or courts," and not in *banco*. The judges are thus seen in different dresses at different places and times, yet never in their original one of the sergeant. The black robe may be seen when a judge presides at Nisi Prius, and when assembled in conclave at the chambers, but not otherwise. The cap never appears, except, as if in travestie of the solemn occasion, it be placed loosely on the top of his wig when he adjudges a convict — to die!

The dresses of the courts and bar of the present day will thus appear to be composed of the fashions of four different eras, the gowns being of the first, the wigs and bands of the next, the vest and coat of the Queen's counsel, like those worn in the reigns of Anne and the Georges, of the third, while that of the last is the common costume of the day, as worn by the barristers at large, who, though black or other dark colours only have been considered from an early age as becoming lawyers, will sometimes be seen pleading in a parti-coloured waistcoat and trowsers.‡

We will now resume the consideration of the new-made barrister's position, interrupted by this episode on costume. — Before publishing himself (the term is apt) as ready for practice, I would earnestly recommend him to pause in reflection on his means and ability to wait

* The second Sir Heneage Finch is said to have introduced bands in 1660, at the time when wigs are supposed to have become popular in England. I see no reason to doubt, however, that the new cravat, and not bands in particular, was the subject of his introduction. The bar came to wear them as they did wigs, because they were courtly.

† In Strutt's "Dresses and Costumes" a barrister is represented as pleading dressed, somewhat in the style of the period, 1648, in a kind of loose jacket, large breeches reaching to his knees, boots and spurs, but without any gown. Plate 17., No. 6.

‡ The late Mr. Justice J. A. Parke was exceedingly precise in every thing relating to the bar. I recollect on one occasion he sent a private message by one of the ushers to a young barrister who appeared before him in court in a light waistcoat, to suggest that it was not conformable to the etiquette of the profession.

until that shall come. If he have friends and connections in the law, able and willing to support him; or, if he have taken the precautions which I have formerly suggested, his path may be smooth enough. He will then scarcely know a difficulty exists. If he have not — if he have come to the bar relying on an unproved fortune — if, as to the *res pecuniaria*, he depend, even partially, upon professional earnings, his course, in all probability, will be to the full as rugged. In the former case, the preliminary dinners and other social entertainments of his Inn will form an agreeable introduction to the business of the profession; in the latter they will constitute as painful and mortifying a contrast between the condition of a student and of a barrister. In the one class there is no room to fear each other; in the second, all are jealous competitors in a race, which is not always to the swift — in a battle, which is not always to the strong. As long as he maintains a respectable appearance in public, a student may privately live as economically as he please. He may avoid ostentation without remark. But barristers of the present age who expect to thrive must rather indulge it. In former times, even in my early days, when the habits and manners were very different, when legal books were comparatively very few in number, a young barrister, after his day's attendance on the courts, might resort to the humble *cuisine* in White's Alley or James Street *, and make an economical dinner in the shade for sevenpence-halfpenny; then retire to his modestly furnished chambers, there to con over the carefully noted dicta of the judges. But that period has long passed away. An attorney's clerk must now dine at a superior tavern or coffee house. The modern barrister must start with that which once marked the period of a successful career. Unlike him of the early days of some who yet survive, he would blush to receive a client otherwise than in well-furnished chambers, having a goodly stock of legal volumes, ancient and modern, the more numerous the better. Clients themselves are now inclined to prefer a man with a library, though he betray no symptom of using it. Again, he must not expect success if those chambers be in Lyon's, or Clement's †,

* White's Alley, Chancery Lane. I knew the place well, having sometimes dined there. "I have repeatedly been assured by Mr. Horne Tooke that they [Kenyon, Dunning, and himself] were accustomed to dine together during the vacation at a little eating-house in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, for the sum of sevenpence half-penny each! As for Dunning and myself," added he, "we were generous, for we gave the girl a penny a-piece; but Kenyon, who knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a half-penny, and sometimes with a promise!" — (Stephens's *Life of Horne Tooke*, vol. i. p. 33.) The little coffee-house in James's Street, Covent Garden, is remarkable for an incident not yet published, but mentioned to a relation by the landlord about fifty years since. Among the guests at the latter part of the day was a sedate-looking young man, who always selected the darkest corner of the room, took his dinner and settled his reckoning without uttering a single unnecessary syllable, conduct which obtained for him the *sobriquet* of the "silent man." At length he ceased to come, and several years elapsed without his being heard of, when the landlord, visiting the House of Commons for the first time, espied an individual addressing it whom he immediately recognised. "I'm damned," said he, to quote his own language, "if there wasn't my silent man!" This person actually proved to be Mr. Pitt, who, as is well known, was a member of Lincoln's Inn.

† The reader of Shakespeare will recollect Justice Shallow's boast, of his prowess as a student. . . "I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk

or other Inn of the like kind, though these were formerly, and even lately, not without repute. I have known one or two eminent men emerge from them. The fantastic fashion of the day has impressed the Temples and Lincoln's Inn with a superior gentility, the result of which is to make the rents of chambers in these places wholly beyond the reach of moderate fortunes (although the very kitchens, ay, and the cellars have been converted into them), as well as in the adjacent neighbourhoods. Then, a barrister once in public cannot retreat and return. An attorney, or surgeon, physician, or even a divine may on one failure fall back on a minor occupation *, in which to prepare for a second attempt ; but not so with the barrister. With him retrogression is final failure ; for not more surely than the air rushes in to supply a vacuum will his place be immediately filled by others, whom he will never displace.† Besides, the acknowledgment of failure always excites a prejudice of incapacity, though none may have previously existed. For all these reasons, I say, let him pause to reflect on his stamina both of purse and person before he undertake a wearying pilgrimage, which, once begun, can only be ended in success or destruction. The allegory in the Spectator, of the multitudes who, climbing the steep to fame, ever and anon, overcome with past toil, and appalled at the prospect yet before them, shrink from the laborious task, to be precipitated into the gulph of despair ; and Sadak, in search of the waters of oblivion, to whom the terrors of retreat were greater than those of progress, are the nearest illustrations of his situation that I can remember, and they are by no means in the extreme. Under all circumstances of health and illness, wealth and poverty, the barrister to whom it belongs to assist himself must never step aside from his course ; for the perils of departure from it equal, if they do not exceed, any awaiting him in it.‡ — To him only are my observations addressed.

As custom has divided the practice of the bar into two departments, the equity and common law, including the criminal courts, of one or other of which a selection is usually made by counsel, who thenceforth confine their practice to it exclusively, this is the first matter to be considered. The delay of obtaining business is pretty

of mad Shallow yet. . . Oh ! the mad days I have spent."—Henry the Fourth, Part II, act iii. scene 2.

* Barristers of course must not be engaged in any other occupation, unless of a literary character. They have lately, however, engaged in commercial speculations as members of companies without objection ; nevertheless, though they thus become traders in every sense, statutable and common, of the term, it has been decided that a barrister cannot be made a bankrupt as a member of a banking company. He is thus a trader not subject to the bankrupt laws. The etiquette of the profession would not allow it.

† I am not ignorant that in one or two instances counsel have retired from practice, and subsequently resumed it with success ; but these are no exceptions to the rule : they are rather cases by themselves. Besides, the parties were already eminent men, and not ordinary barristers, of whom I now speak.

‡ I am writing nothing fanciful here. I have known many young barristers attending the courts for a year or two, perhaps pick up some briefs, and then disappear. In two lamentable cases I discovered one barrister working as a common labourer, and another living on charity, with scarcely a shoe or clothes on. Their friends in both cases had totally miscalculated their means to the end.

much the same in both branches, but attendance on the equity courts is the least expensive. These sit always in London, and beyond a few fees to the officers, the calls upon the purse are not very extravagant. Far different it is with the other branch. Here not only do the courts at Westminster claim the barrister's attention, but country sessions and circuits likewise, which scarcely cost less than 70*l.* or 80*l.* per annum, even with pinching economy. I shall view the young counsel as having selected the last, because in it, members of the bar are brought closer together by their rules and etiquette than in the other, where there is no formal bond of union; and because the obstacles to be encountered by him are there more apparent, and more keenly felt.

By the "Common Law" bar then is understood those counsel who practise in the superior courts; in those attached to or subordinate to them, and in the various criminal courts of the kingdom. To commence in the first would be, at the present time, to imitate the fruitless labours of the daughters of Danae, as a glance at the forest of wigs at Westminster during term time will satisfy the most sceptical. The maiden brief of the unfriended aspirant must be sought in another direction; in some inferior court, where a number of his brethren attend, and form what is called a "bar." These are the quarter sessions of each county, where he will first experience how the galling chain of etiquette may be made to restrain those native energies which, allowed free action, might speedily raise him above his fellows, and a breach of which may, if detected, completely ruin him. These sessions should be on the circuit (of which anon) to which he belongs, if he have joined one: he must not attend more than one at a time, but he may change them as he pleases. But this liberty must be used with discretion, as the exercise of it is apt to provoke the frowns of other men. After a time, however, the privilege will be deemed to be waived, the object of the bar being to distribute and confine its members within certain districts, and thus to diminish the pressure of general competition. Some sessions require a personal introduction by one of the "men" (a term used by barristers in speaking of one another); at others the presentation of a card will be followed by an invitation from the senior; while at a few a party can take his seat in court without trouble. The selection of a sessions therefore evidently requires a little consideration.

Having thus shown himself a counsellor, he is now bound to adhere to the established usages of the session and of the profession. Among the first of these to be noticed, is the mode of journeying to the sessions town. Starting from London, he may ravel how he pleases, but in passing from town to town the use of the common passenger vehicles is forbidden to him. He must then employ a private conveyance, which is certain to cost him more than another individual, because, as a counsel, greater liberality is expected from him: but of this more when I speak of the circuit. Arrived at the place, he must immediately lodge himself at the "Bar" inn, invariably the principal inn, or in suitable private lodgings, the terms of which, and the charges for other matters, even when moderate, are not likely to be incommensurate with his station. Less expensive accommodation may

exist in other places, but of this he dares not avail himself. The design of this regulation is to prevent any private association of the counsel and attorneys or their clerks*; in other words, to prevent any "hugging" for briefs, as the Bar, rather unmusically, terms a sociable mode of obtaining business. But wherever he may lodge, he must take care not to be in court before his seniors. To avoid this mischance, he must meet his elder brethren in their robing-room, and accompany them thence to their seats in the order of seniority. The object of this rule is patent on the face of it, as the lawyers say. The next topic of recollection is, that at no place or time must he ever *ask* for briefs, or, in technical phrase, solicit them. Though his nearest and dearest friend or relation should, accidentally or wilfully, pass one by him to another, he must tolerate the neglect without complaint. His duty is to wait to be hired, without raising a finger of invitation. The effect of such a rule upon a junior just escaped from his noviciate may now be easily conceived. But this is not all. The lowest fees to be taken with a brief to conduct a prosecution or defence, and the persons from whom, is also a subject of rules. No counsel ought to take less than a guinea for himself, and two shillings and sixpence for his clerk, whether he have one or not; but as this sum will as often purchase the services of a senior as of a junior counsel, there is no room for surprise, if the known ability of the former is more frequently preferred to the untried talent, even though superior, of the latter. Again, strict etiquette demands that briefs should be delivered to counsel by attorneys only, who will very seldom trouble themselves with a junior when the senior is at hand. An exception is made in favour of defences, which, it is said, may be received directly from the party, if in open court. What are the chances, I may ask, in favour of a new-fledged counsel, without connexions, against such a system as this? Who will wonder, knowing no more, that the sickness of despair should overwhelm him;—that "he should eat his heart up," to borrow the remarkable expression of one who had suffered from it? Or that the perils of evasion should be encountered at all risks, as I shall presently explain?

* A few years since a barrister on the northern circuit ventured to break the rule as to lodgings, and took up his abode at the inn frequented by these agents of the law. The result was, that he soon obtained a tolerable number of cases; but the other counsel treated him so coolly that he could not conduct them with any satisfaction. This being observed by his employers, they ceased to notice him as before, and his business consequently fell to an indifferent character. He never recovered himself, and, it is believed, vexation hastened his death at an early age.

THE CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

THIS affair of Ned's escape made a great noise at the time, as may be supposed; and it was the more talked of and wondered at because of the mystery that enveloped the whole proceeding. For Nancy's mother said nothing about it, for the sake of her daughter; and her father took care to say nothing about it, for the sake of himself; and you may be sure Nancy kept the secret for her own sake, and Ned for Nancy's. As for me, no one suspected me; so I went about quietly, smoking my pipe, hearing what every one had to say, and keeping my own counsel. Of course I thought a good deal about poor Ned, for to be confined in the strong room was no joke. One of the turnkeys took him in his breakfast, dinner, and supper, and an old charwoman was allowed to clean up his room of a morning; — stone floor, stone walls, one chair and one table, and the bed — that was all. And no grog to be got; — not that I should have minded much about that myself; but when you can't get a thing you always want it the more. However, that was no great matter: the calamity was, that Ned had no means of communicating with his sweetheart; for he could not trust the turnkey who visited him, and it went against his feelings, he afterwards said, to make a confidant of the old charwoman: but Ned was young, and was not a philosopher.

He might have written to Nancy through me, as he was not interdicted from the use of pen and ink, but he was fearful of being betrayed; and he confined his letters to me, therefore, principally to the subject of his release; and he took care not to allude in the most distant manner to the part that I had taken in the affair, nor did he ever mention Nancy. However, I contrived, in a short time, to invent a means of conveying to him such information as would set him at rest in respect to his sweetheart and the ignorance of all parties as to the mode of his late escape, without its being easy — indeed, hardly possible — for those who might be on the watch to suspect the nature of the communication. I happened to have an odd volume of Homer with me — I mean a copy of Homer's *Iliad*, in Greek, which I bought with a lot of other books by the pound weight. It was the first volume; not that it matters whether it was the first or second, but I mention the matter just as it was.

I first wrote to Ned, the day before, that I should send him some

books to amuse him in his confinement, and that I had marked one or two passages to which I called his particular attention. Then I looked out here and there short sentences which expressed certain meanings, such as, "she is safe," "all are ignorant of the means," and such like. I was aware that he knew enough Greek to be able to translate the passages which I had noted, and I left it to his own wit to communicate anything private to me in a similar manner. But he did better than that. At first I thought, when the book came back to me, with the cover all scribbled over with Greek, that my young friend could talk Greek like a Greek cobbler, as somebody said of Porson. And terribly puzzled I was at first to make out the seeming vernacular which he had written so glibly. I always thought myself a pretty good Grecian; but Ned's composition was all Greek to me with a vengeance! when I suddenly discovered that he had written common English in Greek characters, and had so run the letters one into another, that to interpret them would have puzzled a better scholar than was likely to get a sight of them; besides, they looked like a Greek commentary on the text, all natural enough. This amused me exceedingly; and, what was better, it served as a sort of cypher between me and the prisoner, and enabled us to communicate our thoughts pretty freely. But I am inclined to think that our thoughts and suggestions never would have had the desired effect if we had not had the wit of woman to assist us. And this was the way.

Nancy, whose invention love had sharpened, was in a sad state, as may well be supposed, at her lover being brought back to prison again and confined in the strong room, — a prison within a prison, — and a place that was as unhealthy to the body, from its dampness and uncomfortableness, as it was depressing to the mind from its solitariness. She thought of nothing else, day and night, but her lover, and how to effect his escape from that horrible place; but for some time it seemed impossible. At last, however, by dint of thinking, she hit on a device which was one of the boldest and most ingenious that ever I heard tell of, and which I do believe none but a woman's brain could have devised — and that woman a girl in love; for in that exalted state their invention is in a more active state than at other times; as witness the many examples there are of love's disguises, of which women have always been the chief contrivers. And this brings me to the description of an important actor, though an involuntary one, in the drama.

The old charwoman who was allowed to attend on the prisoner in the strong room was a curious character. She had been the wife of a gaoler in a criminal prison, one Strongbolt; and from that, and from having been accustomed to look upon the prisoners in the gaol as rogues and rascals who were in course of being hanged or transported, she had transferred that habit of mind to the prisoners in the Fleet, although the latter were confined only for debt. And here a reflection arises, which I will express as it comes, and which is this; — that, although society treats poverty as the greatest of crimes while it lasts, worse even than most criminal offences, yet, by a strange anomaly, the moment the poverty ceases the criminality of

the late pauper ceases also. It is not so in respect to other crimes, such as housebreaking, fire-raising, murder, and so forth; there the stigma attached to the person guilty of such crimes remains for ever: but although poverty, while it lasts, is considered a worse crime than any of those which I have mentioned, no sooner does the poor person become rich than he is courted and flattered, made a member of parliament, when he goes to court, and, perhaps, is made a peer; and, in short, there is no end to the dignities that are heaped on him, which verifies the old adage, "Get money, and all other things will be given unto thee." Now, in this it seems to me society belies itself; for a crime cannot be a crime at one time and not at another; principles are always the same. A man who has committed a murder is shunned and condemned ever after; but a man who has laboured under the crime of poverty ceases to be a criminal as soon as his poverty ceases: therefore, there is a difference between the sorts of criminality. And, in truth, there is a very great difference indeed; but may it not be in this way — that, really, poverty is not a crime, but that mankind affect to regard it as such for the sake of the excuse which it affords for not relieving it? And the test of the reality of its criminality is this, — does it attach a stigma to the party suffering under it as murder or housebreaking does? — No; we every day see examples to the contrary. Then it is not a crime, it is only a misfortune; and, as a misfortune, it ought to meet with sympathy and help, instead of disdain and resiliency. But to return to Ned in the strong room.

Certainly Ned had broken the rules of the prison, and therefore he had become amenable to the punishment of such an infraction; for the legislature having permitted the imprisonment of the person of a debtor in revenge of his not having the money to pay his debts, the means of making that imprisonment secure follow as a matter of course. But, on the other hand, the imprisonment of the person for debt being universally considered as unjust, immoral, most prejudicial to the interests of the individual and of society, and utterly useless for the object pretended, it has become a general desire that imprisonment for debt should be abolished; and the continuance of it is regarded as a tyranny of the strong over the weak altogether unjustifiable, making the escape of any victim a matter of general congratulation, in which every one is desirous of assisting the persecuted party.

This I say, not in my own justification for the part I took in having a hand in the matter, for I consider any justification unnecessary; but for the sake of the girl, who, as the daughter of one of the officers of the prison, might be thought deserving of censure for having aided a prisoner to escape, — her father being, as I say, one of those whose duty it was to prevent it. But I think it will be considered that our first duty is our general duty to humanity, and to assist those oppressed by unjust and cruel laws; and I am the more earnest in saying this much in defence of the Turnkey's daughter, as she is now the wife of one of the magnates of the land, occupying an exalted station, and influencing, by her power of wealth and station, affairs of weight and moment to the nation. But I should

like to know who would think the worse of any one who had assisted in the escape of a prisoner for debt, or of the prisoner himself? On the contrary, all regarding such imprisonment as an oppression inflicted on the weak by the strong, it is an act that would be universally applauded instead of being condemned. And here I am well aware that I may be met with the argument, that all offences against the laws, that is to say, infractions of the laws, are essentially criminal, inasmuch as it is the duty of a good citizen to obey the laws. But if that rule was without an exception, what becomes of all those heroic examples of patriots rising against bad laws of which we read in history, modern as well as ancient, and which excite the applause of mankind?

If mankind had been content to submit to bad laws, what would have been the condition of society at this present moment? or rather, in what an abyss of slavery and degradation we should now be sunk! At present, by the law of the land — not by positive enactment, but by permission and connivance — imprisonment for debt is permitted. Suppose at some future time — and, for my own part, I cannot believe that the time is far distant — that the fact will be acknowledged and will be proclaimed by the legislature, which is now felt to be an axiom in the common opinion of society, that imprisonment for debt is impolitic and useless, and that, consequently, it should be abolished. When such an event shall take place, as I believe it will, what will be thought of the wisdom, or the justice, or the morality of that nation which permitted the inhumanity — which it will then proclaim to be inhumanity — to continue so long? And who will condemn either the victim who endeavoured to escape from the operation of a cruel and unjust law, or those who assisted in rescuing the victim from its infliction?

But it was not for the purpose of indulging in these observations that I set about relating this story. I have said enough about the cruelty and the wickedness of imprisonment for debt in another place: my present object is to show the effect of the passion of love in sharpening the wits, and in making a woman dare everything for the object of her affection; and I don't think any one will find fault with a woman for that.

It was speaking of the old charwoman, that led me into this little digression. As I was saying, her old habit of dealing with criminal prisoners in gaols caused her to have but little sympathy with those confined in a prison; and whether it was a mere prison of detention for debt, or a gaol for the punishment of crime, was all the same to her, as, indeed, in either case, the imprisonment was a punishment to the parties incarcerated, whether the offence was poverty or any other crime. She was a cold, callous creature, and had grown old in her hardness of heart and her selfishness, although there were some points in her character which made her comical withal.

I remember some little time before these events took place, a friend of mine, a literary man, was brought into the Fleet, and, of course, I paid him those little attentions which are so agreeable to those who are new to the place; and among other matters I recommended this charwoman to him as a hard-working person. But in a day or two

after he complained of a little irregularity which they are all apt to be guilty of, and which may be understood by the following account which she gave of it herself, when I reproached her and questioned her about it. And I put in her defence at length, because it will show something of the character of the woman; and it was on this weakness that Nancy founded her plan for her lover's second escape.

It must be premised that she was an old woman with a remarkable nose, having eyes always in an inflamed and watery state (which she averred was caused by her always thinking of her deceased husband), and with her face marked with red spots and patches, so as to resemble a map. The end of her nose was quite red, as if it had been dipped into a pot of vermilion, and curiously resembled a strawberry; so that having once seen that face it was impossible to forget it or mistake it again. She was a tall, strong-built, masculine-looking woman, and always wore a prodigious bonnet of black cotton or some such material which overshadowed her face, and which made the red strawberry at the end of her nose the more remarkable, from its being the only portion of her features which was distinctly visible. This peculiarity, added to the general expression of her countenance, had given rise to her being called by a name expressive at once of her inward predilection, and of the outward and visible signs of it; and by common consent, the appellation of Brandy-faced Kitty was given to her, although "gin" would have been more appropriate; however, "brandy-faced" was more rhythmical and musical; and by that name she was known.

Well, as I was saying, I reproached this amiable creature for doing injustice to my recommendation:—

"How was it, Kitty," said I, "that you were guilty of this most shameful offence?"

"Guilty!" said she: "where was the guilt of it, I should like to know? and how was a poor old body like me to know any better?"

"How was that? Did you not drink the brandy?"

"The more shame to those who put it there to deceive people! Lucky for me it was no worse!"

"Why, this is abominable, Kitty: you can't pretend to deny that you did it?"

"But indeed I do! Is it being guilty when there is no knowledge purtense, as the law says? Is it being guilty when a body does a thing quite innocent, and wanting to do good—not harm to any one—to myself least of all, indeed?"

"How do you make that out?" said I.

"I don't make it out at all; it makes itself out, as they say at the Old Bailey. You see, sir, the way was this,—my master had a middle-sized bottle, with a large label tied to the neck of it, for all the world like a doctor's bottle; and I always thought it was doctor's stuff, poor innocent as I was! But yesterday, after breakfast, I was looking about the cupboard to see if it wanted cleaning, when I moved the bottle, and then I saw what was written on the label; it was 'Bark, as before.' Now I knew that bark was good for stomach complaints, and I had felt a sensation of fulness and tightness for several nights past after supper; it's a complaint that I'm troubled with, and

that's why I sometimes take the least drop of gin in the world, as the wholesomest liquor to keep down the qualms."

"Well, never mind that. What had you to do with the bark?"

"Why, to be sure, I thought a few drops of the physic would do me good; so I just put the tip of my tongue to the top of the bottle and gave it a little tilt, and the very taste of it seemed to do me good directly; so I poured some out into the bottom of a tea-cup—it might be a table-spoonful, or it might be more,—and shutting my eyes, as I always do when I take physic, that I mayn't taste it, I swallowed it down beautifully! A doctor would have said that I deserved to have physic, I took it so well!"

"Well—but you must have known what it was when you tasted it?"

"As innocent as the babe unborn! But it didn't taste so bitter as I expected; and, thought I, bless the doctor who invented this elegant stuff! For it warmed me, sir, down to the very tips of my toes, and it put me in such a glow that I was sure the physic was doing me good."

"Nonsense; you must have known that it was brandy."

"Well, now, to tell the truth, I did think it tasted a little like brandy; and I thought it very odd, and I was quite confused about it. So I tasted a few drops more, in order to be sure; for if I had known it to be brandy, in course it was very wrong of me to drink it. And sure enough it did taste like brandy; so, says I to myself, I never knew that bark was so like brandy before: sure I have made a mistake!—and I looked at the label again. There it was as plain as it could be written, "Bark, as before." Well, thinks I, if it's bark as before, it's bark as is behind in the bottle; for as to drinking it, if I'd a know'd it to be liquor, it's a thing that I would not have done on no account whatsoever! But as it was physic, it seemed to me in a manner to be a sort of meritorious action to do what nobody likes to do—that is, take physic. So, sir, the end of it was, what with tasting and wondering, and thinking that it was doing me good all the while, for it made me feel uncommon happy and comfortable, as there was only a little drop left at the bottom of the bottle, I just drank that up too, for fear it should spoil. And if you will believ it, sir, the physic had such a curious effect upon me, that instead of strengthening me, as I supposed bark would do,—because you know, sir, bark is always very strengthening, and I have known it given to some people—but that's neither here nor there—instead of that, it quite took away the use of my legs from under me; and the last thing that I remember was, lying down on the rug to recover myself."

"The long and the short of it was, Kitty," said I, "that you were drunk."

"Drunk!" exclaimed Kitty, with virtuous indignation; "no, sir, I was not drunk; and I never was drunk but once, and that was with grief after the death of my poor husband! But I was used shamefully—that's what I was, whether I was drunk or sober; for Sally said that master dragged me out by the heels, as if I was a sack of potatoes, and left me on the cold stones outside;—and it's a mercy I

havn't caught the rheumatiz, which I dare say I have ; and he swears he'll complain to the warden of it, and have me locked out of the prison ; and then what shall I do for a respectable livelihood, goodness only knows ! But he can't do that — that's some comfort,—for having brandy is against the rules ; so he can't complain of me without accusing himself. And suppose it was brandy ?—what harm was there in just tasting it ? If people have brandy,—they ought to keep it locked up, and not expose poor weak creatures, as women are, to temptation ; for it's the temptation that leads to everything that's bad, as they say at the Old Bailey. There wouldn't be near so much crime in the world, as the chaplain said, if there wasn't so much temptation !”

Such was the defence of brandy-faced Kitty ; and such was the character of the woman whose failing Nancy contrived to turn to her own purposes, for the purpose of effecting her lover's escape a second time. But in this plot she was obliged to have recourse to a confederate ; and I willingly joined in it, for I was not only glad to be a help towards getting one of the victims of the law out of prison, but I thought there would be some fun in the doing of it, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE I was worrying myself about Ned's imprisonment in the strong room, and trying to devise some means of getting him out, I went, as usual, down to the shop in the fair, and had a chat with the old lady ; but she never alluded to her daughter's adventure, and, of course, I never talked of it. As for Nancy, she always looked as demure as a cat longing for cream, as the saying is ; but all the while she was fretting about her lover, as might naturally be supposed, and searching in her little head for some means to release him ; and at last she thought of a scheme, which was a bold one, but an ingenious one too.

One evening I went down to the shop for a screw of tobacco (I think I mentioned before that I always use short-cut), when, by a glance of Nancy's eye, although it was duskish, I guessed there was something in the wind. Her mother was there too, for I observed the old lady never left her in the shop by herself ; and even when she had one eye on the scale, which she usually gave a little tip to with her finger, “to save time,” as she said, because the balance was stiff, and the scale with the weight in it had got a trick of dropping down, notwithstanding that it was the lightest,—I say, even at such times she had the other eye on her daughter, so that it was difficult for poor Nancy to have any clandestine communication with a customer.

But that evening I saw that she had something for me, and so when I asked for the tobacco I tried to distract the old lady's attention by remarking on something at the other side of the counter, and I threw down my penny, although that was not necessary, as my credit in the place was so good that she would have trusted me to a much larger amount ; but I always had a sort of pride in paying ready-

money for everything (when I had got it). Nancy gave me the paper of tobacco, and immediately retiring into the inner room, I took that as a hint that I was to go away, which I immediately did, after paying some compliments to her mother on her good looks, which was always my custom with ladies, having invariably found that such compliments were ever acceptable. The old lady received them very pleasantly, and hoped that "I should find what was in the paper good," meaning, of course, the tobacco.

I went back to my room to fill my pipe, which I kept over the mantel-piece, generally disposing two pipes crosswise, with their bowls downwards, as a little ornament to my place, when, on opening the paper, I fancied that it was double, which surprised me at first, seeing that such a waste in the wrapper was quite contrary to Mrs. Ward's economical ways of doing business. But on closer inspection I found that the tobacco had first been wrapped in fine paper, which was written on, and it instantly struck me that it was a communication from Nancy; and so it was: and, although the space which it occupied rather reduced my modicum of tobacco, I felt as great a pleasure in receiving it as if I had been five-and-twenty, and it had been from a sweetheart of my own; although I never had many, for I always found what is called "being in love" very troublesome; and, indeed, there never was but one to whom I was really attached: but that's a sad tale. As to the widow who kept the tripe and sausage shop in the alley on Snow Hill, that report was altogether untrue; and the story about the black puddings is the invention of base and envious persons: however, as I have related that affair at large in another place, I shall not say anything about it here, but proceed with the present account of Ned and Nancy's adventures.

The sight of this writing, as I was saying, gave me very great pleasure; and so, having filled and lighted my pipe, I set about perusing it, which it was not easy to do, for it was sadly blotted, owing, I suppose, to her being obliged to write it on the sly, and amidst various interruptions. I must say, when I had compassed the reading of it, that I thought the plot a very bold one, and a hazardous one; but one thing I was particularly pleased with, and that was, that in helping it on I was not embarrassed with the consideration of being made a party to the elopement of the girl, which I never liked, and which I would not have engaged in at first, if it had not been from my eager desire to help the escape of a young fellow out of a debtor's prison, and knowing, as I did, that it was his intention to marry her. But what were two young things to do without a shilling in the world to keep themselves? It was a foolish scheme in that particular, and I was glad that it formed no part of the present enterprise.

What the scheme was will be seen as I go on; and the first thing to be done was to make Ned master of it, which I did by the same means that he made use of in corresponding with me, that is, I wrote out all that was to be done, point by point, in English, but using Greek letters. I don't mean to say that every letter passing to and from a prisoner in the strong room was opened and read by the

warden or by his officers; but the anxiety of the warden was so great to know by what means a prisoner had contrived to get outside the walls, that it was to be feared he would not be very scrupulous as to the mode of discovering it; and at any rate, the turnkeys of the prison were interested in finding it out, as their pride was touched; for their vigilance, having been deceived in this instance, rendered it open to question on other occasions. So that it was right, as a matter of prudence, for Ned and me to be exceedingly cautious in our correspondence, and that was the reason of our writing in the way which we did.

But now here was another difficulty, and a very great one. It was necessary to have more than one partner in the plot, and where to find him was more than I could have imagined of myself; but here the cousin, the amiable Miss Wilson, rendered us valuable service. Nancy had told me in her letter to communicate with her, which I contrived to do by a friend who came in to see me, and who thought, perhaps, that it was a little love-affair of my own, for I was not so old as to render that surprising, and I carried my years remarkably well, being always young-looking. The confederate wanted in this instance was a painter; and, by great good-luck, Miss Wilson had a relation, and a sort of beau of hers, I am inclined to think, one Dick Bristel, who was an assistant scene-painter at the little theatre in the Haymarket; and he readily came into the plot, for being used to such contrivances and stratagems at the theatre, it was all natural and easy to him; and as to the penalty for assisting a prisoner to escape, he snapped his fingers at it, being willing to incur greater risks than that, he said, to help a poor fellow out of a prison for debt.

Nancy's father, who had almost lost the nick-name of "larking Joe," he had become so sedate and correct in his demeanour of late, would not allow Nancy's cousin to visit her, so that she was obliged to communicate with me by the painter, for she did not like to write to me, from the fear, as he told me, of "her reputation being compromised." But the painter served as well without it, although the idea of the reputation of any young lady being compromised, by her corresponding with me, certainly did give me a secret satisfaction; not that I was at all vain, but nobody likes to be thought old,—besides, I was not so old as that neither.

Well, it was agreed between me and Dick, that he should pass for a solicitor; which he did very well, as he had contracted a sort of look, from the habit of looking intently on objects to copy from, which gave him a cast about the eyes very like an attorney looking out for six-and-eight pence. And the reason why I made him assume this character was, that it was considered beyond the stretch of the warden's authority to prevent a prisoner in the strong room from communicating with his legal adviser. But it was arranged that he should not see Ned before the time, lest he should be questioned by the turnkeys, and found out to be not what he pretended, which would spoil the whole plot.

The next thing was to smuggle some liquor into the strong room; and after some debate, it was agreed that it should be gin, but not the common stuff; however, Dick engaged to provide something which

should be at the same time potent and palatable, and he brought it into the prison the very next day, in a flat stone bottle made to fit the shape, and manufactured purposely for the convenience of the debtors' prisons; as by a fantastical regulation, persons confined for debt are allowed to get as drunk as they please on malt liquor or wine, but spirits, for some mysterious reason, are considered immoral. This necessary ingredient in the plot—I mean the spirits—which consisted of about three pints of "Hollands," a dear spirit, the purchase of which evinced the painter's liberality, and his desire to please his own fair one, and his zeal also in the cause, was deposited with me, to abide the time when its application would be wanted. So far all went on well.

In the mean time Miss Wilson was not idle; for with much ingenuity, and with the assistance of the painter, who, from being accustomed to see the mode of dressing up characters for the stage, was a most useful auxiliary—and as he warmed to the work he became as much interested in its success as any one of us,—she made a fac-simile of Brandy-faced Kitty's outward apparel (as to the interior, I presume, that defied imitation, and so she did not attempt it), to be put over Ned's clothes: the rest was left to Dick. These things we managed to convey to him without difficulty, by wrapping them up in his linen; and this being done, we consulted together as to the best day, and time of the day, for carrying our plot into execution.

After some deliberation, it was agreed that the attempt should be made the next Saturday, on which day the charwomen are always very busy, going backwards and forwards with the sundry supplies for the prisoners, and, as we observed, when the gate-keepers were less watchful, from the constant influx and efflux of people through the lobby. It was Kitty's custom to clear out Ned's room about ten o'clock in the morning, and that was just the time when the Saturday's traffic was thickest, so that tallied very well with our other arrangements.

And now all matters being in a state of preparation, I waited for the day with great anxiety. The painter had supplied me with some common gin, just to whet Kitty's appetite, and I cast about for some excuse to get Kitty to come to my room early, to put it in order, when it was my design to engage her in a conversation, and gradually to ply her with the liquor till it was the usual time for her to attend upon Ned, when it would be for him to finish the work which I had begun. I thought of another contrivance, too, which I put in force when the proper time came for deluding the turnkeys. I took care to tell Kitty over-night, therefore, that I expected a visitor to see me early in the morning, and that I should want her to tidy my room up a bit to receive him; at the same time I gave her a glass of my gin, trusting that, as it was the last thing that she had taken at the prison at night, it would be the first thing she would recollect in the morning; and as I let her see that there was more left in the bottle, my hope was not disappointed.

The first thing she did, when the gate was opened on the morning which was fixed for the attempt at Ned's deliverance from durance,

was to come to my room, the attraction of the gin drawing her irresistibly to the spot, as the needle to the pole. My game now was to make her talk, so as to afford time for the drink to have its effect, and being rather loquaciously inclined, she presently furnished me with the opportunity.

CHAPTER IX.

"WHAT'S the matter, Kitty?" said I, seeing that she looked rather dismal, and that her nose had a cold bluish tint, indicating mortification and dolour; "what has happened to you, Kitty, you are not looking so bright as usual this morning?"

"Bright," replied Kitty, standing with her hands underneath her apron, and shaking her head from side to side, which produced a corresponding motion in her old black bonnet; "Bright! this isn't a morning for me to look bright in, or any woman that has a proper respect for a husband!"

"A husband, Kitty; what! have you got another husband?"

"No, master," said Kitty, screwing her visage into a lugubrious shape; "not I! I've had too many, and know the worth of em! but I've got the melancholics!"

"That's a bad thing to have at any time, but there are too many inside this place afflicted with that complaint. However, I have got something, luckily," said I, "that's good for it." And with that I poured her out a glass of gin; but, to my extreme surprise, she refused it with a repulsive shake of her head!

"No! master," said she, "it's not that that can cure my melancholics! Besides, I've made a vow never to touch a drop of anything this day! Here she cast up her eyes, and assumed as sanctified an air as she could put on, accompanying that virtuous expression with a prodigious sigh. "This," she said, "is my 'versary!"

"Your anniversary, Kitty; why that's a reason with most people for taking a drop too much, instead of a drop too little," said I, setting down the glass on the table by which Kitty was standing, with the bottle handy; "but why should you be so sad on your birthday, Kitty?"

"It's not a birthday, master; it's just the contrary, — it's a death-day! This is the 'versary of my poor husband's death, bless him! If ever husband deserved to go to heaven, he was the one! I sometimes think I see him sitting in Abraham's bosom! as the Bible says; and if only good husbands go there, he won't be much squeezed — that's all I can say!"

"So this is the day of your husband's death," said I, casting about how I should coax her to take to the gin, which was standing by itself, the only thing on the table. I saw Kitty eye it once very affectionately, but she turned her head away with a resolute air, and looked at the wall. "Strongbolt was one of the jailors at some criminal prison, was he not," said I, seeking for some pretext to beguile her into conversation.

"It was not him," said Kitty, pettishly; "it wouldn't be for the

like of him that I should take on. No! it was a better one than ever stood in his shoes! Never shall I look on the likes of him again, as the poet says in the play! He was a regular trump, and no mistake!"

"It was your first husband, was it? I never knew, Kitty, that you had more than one husband!"

"No more I had — at one time; but it wasn't my first husband neither. When I was cajoled into a-marrying of him, I was a young thing that didn't know one from another. It's just like all young girls — they are in such a hurry to be married, and to have a house of their own, and to be their own mistress, as they call it, that they just jump at the first offer that's made to 'em. I was very foolish, master, and if I'd a know'd what I should have to do in the business, I never would have had him."

"And what was the business that your husband carried on?" said I.

"You mean my first. It was a very respectable business, and well enough for one, but it wasn't enough for two, and so I soon found out, to my cost. My husband was in the cat's meat line, and he served a great many respectable families all round about Holborn, and the cats came to know him, and he used to praise 'em before their mistresses, and give them an odd bit of meat now and then, extra, without charging for it, so that he became quite a favourite ——"

"With the cats?"

"That's just the same, and it's the old proverb, 'love me, love my dog,' and why not the same with cats? Well, the long and the short of it was, that I was living in service with a lady who dealt in clothes that were not new, and she had a cat, and I had to buy the victuals for it; and from talking to the cat he took to talking to me, and somehow or other, I don't know how it was, he talked me over, — and so one morning we went and got married.

"Pray sit down, Kitty, said I; "your story is quite interesting. Won't you drink this?" holding the gin between her and the light.

"Don't tempt me, master; you know when we say our prayers it is not to be led into temptation. But I was tempted, as Eve was before me, though it was not with cat's meat, but with an apple, if all accounts be true. However, that has nothing to do with my story; every one to his taste, say I."

"And how did you get on after you were married?"

"Oh! much the same as most people do, I believe. That is, I found courting one thing, and marriage another; and I tell you what it is, master, courting is like smoothing down a cat's back, all nice enough while she keeps her claws in; but marriage is like roughening the cat's back the wrong way, and then she puts her claws out, and that makes quite a different business of it, as I soon found out."

"How was that? Did your husband beat you?"

"Of course he did; but that was nothing; it is what every wife must expect now and then; but that wasn't the worst; I was soon obliged to take the barrow and go a crying cat's meat all day, and that was more than a respectable young woman, delicately brought up as I was, could bear."

"And who was your father?" asked I.

"He was in the service of the great Mr. —, I forget his name, who always contracted for all the dust in our parish."

"I see," said I; "but talking of dust makes my throat feel quite dry; you won't drink that drop of stuff, I suppose?"

"No, master, thank you, it's against my vow," said Kitty, taking up the glass, and looking at it sentimentally, and smelling it; and then putting it down on the table with a sigh; but I observed that she replaced it on the table nearer to her than before.

"And what was the end of your unhappy union?" said I, in a tone of affectionate commiseration at the wrongs inflicted by the cat's-meat man on the much-injured Kitty.

"The end of it was, what happens sooner or later to all bad husbands who ill-treat their wives. He took to drinking — that is, he always used to drink as much as he could get at all times, but he soon got worse than ever, and as drink he would have, he took to evil courses to get it. The first time I got a knowledge of his wicked ways, I thought I should have fainted away, for after all he was my husband, and I could not help feeling for him, and besides, I was afraid that I should become complicated in his wickedness, and so get put in gaol or lagged, for aught I knew. I was sitting one evening at home getting ready his dinner again' he came home, which was some sprats which I had exchanged some cat's meat for with a neighbour, when I heard the sound of the wheel of his barrow on the pavement. I saw that he was a little the worse for liquor, and I was just going to stick up my back a bit, — for I never could bear to be put on, — and he trundled his barrow into the room — we had an apartment on the ground floor for the convenience of the barrow, — when he ups with the lid of it, and chucking something on the floor, says he, 'Skin that cat!'"

"Is it possible!" said I.

"Master, I guessed the whole truth in a minute, and from that moment I felt that I was the wretchedest woman in the world! The ghost of that cat haunted me at night, and whenever I woke, I thought I saw it on the counterpane, with its back sticking up, and its whiskers sticking out, and its mouth half open, and its tail bristling behind like a hearth-brush — it was a dreadful sight, and had like to have drove me quite mad! And every day it was the same, and sometimes he brought home one and sometimes two, and then he would say, with a terrible oath, 'skin that cat!' and there was I obliged to do it, though it went against my stomach, or else there would have been murder, for he swore if I didn't he would skin me; and he had got so ferocious and blood-thirsty, what with killing of cats and with the drink besides, that he quite frightened me; and he regularly beat me twice a day, night and morning, so that I got quite miserable at last, and when he was transported to Botany Bay, it was a blessed relief to me, as well as the cats, poor creatures! But I little thought then how good comes out of evil, as the parson says, and how the transporting of my first husband should lead to a second! and to such a second! Ah! he was a dear, if ever there was one in this blessed world. He was a sailor man, and he always left me

half his pay, and let me do what I liked ! And this is the day of his death, poor fellow ! and such a death too."

Here Kitty put her apron to her face to wipe, as I supposed, her eyes, but she confined herself to another feature, and with her eyes fixed on her stone floor, she shook her head dolefully. I immediately took the glass of gin which stood ready, and held it under her nose. The fragrant fumes of the liquor ascended to her nostrils, and penetrated into her brain. It was too much ! Virtue is powerful, but nature is stronger still ! She took hold of the stem of the glass, daintily, as if she feared to touch it ; shook her head ; smacked her lips ; gave a loud snivel ; and then elevating it to the proper position, with its edge kissing her lips, by a rapid motion of her wrist she turned the bottom of the glass towards the sky, and deposited the liquor in her gullet. I took the glass from her hand, for she was quite overcome with her feelings, and immediately refilling it, placed it within her reach, and urged her to proceed with her story.

"What was the dreadful death," said I, "that your excellent husband suffered ? I mean the second one."

"Ah ! master ! it's a'most too dreadful to tell of ! But as you have beguiled me into talking of the poor dead man, I will not refuse you. He was eaten up !"

"Eaten up ! who or what ate him up ? a wild beast ?"

"Them that was wilder than wild beasts, and more cruel than wolves and tigers. No ! master, he was eat up by the savages, and my precious husband was swallowed down into their nasty stomachs as if he had been a line o' pork — the wretches !"

"Take another glass," said I. Kitty acquiesced.

"Oh !" exclaimed Kitty, "I only wish I had the cooking of 'em ! And what do you think, master ? the only thing that was left of him was his head ! yes ! his dear precious head ; and that the black varmint had pickled ! yes, they had, indeed ! It was brought home to me by the captain, salted and pickled — and dried ! No, they didn't leave a bit of him but his head ! they eat him all up, and they would have eaten his head too, that's my opinion, if they had known how to dress it. I put it on the mantelpiece, and there it used to look at me so dreadfully all night, that I asked the sexton of our parish to bury it for me, and give it rest. But he said it was not the custom, by no means, to do such things ; that they buried bodies, but that he had never heard of burying a head before, and 'specially such a head as that ; and he turned it round and round in his hands, as if it had been a lump of dirt, and had never belonged to my poor dear husband !"

"And what became of it at last ?" said I, rather interested at this head of the discourse.

"It got to the ears of some of those folks who are fond of poking about after things that are buried, and are of no use to anybody, and I was over persuaded by one of them — an antique, I think they called him, — and he asked me to sell him the head to put in his museum, for he took a great fancy to it ; but that I wouldn't listen to. The idea of selling my poor dear departed husband's head, when the rest of him was in the savage stomach of those horrid cannibals, was too shocking ! So I let him take it away, and he put it in a glass

case in a large room, where I saw it amongst a heap of curiosities of snakes and skeletons, and stuffed sharks, and all sorts of monsters; with a description underneath it about New Zealand, I think the place was called, but my eyes was too watery to see clearly; and the gentleman gave me some money, out of kindness, to set up in a little business, in a small way, in the coke and charcoal line. But the horrid thought of that pickled head haunted me to such a degree, that I was afraid to sleep alone at nights, and I believe it was that more than anything else that made me marry Strongbolt — that was my last husband — rest his soul! He was very kind to me, was Strongbolt in his way, but being used to deal with the rogues and vagabonds in the gaol, he was a little roughish. But bless me, what am I doing! I declare I have broken my vow, and this is the third glass of gin that I have been drinking, without thinking of it! (It was the sixth.) But never mind, I can keep my vow to-morrow instead; and after all, the gin one gets from the public houses is such weak stuff it can hardly be called drinking spirits. But in for a sheep in for a lamb — I mean the contrary — the talking of that dear precious soul's pickled head has quite confused me! I think I see it now! — With your leave, master, I will just take another glass, — there's only one more left in the bottle — and then I will go and see after that rogue that's locked up in the strong room. Good gracious! my poor limbs are very weak! It must be the rheumatism that I caught last night sleeping without my bonnet — I mean my night cap. Thank you, master, that will do," she said, as I led her to the door and set her a-going in the right direction; "ah! goodness! a poor old body like me is soon upset by a little grief; but the thought of that pickled head is enough to upset any one, let alone his poor widow that is left to bemoan him."

And so saying, and maundering as she went, she tottered down the gallery towards the staircase, while I set about performing another necessary part of the stratagem.

CHAPTER X.

As Kitty went out the painter entered; and now we began to look at our work more seriously. He brought a blue bag with him, in which he had put the paints and brushes that he wanted, and as it looked like a lawyer's bag, the more especially as he had taken care to let the ends of some papers and parchments stick out at the top, it excited no suspicion, and passed muster without examination. Before he went in to Ned, I made him write a letter in a feigned hand to the warden as if from a stranger complaining of having been insulted by a drunken woman called Kitty! and hinting at the lax state of discipline of the prison where such things could occur to respectable visitors without redress! The letter was not sealed, in order that it might be opened and read by the warden's deputy, who, I calculated, would take immediate notice of the irregularity, and order the immediate expulsion of the offender from the prison.

In the meantime Kitty had been let in, as usual, to clean up Ned's room, not without some admonitory observations on the part of the

officiating turnkey in respect to her intoxicated condition, which Kitty resented, of course, with the virtuous indignation usual in such cases. She had no sooner entered, than Ned began his part of the game; and he proceeded to compliment Kitty on her good looks, which she was pleased to receive graciously, although, as she averred, this day, of all other days in the year, was the one when her looks were worst, because of her mourning for her poor dear second husband. The mention of this family affliction naturally brought on the story of the pickled head, which so shocked Ned, that he was obliged, as he feelingly declared, to take the least possible drop of Hollands, to enable him to bear the heart-rending narration, and he recommended the tender-hearted Kitty so far to violate her usual habits of moderation as to make use of the same restorative for her own consolation; an invitation with which she complied, she said, to oblige him; and as her legs were very weak, she took the liberty to sit down. Ned, with that respectful consideration which is so pleasing to see rendered by the young to the old, took the trouble to place the table by her chair, setting the bottle upright at the same time close to her elbow, and inviting her to help herself—a liberality which so charmed the sorrowing widow, that she entered into the story of the pickled head *seriatim*; in the midst of which a stranger entered, who was announced as the “lawyer.”

Kitty, who had a horror of lawyers, which always presented to her, as she said, the idea of some terrible wild beast coming to devour you, made a movement to retire; but as this by no means suited the plans of the confederates, she was pressingly entreated to remain, and to continue her interesting story; to which, after a little coquetting, she consented, “not,” as she said, “for the sake of the Hollands, — although she was bound to say it was the finest liquor she had ever tasted since the owner of the pickled head had been used to smuggle over a keg now and then of similar stuff from Holland; but it was to please the gentlemen that she stayed, although her heart was so full that she feared she should never be able to get through her story.”

Ned requested her, with the most winning politeness, to tell her story her own way, and by no means to spare the liquor, as it was the least he could do to offer her the means of supporting her spirits during the harrowing tale. He entreated her indulgence, also, to allow him to retire behind the curtain of his bed, in order to change an indispensable article of his apparel, and begged her to go on with her narration, as he could dress and have the satisfaction of hearing her account of that most interesting adventure at the same time. Kitty, therefore, replenishing her glass, and taking up the thread of her narrative, which was rather an entangled one, and which savoured strongly of her recent potations, went on leisurely with her recital, helping her memory by frequent applications to the stone bottle. Her face was turned to the side where Ned was performing his modest toilette behind the curtain, while the painter listened to Kitty with the most flattering attention, and the most lively marks of interest and commiseration.

Now, if the artist had been employed in transferring to canvass the striking features of Brandy-faced Kitty, for exhibition at the

Royal Academy, it is most likely that the widow would have been not a little pleased at a tribute so flattering to her personal appearance. But as Dick was engaged in painting the portrait of that distinguished personage on Ned's living face, it would doubtless have excited considerable curiosity, and, perhaps not less alarm, had she been aware that the operation was being performed in a manner so clandestine. It was for that reason, therefore, that the painter and the painted were particularly anxious to prevent their original from being aware of what was going forward in regard to her copy; and, fortunately, the liquor had already produced such an effect as to cause her to see but dimly and confusedly; and her intellects were in that bewildered state, that she did not in the least suspect that her wicked entertainers were fabricating a counterfeit Kitty, to usurp her name and calling. So, while Kitty talked and sipped, the painter coloured and shaded, until he had produced a counterfeit, which Edward, when he looked in the glass, found so startling, that he was almost inclined to question his own identity, with such curious exactitude had the painter represented the blooming strawberry on Kitty's nose! Every line was there — the eyes; the eye-brows; the hairs on the chin; the patches on the cheeks; the corners of the mouth — all were there! It was Kitty herself!

Added to this, Ned had equipped himself, with the assistance of his friend, with the flannel petticoat and dress supplied by the ingenious Miss Wilson, and nothing was wanted but the veritable bonnet which Kitty wore to complete his disguise to the satisfaction of the theatrical artist. The game now was, how to get that bonnet off; but Kitty was "impracticable."

In vain did Ned, behind the curtain, and the painter, before it, use every art to induce Kitty to divest herself of that venerable article. They asked to examine its form and texture; and first they threw out hints, and then they formally promised to buy her a new one. To the new one, she said, she had no objection, making a mental resolution to "spout" it immediately; but as to taking the old one off, — no! — that was a thing impossible! Dick praised her hair, declaring that, upon his honour as a gentleman, he had never seen hair so beautiful on any woman's head at Kitty's years; not, as he insinuated, that he thought she was old, but her hair was positively as glossy and as bright as a young girl's! But nothing would do; and Ned was almost in despair of the success of the stratagem, and the time was wearing fast away, when a loud knocking was made at the door, and the voice of a turnkey was heard inquiring for "Kitty."

"Come out, old woman," said he; "it's no use to make any words about it. The warden says that out you must go; and so the shortest way is the best."

"What is the matter," said Ned, raising his voice; "what has poor Kitty done — poor — good — old lady?"

"Kitty is drunk, and you know it; and she has been insulting a gentleman stranger, who has written a letter to the warden, and the warden says that Kitty is to be locked out," said the turnkey, through the door; "and so she must come along."

"I won't go," screamed out Kitty, who by this time was pretty

considerably drunk, and trying to stand on her legs, in doing which she rolled helplessly on the floor. "I won't go, for any such blackguard as you or any that's like you! — you a gentleman! with your frock coat and your high-lows — I could make a better gentleman any day out of a sack of charcoal, you sneaking, liverfaced, water-drinking nincompoop. There! put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"Come out, you old harridan," roared the officer in a rage; "open the door, I say, and let me turn that gin-drinking, filthy old woman out of the prison. She is a disgrace to the place — come out, I say!"

If it had been possible for the individual to whom these complimentary observations were addressed to get on her legs, she would willingly, she said, have had a month at Bridewell for the pleasure of sticking her nails into the turnkey's face. But she was resistlessly drunk. But as she lay on the floor she gave free vent to the only member which did not partake of her general prostration — her tongue — to shower on the exasperated officer every abusive epithet with which the vocabulary of her three departed husbands could furnish her! But the turnkey insisting on the door being opened, and the affair becoming serious, it was necessary for Ned and his friend to take a decisive step.

"All or nothing," said Ned, emerging from his hiding-place, and snatching Kitty's bonnet from her head.

As Kitty's back was turned to him as she sat on the floor, it was not until he had placed the coveted article on his head that she caught sight of his features and habilaments! Drunk as she was, she had not so far lost her senses as not to be instantly struck with the dreadful nature of the apparition! The pickled head was nothing to it! Here was her own head on somebody else's shoulders! Her own face! her own gown! her own bonnet! It was herself! — another self! It was Kitty! Who then, was she? Was she Kitty — herself, — or was she somebody else? It was too much for mortal powers to bear; for Ned, to complete the dismay that he saw her plunged in, squatted down on the floor, and shaking his head at her, with a horrible grimace, uttered a fearful howl.

All she could say was, "Who the devil are you?" and then sinking down in a fit of fright, remained without speech or motion.

"Now is the time," said Dick. "Mind and act your part well; it is neck or nothing for both of us."

Saying this, he opened the door, and pushing the counterfeit Kitty out, she was pounced upon by the turnkey, who immediately locked the door on the outside, and seizing the drunken old female dog — as he called her — by the arm, he dragged her to the lobby, Ned reeling about and making a mock resistance, which only made the officer more determined to eject her summarily from the prison. In this manner Ned was violently driven from the gate, amidst the jeers and the laughter of the spectators, and bundled into the street, Mr. Richard Bristel following behind, and affecting to be excessively shocked at the indecency and immorality of the exhibition.

"Hastily passing the liberated prisoner as he continued to reel down the street, he said to him in a whisper, "Keep it up, and follow me!"

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Medii Ævi Kalendarium; or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century: and an Alphabetical Digest of the Obsolete Names of Days: forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other Aids for ascertaining Dates. By R. T. HAMPSON. In two volumes. London: Henry Kent Causton and Co., Birchin Lane. 1841.

AMONG the numerous works which daily issue from the press, there are very few on which it is possible to express unqualified approbation: it is exceedingly pleasing, therefore, to be able to bestow praise on a book fully, heartily, and without reserve. Such is the case, we are happy to say, with the work before us. It is one of the most learned, and also one of the most entertaining, of all the books which have been published on this or on many other subjects. Certainly the title of the book, "Dates, Charters, and Customs," does not present a very attractive aspect to the general reader; it might be supposed to be essentially dry, repulsive, and unamusing. The greater then the merit of the author who, out of a subject intrinsically dull, has so fashioned his materials as to make it one of the most amusing as well as most instructive works that a lady can place on her drawing-room table, or an antiquarian in his study. It is a repertory of legends, wild tales, and mysterious love-charms—telling how to recall lovers and procure husbands—information which cannot fail to be generally interesting; and it is a magazine of learned curiosities, replete with old missals and musty parchments, primeval kalendars, and ancient chronicles. The books have an air of "rubigo" about them, like old medals. Here popular superstitions are traced to their source, and their record turned to useful purposes in developing the history of the human mind, and in revealing the secret of the parent origin of different and distant nations.

The laboriousness of the author's researches, and the skill and judgment with which he has culled, from the prodigious folios of black-letter which remain as monuments of the gigantic achievements of former ages, all that was proper for his purpose, excites our admiration; while the contemplation of the mass of books and manuscripts which the author must have devoured is positively appalling. No one but a "*helluo librorum*" of the most voracious appetite, which is freely translated as a—we forget the precise term, but it is something equivalent with "a terrible fellow for books,"—could possibly have dared, much less executed, the Herculean task of wading through the enormous quantity of print and manuscript, to the fact of which these volumes bear testimony. Nor is the great learning possessed by the author less to be admired; for the reader cannot consult this work

without feeling that the writer is thoroughly master of his subject, and that he possesses within himself stores of knowledge by which he can test the truth or falsehood of black-letter histories, and by the means of which he is enabled to compare and expound the causes of similar religious observance co-existing with dissimilar religious opinions, and of showing how corresponding superstitions link together in one common parentage the wide-scattered descendants of a primeval people.

In all this, it is to be observed, the author neither assumes nor seems to be conscious of any merit attaching personally to himself: he speaks of his book only as a "compilation;" and seems hardly to be aware of the rarity or the value of his own profound erudition. He says in his preface:—

"Of a work which is chiefly founded on information derived from manuscript or printed sources, little explanation can be necessary. The original intention was, to cast into the form of a Glossary as many of the terms now obsolete, but employed in mediæval chronology, as could be obtained by a diligent research, and to assign the bearing of each, as nearly as it could be satisfactorily ascertained. In the prosecution of this plan, it soon became obvious that the utility of the Glossary would be considerably enlarged by determining the age of the term itself; and the attempt to effect this object with exactitude has necessarily introduced a multitude of ecclesiastical and legal antiquities, which were not contemplated in the first design, but which are indispensable in many cases to confer probability on explanations, respecting which there may be conflicting opinions."

After enumerating some instances of the utility of fixing dates, he says:—

"Innumerable instances resembling the preceding, may be readily collected from the Glossary, in which it has been a principal object, to assemble in an alphabetical order whatever might tend to elucidate the obscurities of the chronology of the middle ages. In order the better to preserve the utility of this department of the work, by removing from it every thing that did not immediately belong to the explanations, it became necessary either to reject many curious and not altogether useless facts, or to embody them in a separate department. The latter course has been pursued."

We shall now proceed to show the manner in which the author has accomplished his design. The first book of the first volume is devoted to a disquisition on "Charters and Dates." It begins thus:—

"Theoretical writers on historical composition have established the maxim, that they who relate the events of ages anterior to their own, deserve credit so far only as they acquaint us with the sources, from which they derive their information. These historical authorities resolve themselves into two classes of corroborative testimony,—public acts and monuments, and private writers. Among the former are medals, inscriptions, charters, diplomas, statutes, and, in short, all instruments of a national character; in the latter class are comprised authors of histories, chronicles, annals, memoirs, and letters, who are either contemporary, or remote from the events, which they relate, and whose credibility is necessarily proportionate to their presence or distance. Hence the verification of facts requires the institution of a comparison between the record and the monuments of the age described, between the narration and its reasoning, and the documents on which the

assertions and inferences depend. He that would verify the accounts of the historian, or that would compare public records and authors of the same period together, will often find himself perplexed by the irregularity and obscurity which embarrass the chronology of the middle ages. The statesman, the churchman, and the historian, in speaking of the same time, employ very different language; and, indeed, it rarely happens that two contemporary writers agree in adopting the same chronological terms. If the indications of the time be not understood, it is evident, that the order of events will be liable to be deranged, that anachronisms will arise, that things will be confounded with persons, and that the effect will often be mistaken for the cause, the cause for the effect.

"Gibbon, the historian, remarks on the chronology of English history, that it 'may be considered as a neglected department.'"

One of the most interesting points relating to dates is certainly the age of the globe which we inhabit, and the date of its creation. It may be said, that if the Creator of the Universe had considered it necessary for the well-being and happiness of those of his creatures whom he has placed on this ball of earth, he would have furnished them with the means of accurately ascertaining the origin of the globe which they possess, and the era of its formation. But although there are many who maintain the opinion that such inquiries are vain, useless, and impossible for the limited faculties of man to compass, the question is, nevertheless, one that interests, and which cannot fail always to interest, the human race in a powerful degree. The author thus speaks of it:—

"For those who are disinclined to enter into the abstrusities of general chronology, it may be sufficient to notice, that the age of the world, and the number of years which have elapsed from the Creation to the Nativity of Christ, are involved in difficulties from which they appear to be inextricable. On the latter question alone there are no fewer than one hundred and forty different hypotheses, founded, in the opinion of the learned Petavius, upon mere conjectures and not upon solid argument. Some fix the epoch of the Nativity in the year of the world 3616, while others go back to the year 6484, and others adopt intermediate years. The variations in the principal copies of the Old Testament have occasioned this diversity of opinion. The Hebrew codex, to which preference is generally assigned, fixes the deluge in the year of the world 1656, the Samaritan codex in 1307, and the Greek codex, or septuagint version, in 2262. The period which follows the deluge for nine generations, the number computed from the creation, does not offer smaller variations; the Hebrew codex gives 262 years, the Samaritan 942, and the Septuagint 1972. The system most accredited in the present day, is that of Archbishop Usher, which is founded on the Hebrew codex, and fixing the epoch of the Nativity in the year of the world 4000. After all, Moses himself, the inspired historian of the creation, to whose authority it is futile to oppose the hap-hazard conjectures of his annotators, makes no attempt to give a date; it was sufficient for him, one of the wisest of men, and possessing divine information, to state that the world arose *in the beginning* of all things, and that beginning, the discoveries of modern science have placed far beyond the hypotheses of European chronologists."

Passing from this geological question, we come to a question of date in respect to the common use of the English language, which is not generally known, but which is curious:—

"Sir John Cavendish, lord chief justice, who was beheaded in 6 Richard II.,

1382, made his will partly in Latin, and partly in French, assigning as the reason of his deviation from the first to the second, that the French language was more natural to himself and was more common, and better known than the Latin; but of English he takes no notice. The Rolls of Parliament do not contain more than three or four entries in English before the reign of Henry the Sixth, after whose accession the use of the language became common in these records; but French continued to be the language of the court so lately as the reign of Henry the Eighth; and from an epigram of Sir Thomas More, quoted by Daines Barrington, it appears to have been no better than that of Stratford le Bow :

‘ Crescit tamen, sibi que nimirum placet,
Verbis tribus si quid loquatur Gallice;
Aut Galicis si quid nequit vocabulis,
Conatur id, licet verbis non Gallicis,
Canore saltem personare Gallico. ’

In book the third and onwards, the author treats of the subject of “Popular Customs and Superstitions connected with Dates;” which he divides into four parts, relating to the traditional customs and the superstitious observances of winter, summer, autumn, and spring; and in collecting the accounts of customs which bear upon the subject of dates, he brings forward a fund of learning, and a multitude of legends which are most curious and entertaining. Under the head of Winter he narrates :—

“ From the *Regnum Papisticum* of Naogeorgus, translated by Barnabe Googe, in 1570, it appears that the peasant girls in ancient times, attempted to divine the name of their future husbands, by forcing the growth of onions in the chimney corner, and they ascertained the temper of their future spouse from the straightness or crookedness of a stick, drawn from a wood stack. Amatory divinations, it will be seen, were by no means peculiar in England to the season of Advent. In Germany, it is commonly believed that on St. Andrew's night and the nights of St. Thomas, Christmas, and New Year, a girl has the power of inviting and seeing her future lover. A table is to be laid for two persons, taking care, however, that there are no forks on it. Whatever the lover leaves behind him at his departure must be carefully preserved; he then returns to her who has it, and loves her passionately. It must, however, be carefully kept from his sight, because he would otherwise remember the torture of superhuman power, which he that night endured, and this would lead to fatal consequences. A fair maiden, in Austria, once sought at midnight, after performing the necessary ceremonies, to obtain a sight of her future lover; whereupon a shoemaker appeared, having a dagger in his hand, which he threw at her, and then disappeared. She picked up the dagger and concealed it in a trunk. It was not long afterwards before the shoemaker visited, courted, and married her. Some years after their marriage, she chanced to go one Sunday, about the hour of vespers, to the trunk, in search of something which she required for her work on the following day. As she opened her trunk, her husband came to her, and would insist on looking into it; she kept him off, until at last he pushed her away with great violence, looked into her trunk, and there saw his dagger. He immediately seized it, and demanded of her how she had obtained it, because he had lost it at a very particular time. In her fear and alarm, she had not the power to invent any excuse, so declared the truth, that it was the same dagger which he had left behind him on the night when she had obliged him to appear to her. Her husband hereupon grew enraged, and said, with a terrible oath,—“ ’Twas you then that caused me that night of dreadful misery ! ’ and with that he thrust the dagger into her heart.”

We do not observe any explanation of the popular superstition relating to a personage whose interference with human affairs is generally considered to be more officious than agreeable, and who, under the appellation of "Old Nick," has attained an unenviable celebrity; but on the subject of St. Nicholas, there is the following record:—

"The *festival of St. Nicholas* is observed on the 6th of December, and is marked by several peculiarities which connect the saint with the marine deities of Scandinavia, Greece, and Rome. He is said by Moreri to have been bishop of Myra, in the 4th century, and he was accounted a saint of the highest virtue, even in his earliest infancy. This saint has ever been considered the patron of scholars and of youth, of which the reason has been assigned by the Rev. W. Cole, from a life of St. Nicholas, 3rd edition 4to., 1645. 'An Asiatic gentleman, sending his two sons to Athens for education, ordered them to wait on the bishop for his benediction. On arriving at Myra with their baggage, they took up their lodgings at an inn, proposing to defer their visit till the morrow; but, in the mean time, the innkeeper to secure their effects to himself, killed the young gentlemen, cut them into pieces, salted them, and intended to sell them for pickled pork. St. Nicholas being favoured with a sight of these proceedings in a vision, went to the inn, and reproached the landlord with the crime, who, immediately confessing it, entreated the saint to pray to heaven for his pardon. The bishop, moved by his confession and contrition, besought forgiveness for him, and supplicated restoration of life to the children. Scarcely had he finished, when the pieces re-united, and the resuscitated youths threw themselves from the brine tub at the feet of the bishop: he raised them up, blessed them, and sent them to Athens, with great joy, to prosecute their studies.'"

The Greek sailors of modern times, he informs us, since the abdication or deposition of their old friend Neptune—the same who is represented on the top of Buckingham Palace, with a potato-fork in his hand ready to stick into the adjacent plum pudding, an allegorical representation perfectly English—have adopted Saint Nicholas in his place:—

"The modern mariners of Greece substitute St. Nicholas for Neptune; and an interesting historical anecdote is connected with the subject. The name of Kanaris, the Greek naval hero, was almost unknown among his fellow-countrymen, until he signalised himself in January, 1828, by setting fire to the Turkish admiral's ship, which had a crew of 2200 men on board at the time, in the roads of Chios. His own men, upon desecring the great Turkish fleet in that roadstead, attempted to compel him to sheer off. 'If ye have coward souls,' exclaimed their gallant commander, 'throw yourselves into the sea, and shelter yourselves behind yon rocks. I shall remain on board and die without you.' These words recalled their sinking courage, and they swore to live or die with him. It happened to be the month of Ramazan, when the faithful, after keeping their mouths closed from sun-rise to sun-set, retaliate for the penance by passing the night in all kinds of merriment and debauchery. The night in question had, therefore, collected a host of Turkish officers of considerable rank on board the admiral's ship, as visitors. It was pitch dark when Kanaris made his fire-ship fast to the vessel, set fire to her, and jumped into his launch; the flames spread rapidly, and Kanaris, who was at no great distance from the enemy, called out to them, 'Hollo there! how do you relish the Ramazan illumination?' Then laying his best hands to the oar, he beheld the Turkish admiral's ship, with the Kapudan Pasha and every soul on board, blown into the air. Kanaris, on the other hand, had a barrel of gunpowder as his messmate, as a resource

for ridding himself of life, rather than fall into his adversaries' clutches in the event of their giving him chase; but they were in no mood for the experiment, and he was consequently enabled to gain the harbour of Ipsara the next morning, where his fellow-countrymen welcomed him with loud acclaims and discharges of musquetry and cannon. As soon as he got on shore, he made his way to St. Nicholas's church, where he returned the saint fervent thanksgivings for the succour he had vouchsafed him, and presented a votive offering of two wax tapers at his shrine."

With respect to the origin of "Christmas Boxes," which the French gentleman, with the usual knowledge displayed by his countrymen in respect to English manners and customs, described as a national boxing day, when all the people box one another in one grand and universal fight with fists, the author, after some incidental remarks in respect to its having fallen, in these latter days, much into disuse—a departure from ancient customs more deplored by the receivers than the bestowers of the gifts in question,—narrates that the origin of the name is ascribed to the following custom:—

"Whenever a ship sailed from any of those parts, where the religious were under the authority of the Church of Rome, a certain saint was always named, unto whose protection its safety was committed, and in that ship there was a box, and into that box every poor person put something in order to induce the priests to pray to that saint for the safe return of the vessel; which box was locked up by the priests, who said that the money should not be taken out until the vessel came back. Another and more probable explanation is given by a well informed anonymous writer. 'Christmas Boxes,' he says, 'may be assimilated to, and probably originated from the Roman Paganalia, which were instituted, according to Dionysius, by Servius Tullius, and celebrated in honour of Ceres at the beginning of the year. An altar was erected in every village, where persons gave money. The apprentices' boxes were formerly made of pottery; and Aubrey mentions a pot, in which Roman denarii were found resembling in appearance an apprentice's earthen Christmas Box. Count Caylus gives two of these Paganalian boxes; one exhibiting Ceres seated between two figures standing; the other with a head of Hercules. The Heathen plan was commuted in the Middle Age to collections for masses, in order to absolve the debaucheries of the season, which the servants were unable to pay. In like manner, the grooms of the earl of Northumberland's chamber had a Christmas box, and it is recorded that the earl deposited in it XXs."

The story of the "Were Wolves" in Germany is thus alluded to: we must refer the reader to the work itself for the explanation of the superstition, which involves much research, and which will amply repay perusal:—

"The ancient superstition respecting *Were-wolves*, the mutation of men into wolves at this season, is much too remarkable to be admitted. Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsal, and metropolitan of Sweden, relates in his *History of the Goths*, that at the festival of Christmas in the cold northern parts, there is a strange conversion of men into beasts; and that at a place previously fixed among themselves, there is a gathering of a huge multitude of wolves which have been changed from men, and which, during that night rage with such fierceness against mankind and other creatures not fierce by nature, that the inhabitants of the country suffer more hurt from them, than they ever do from natural wolves; for these human wolves attack houses, break down the doors in order that they may destroy the inmates, and descend into the cellars, where they drink out whole tuns of beer or mead,

leaving the empty vessels heaped one upon another. If any man afterwards comes to the place where they have met, and his cart overturn, or he fall down in the snow, it is believed that he will die that year. The author relates, that there is standing a wall of a certain castle that was destroyed, to which, at an appointed time, these unnatural wolves come and endeavour to leap over it; and that those wolves which cannot leap over the wall from fatness or otherwise, are whipped by their leaders: and, moreover, it is believed that among them are the great men and chief nobility of the land. This change of a natural man into a brute is effected by muttering certain words and drinking a cup of ale to a man-wolf, which, if he accept the same, renders the man-natural worthy of admission into the society of men-wolves. He may then change himself into the form of a wolf, by going into a secret cellar, or private wood; and may put off his wolf's form and resume his own at pleasure.

"The following instances, or anecdotes, are related in confirmation of this statement:—A certain nobleman, while on a journey through the woods, was benighted and hungry; and it so fell out that among his servants were some who had this faculty of becoming wolves; one of these proposed that the rest should be quiet while he withdrew, and that they should not be surprised to tumult by anything they saw in his absence; and, so saying, he went into a thick wood, and there privily transformed himself, and came out as a wolf, and fell fiercely on a flock of sheep, and caught one of them and brought it to his companions, who, knowing the bringer thereof, received it gratefully, and he returned into the wood as a wolf would, and came back again in his shape as the nobleman's servant.

"Not many years since it happened in Livonia, that a nobleman's wife disputed with one of her servants, whether men could turn themselves into wolves, and the lady said they could not; but the servant said, with her permission, he would presently show her an example of that business: and forthwith he went alone into the cellar, and presently after came forth in the form of a wolf; and the dogs hunted him through the fields into a wood, where he defended himself stoutly, but they bit out one of his eyes, and the next day he came with only one eye to his lady.

"Lastly, he says, that it is yet fresh in memory that the duke of Prussia, though he paid attention to stories of this kind, required a person who was reputed to be skilled in this sorcery to give a proof of his art. The man accordingly transformed himself into a wolf; the duke was satisfied, and caused the unlucky experimentalist to be burned for idolatry."

Passing over much interesting matter on various topics, we are gratified by lighting on a passage relating to certain green things known by the name of leeks, which are mysteriously worn by those who are not ashamed of being Welshmen, on a particular day of the year. It must be in the minds of many of our readers that when they have asked the question in their youth, "Why do those people wear leeks in their hats on the first of March?" the answer has invariably been "because it is St. David's day." But why do Welshmen wear leeks in their hats on St. David's day? that is the question. In elucidation of that abstruse and extremely interesting point, the author furnishes the following information:—

"The first of March among the Romans, was called *Kalendæ Femineæ*, from a custom of making presents to women on this day, mentioned by Juvenal. In the Christian world, it is *St. David's Day*, and is annually observed in London by the charitable society of Ancient Britons, who were established in 1714, in behalf of the Welsh Charity School, in Gray's-Inn-road. On this occasion each man wears an artificial leek in his hat. In the

fifteenth century, the celebration of St. David's Day was honoured with the patronage of royalty, and numerous entries of payments, such as the following, are recorded in the 'Privy Purse Expenses of Henry the Seventh,' a monarch whose liberality is not proverbial :—

' Mar. 1, (1492). Walshemen on Saint David Day, £2.'

' Mar. 6, (1494). To the Walshemen towards their feste, £2.'

"The origin of the custom of wearing the leek on this day has been referred to St. David himself, who was bishop of Mency between 519 and 544. Under his military conduct, the Welsh are said to have obtained a memorable victory over the Saxons, and the use of the leek, on that occasion, produced the annual custom of wearing it in the hat, according to the lines, quoted by Dr. Forster :—

' In Cambria, 'tis said, tradition's tale
Recounting tells how famed Menevia's priest
Marshall'd his Britons, and the Saxon host
Discomfited, how the green leek the bands
Distinguished, since by Britons yearly worn,
Commemorates their tutelary saint.'

"Another poet, Dr. Southey, receives the victory thus achieved as an indubitable fact, but converts the leek into St. David's crest :—

— ' And if that in thy veins
Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Hath flow'd with quicker impulse at the tale
Of David's deeds, when thro' the press of war
His gallant comrades followed his green crest
To conquest.'

"One thing is certain, which is, that the custom is as old as the time of Shakspeare, whose Captain Fluellen gives an account of it fully as satisfactory as the preceding :—

' If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ; which your majesty knows is an honorable padge of service ; and, I believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavy's Day.'

"Dr. Owen Pughe, the British lexicographer, differing from his martial countryman, supposes that the custom originated in the *Cymmortha*, still observed in Wales, in which the farmers reciprocate assistance in ploughing their land, when every one contributes his leek to the common repast."

Another interesting question is the reason for eating hot-cross buns. Most people eat them because they like them, but that is a vulgar reason. We think, therefore, we cannot do a more acceptable service to the present generation than by affording the utmost publicity to the religious and moral motive explained by the author for eating hot-cross buns—that is to say, when they are good. It is to be observed, by the way, that the author does not lay much stress on their being hot, only that they shall be duly stamped ; and it may be useful to add, to prevent immorality and indigestion, that the orthodox time to eat them is at breakfast ; and that in respect to the number to be eaten, that the rich may eat as many as may be agreeable, and the poor as many as they can get. But to return to our author's text :—

"The term *Good Friday*, is erroneously said to be peculiar to the English church ; but it is certainly an adoption of the old German *Gute Freytag*, which may have been a corruption of *Gottes Freytag*, God's Friday, so called on the same principle that Easter Day in England was, at no very

remote period, denominated God's Day. In a manuscript homily, entitled 'Exortacio in die Pasche,' written about the reign of Edward IV., we are told that the Paschal Day 'in some place is callede Esterne Day, and in sum place Goddes Day.' Another MS. quoted by Strutt, says it is called Good Friday, because on this day good men were reconciled to God. The length of the services in ancient times on this day, occasioned it to be called Long Friday, the *Lang Frigedæg* of the Anglo Saxons, which they probably received from the Danes, by whom at the present time, the day is denominated *Langfreday*.

"A custom of worshipping the cross on this day anciently prevailed in England and France, whence Good Friday was called in Latin, *Veneris Dies, Adoratus*, and in French, *Vendredi Adoré*, corrupted into *Verdi Aoré*, and *Verdi Oré*. In a decree of the Parliament of Paris, in 1423, then in possession of the English, the Duke of Bethfort (Bedford) states that in consequence of the absence of the king his nephew, and representing his person, he will, on '*le Vendredi Aoré*,' exhibit the true cross to the people, according to the custom of the kings of France on this day. Dr. Percy, in his notes to the Northumberland Household Book, observes that in 1536, when the Convocation under Henry the Eighth abolished some of the old superstitious practices, the custom of saluting the cross on Good Friday was ordered to be retained, as laudable and edifying."

Speaking of the name of Easter, the author says : —

"The name of *Euster* is clearly traced to that of *Eostre*, a goddess to whom the Saxons and other northern nations sacrificed in the month of April, in which the paschal festival usually falls. The season has always been signalised by festivity among the Persians, Egyptians, Scandinavians, and other ancient people, who at this period celebrated the entrance of the sun into Aries. The Egyptians, observing this planet apparently removing from their climate, began, it is said, to fear that a day would arrive when it would entirely forsake them, and in consequence, they every year celebrated with rejoicing, the period when they observed its re-ascension."

As there are few people who have not been made April fools in their time, it may be pleasing to them to know how the custom originated.

Like falling in love, it is a fate that at some time must befall every one. A French distich, put over a statue of Cupid, is not less applicable to the first of April : —

Qui que tu sois — voici ton maître : —

Qu'il est — qui fut — ou qui doit être. —

This being the case, when any one is made an April fool for the future, it may be satisfactory to him to be made acquainted with the high authority on which it is done. The extract is rather long, but it concerns so many people that we insert it entire for their consolation : —

"The custom of sending people on a fool's errand on the 1st of April, or *All Fools' Day*, is general and ancient. In Germany the phrase '*Einen nach dem April schicken*' is equivalent to 'making him an April Fool.' The French *Poisson d'Avril* is applied equally to the person and to the trick played. Napoleon, marrying the archduchess of Austria on the 1st of April, 1810, was called by the Parisians, '*Un poisson d'Avril*,' an April Fool. At Paris on April 1, 1817, a lady pocketed a watch in a friend's house, and when charged with the fact before the correctional police, she said that it was '*Un poisson d'Avril*,' an April Joke. On denying that a watch was in

her possession, a messenger was sent to her apartments who found it on the chimney piece, upon which the lady said that she had made the messenger, 'Un poisson d'Avril.'

"In the northern counties, and in Scotland, they have their *Gowks*, who are said to have been sent on a *Gowk's Errand*. *Gauch* (whence *jocus*) in the Teutonic (German *Gecke*, and *Gaukelns*, to juggle; Swedish *Gack*) signifies a fool, and thus we have the word *Gowk*; and a foolish character in Smollet's Roderick Random is called *Squire Gawky*. In Lancashire *Gawky* is corrupted into *Gawby* of the same signification. Dr. Jamieson thinks that the expression, a *Gawk's Errand*, although equivalent to a fool's errand, does not originate immediately from *Gowk*, a foolish person, but from the cuckoo, which in Scotland bears that name. 'Young people, attracted by the singular cry of the cuckoo, being anxious to see it, are often very assiduous to obtain their gratification. But as the bird changes its place so secretly and suddenly, when they think they are just within reach of it, they hear it cry at a considerable distance. Thus they run from place to place, still finding themselves as far removed from their object as ever. Hence the phrase, *Hunt the Gowk* may have come to be used for any fruitless attempt, and particularly for those vain errands, on which persons are sent on the first of April.'

"The Romans had a *Festum Stultorum* on the 17th of February, but from the description of it by Plutarch, it bore no affinity to any of our periodical customs. Those who had omitted the celebration of the *Fornaculia* at the proper time and in their own tribes, were allowed to celebrate it on this day, and hence it was called the Feast of Fools.

"The custom of making April fools, however, seems to be a relic of a high and general pagan festival, at which the most unbounded hilarity prevailed; and, like many other periodical observances, seems to have had an Oriental parentage. Colonel Pearce has proved that it is an immemorial custom among the Hindoos, at their *Huli* Festival, when mirth and festivity prevailed over every class, to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the messenger. 'Both high and low join in it;' and the late Suraja Dowlah, I am told, was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a mussulman of the highest rank. They carry the joke here so far as to send letters making appointments in the name of persons, who, it is known, must be absent from their house at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given.' The last day of the Huli, March 31, is the general holiday. This festival is held in honor of the new year; and as the year formerly began in Britain about the same time, Maurice, in his Indian Antiquities, that the diversions of the first of April, both in Britain and India, had a common origin in the ancient celebration of the return of the vernal equinox with festal rites. For the same reason, the remark is applicable to every country in which this fool-making custom is found."

The mention of a superstition prevalent in the north of Scotland gives occasion for referring to a remarkable tradition among the natives of Hudson's Bay:—

"To make their cows *luck*, or prosper, it is believed to be only necessary to milk a little out of each teat on the ground, but that the reverse will be the case if the ceremony be neglected. This is evidently a Pagan rite, being a libation to the old Gothic or German deity, *Hertha*, the Earth—or to the fairies. A similar superstition prevails in the north of Scotland with respect to the *Pankail*, a broth made of coleworts. Of old, in preparing this, the meal which rose as the scum of the pot was not put into any dish, but thrown among the ashes, from the notion that it went to the use of the fairies, who were supposed to feed upon it. This ceremony resembles one among the

ancient Romans, who, in order to consecrate any kind of food, generally threw a part of it into the fire as an offering to the *Lares*, or household gods, who, from the patella, or sacrificing dish sometimes used on these occasions, were called *Dii Patellarii*. A good citizen, say both Livy and Varro, ought to obey, revere the Gods, and 'in patellam dare μικρον κριτας,' [offer them a piece of his meat upon the patella.] It is not a little singular to find a similar custom prevalent among the savage nations of Hudson's Bay. Mr. Robson says that those savages have an imperfect tradition, that all the inhabitants of the country were formerly drowned in an inundation, with the exception of *eight* persons (the number of the Cabiric deities), who preserved themselves in a canoe. They hold in dread a malevolent being, whom they endeavour to propitiate, by casting into the fire a piece of meat before they commence their meals. The rite of the ancient Egyptians, who poured pure water upon the ground, in one respect more nearly resembled the Scottish libation noticed here, and that practised in the Beltein."

We are obliged to omit, for want of space, allusion to much curious matter in this part of the volume; but we cannot refuse insertion to a short anecdote of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, about a hundred pages beyond our last extract:—

"In many places, *St. Crispin's Day* (Oct. 25) is a great holiday among the shoemakers, and the origin of it is thus assigned: Two brothers, Crispin and Crispinianus, who were born at Rome, travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, in order to propagate the Christian religion. Being, however, desirous of rendering themselves independent, they gained a subsistence by making shoes. The governor of the town having discovered that they privately maintained the Christian faith, and endeavoured to make proselytes of the inhabitants, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 308. From this time, the shoemakers have chosen them for their tutelary saints.

"With reference to this day, Dr. Forster has introduced the following anecdote of Charles the Fifth. This sovereign, in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels; and, being desirous of knowing the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself and his administration, he frequently went disguised, and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night, his boot requiring mending, he was directed to a cobbler. Unfortunately, it chanced to be *St. Crispin's* holiday, and instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor communicated his wishes, and offered him a handsome gratuity. 'What, friend! (says the cobbler) do you know no better than to ask one of our craft to work on *St. Crispin's Day*? Were it Charles himself I would not do a stitch for him now; but if you will come in and drink *St. Crispin*, do and welcome—we are as merry as the emperor can be.' The sovereign accepted the offer, and, as a return for his hospitality, gave the cobblers a coat of arms—a boot, surmounted by an imperial crown. In Flanders, a chapel is still to be seen adorned with the boot and imperial crown; and, in all processions, the company of cobblers takes precedence of that of shoemakers."

We conclude our extracts from the first volume with the following well-written observations of the author:—

"We have now accompanied the sun in his passage over the circle of the year, and cannot but be struck by one prominent feature, which is, the intimate connexion between the customs of nations remote from each other, and indicative of their common origin. A writer in the *American Quarterly Review* has the following just and apposite reflections:— 'In tracing nations

to their particular sources (he says), the chief reliance has generally been placed upon etymology; but a close investigation of customs is of no less importance: in every such historical investigation they ought to go hand in hand. We have seen that most of our rites and superstitions are of Gothic origin; whilst others are as clearly Druidical, or Celtic; and both resemble those of the East, and especially of Persia. This is readily accounted for. Both Celts and Goths were originally Oriental. The Celts having emigrated at a much earlier period than the Goths, had probably fewer ceremonies; hence the paucity amongst us of Celtic superstitions.

"The religion of the Nomadic Goths was also, at first, we have but little doubt, comparatively simple: the great change in that of the Scandinavians being wrought by the arrival of Odin, who introduced amongst them the splendid mythology of the East, and subsequently received his own apotheosis. Other observances have reached us through a Grecian or Roman channel, but these, again, bear striking evidence of an Oriental origin. The mythology of Greece is unquestionably Oriental; and the Romans derived theirs from the Greeks. Hence many of our superstitions, nursery tales, &c. may have descended to us by various streams — originally along with our Celtic or Gothic ancestry, and subsequently by the route of more modern conquest — most unequivocally exhibiting, however, the like Oriental parentage.

"Lastly, the wide extent of superstition amongst us — superstition, too, in many cases, of the most idolatrous character, affords a humiliating subject of reflection; and it is a striking proof of the tyrannical influence of custom on the mind, that many, who have no faith in these observances, could not feel comfortable were they to neglect them. We recollect a naval officer, high in rank, smiling at the superstitions of the profession, and especially at the almost universal belief, that whistling on deck is capable of raising the wind, yet declaring, in the same breath, that he should not feel at ease were any one on deck to whistle in tempestuous weather — a better instance we could not give of the power of superstition: —

'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale
Which children open-ey'd and mouth'd devour,
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe.' "

In the second volume of this work, which the author modestly styles "A Glossary," but which is in truth an Encyclopædia of learning in respect to the subjects of which it treats, is to be found a mass of varied information digged out of old manuscripts and records, far greater than any similar work has yet afforded, and presented in a concentrated form which will prove a great saving of time to the antiquarian in his researches, and which is most instructive to the general reader. One valuable feature of this "glossary," is, that it is arranged in an alphabetical form, which renders reference to any particular point easy to the reader, and makes it a sort of general index to the "dates, charters and customs of the middle ages." We shall give a few extracts, for the purpose of showing the sort of information which the volume contains, and the manner in which it is conveyed.

"We are strongly tempted to extract the whole of the matter under the head of "Easter," and especially the "Table for finding Easter for ever;" but we must confine ourselves to a portion of it: —

"In order to understand the chronology of ancient history before the birth of Christ, there is often occasion to know the Sundays and the moveable

feasts, which depend on that of Easter. For example, Socrates (*Hist. Eccles.* l. I.) asserts that Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, died May 22., and Eusebius says that it was the day of Pentecost, or Whitsunday, but he does not state the year; we must, therefore, learn in what year Whitsunday fell on May 22. St. Audoenus, or Ouen, says that he was consecrated bishop with St. Eligius, or Eloi, the third year of Clovis II., on Sunday before the Rogations, May 10. To know the year, it is necessary to know that in which the Sunday before the Rogations was May 14. Historians relate that Otho I., emperor of the Romans, died May 7., Wednesday before Pentecost, but the year is not stated (*Moreri, t. VII. P. p. 71*). Another example may be taken from the Saxon Chronicles, of which one MS. says that Hardicanute died in 1041, and that the people chose Edward to be their king before he was buried; another says that he died June 8. 1042; and a third copy, under the year 1042, says that Edward was crowned on Easter Day, which fell on "III non. Aprilis," i. e. April 3. If we wish to verify these dates, we must ascertain the Easter Days, and we shall find that the first year, according to the present mode of computation, should be 1042, and that, as April 3. was not Easter Day in that year, but fell on that day in 1043, we must understand the fact, as stated by those MSS., to be, that Edward was elected king in June, 1042, but was not crowned until April, 1043. Others say that Hardicanute died in 1040, which, if Edward were crowned in April 3., would give a longer interval of time between his election and coronation than accords with probability."

The subject of "Golden Numbers" is fully explained, and is a most learned and valuable treatise of itself, but we have not room for it.

The article under the head of "Jubilee" merits the same commendation; but indeed it is impossible to distinguish one from the other in respect to their merit; we speak only of their popular attractiveness. There is an interesting article also, relating to "Moveable Feasts," which have been so extensively introduced into the workhouses of the Poor-law Unions — with the "c" left out; — an omission, however, which it is to be hoped is purely accidental.

We trust that we have now conveyed to the reader a just idea of this most entertaining and instructive work; and we are sure that the public will not fail to appreciate the merit of the labour, supported by such profound learning, which Mr. Hampson has bestowed on a subject of so much importance to the scholar, to the antiquarian, and to the general reader; nor are the thanks and the approbation of the public less due to the author for the admirable manner in which he has digested and arranged the prodigious quantity of information which is contained in these most valuable volumes.

The Globes, Celestial and Terrestrial. By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, F.R.A.S. and C.P.S., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. Published by Malby and Co., Houghton Street, Strand, Manufacturers and Publishers of the Globes of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 1845.

It is so difficult to write books of elementary instruction, — and especially for the young, that the thanks of the public are primarily due to any competent writer who will devote his time and his labour to a task which seldom or never receives due reward in fame or in

pecuniary remuneration. The gratitude of all, and particularly those concerned in education, is especially due when a man of high learning and science, such as Mr. De Morgan is acknowledged indisputably to be, comes forward with the most praiseworthy attempt to bring down his mind to a level with the understandings whom it is his desire to inform from the ample stores of his own abundant knowledge.

We cannot avoid remarking, however, that there is an incongruity in the composition of this work. At the same time that it professes to speak to the most common and ignorant understandings, it involves the explanations of the simplest matters in a complexity of scientific forms and expressions, which, to such understandings, are neither attractive nor easily comprehensible. — It would seem that the writer was embarrassed with the quantity of his own knowledge, and that it was in vain that he tried to divest himself of habitual trains of reasoning and expressions, which, perfectly familiar as they were to his own mind, were exposed to the hazard of being perfectly unintelligible to those whose ignorance it was his object to remedy. In this, it seems to us, he has made the same mistake which he committed some years ago, when he published, for the use of children, a little book of arithmetic so alarmingly scientific, that if any child could be made to face it, he would be for ever deprived of the courage to attempt to count ten on his fingers, from the appalling contemplation of the abstract and confounding difficulty of the operation.

Thus, in accommodating his instructions to the class of inferior intellects and of inferior acquirement whom he addresses, he thinks it necessary to inform them how to read decimal enumerations (page 23.); and at another place (page 25.), he takes occasion to correct a very strange sort of error, into which he supposes it possible for some of his readers to fall, thus: —

"The term globe is frequently applied to the earth itself, but never in books on the use of the globes. Nevertheless, it has sometimes happened to *beginners* to apply statements to the earth itself which were only written of the paper and pasteboard model of it. We have heard some persons say (Professor de Morgan loquitur), that they had in their youth an indistinct idea of *there being a brazen meridian surrounding the earth, which they wondered they never saw.*"

The italics in this quotation are our own; but we will take the liberty to express our own wonder at the order of intellects which the professor had in his view, when he thought it necessary to make such an observation in order to correct the misapprehension about the "brazen meridian." And here comes the incongruity; speaking to such minds, and having in his view such ignorance, he proceeds to give them an idea of a globe, or sphere, in the following language: —

"A sphere or globe is made by a circle revolving about one of its diameters; whichever diameter is chosen, the same sphere is produced. The surface of the sphere is traced out by the circumference of the circle."

No one will deny the concise, epigrammatic, and beautiful definition which we have quoted above; but for whose understandings is it intended? for those who believe that there is a real brazen circle

surrounding the earth, and who wonder that they never see it? Surely an orange, or the ball of a cup-and-ball, would have presented a more simple *primary* illustration of the idea.

Again, in endeavouring to explain the meaning of motion, the professor says that which is unquestionably quite true, but which seems unnecessarily scientific. Suppose a mother instructing a child to move from the chair to the table, what a complicated and bewildering affair she would make of it in the following words of the learned professor :

"Motion is change of place," he begins ; but we must take the liberty to question, *in limine*, the correctness of this form of expression.

He says to a child, "Motion is change of place;" and the child may answer him by turning round on his toe, and saying, "There is motion, and I have not changed my place." But we will go on with our extract : —

"Motion is change of place, and must be accompanied by the idea of time ; change of place without lapse of time being the same thing as occupying two or more places at the same time, which is impossible."

Now we deny that "motion" must be accompanied by the idea of time ; we admit that it *may* be so accompanied for many useful purposes, but we deny that there is any *MUST* in the case. When a child saunters about in the garden, he may contemplate on the succeeding words of the professor which we shall presently quote, but no thought of time accompanies his idea of motion. He may say to himself, if he is not terrified into a fit at the thought of the dreadfully scientific operation which he is performing, that,

"A point or atom which moves from one position to another must move in some line, straight or curved, which joins the two positions."

He may say, "I thought I knew this before, but I don't understand it so well as I did, since I have read the professor's explanation of it."

"And every position on that line intermediate between the first and last position (here's a lot of positions!) must be occupied by the moving atom (Can that be ME?) at some one instant of the time of motion."

Now, if a child escapes a paralysis of the limbs after studying this dreadfully learned explanation of moving from one place to another, we congratulate him most cordially ; and in the mean time we recommend its perusal to all nurses teaching children to walk, so that they may be brought up from their tenderest infancy in a scientific and mathematical manner.

In page 20. the professor takes the opportunity to inform the student that "the celestial bodies are not situated on any globe;" meaning thereby, we presume from the context, that the blue appearance which we see above us is not a hard substance, like pie-crust (school pie-crust is generally very hard and tough), on which those pretty things called stars, and that look like spangles, are stuck ; but "all the motions which we see are such as might take place on a globe." This condescending piece of information is of the same character as that about the brazen meridian, and cannot fall to be con-

sidered as an exceedingly flattering compliment from the professor to his readers.

The points of the compass give rise to some ingenious observations, and we will venture to say that a boy of moderate understanding may, after a few weeks' attentive application, be made to distinguish the north from the south with considerable accuracy; of course the east and the west, involving questions of longitude, are not to be compassed with the same facility; but, at any rate, there are the materials for the student to work upon; and by remembering that when he has his face to the east he has his back to the west, and *vice versâ*, it is necessary for him only to know which is the east or the west before he begins to have the key to the other.

With all this incongruity, however, of which we complain, and which is attributable not to the paucity but to the fulness of knowledge possessed by the professor, it is only doing justice to Mr. De Morgan to say that, as a scientific treatise on the subject of which it treats, it is an admirable and useful work; containing more sound, solid, scientific, and practical information than any similar work in our language; that it does credit to Mr. De Morgan's great and acknowledged talents; and that as a *vade mecum* of science on "the use of the globes," we confidently recommend it as a book, cheap and concise, but comprehensive.

The celestial globe atlas which accompanies it is, without question, the best *map* of the heavenly bodies that has yet been devised; and will form a most valuable addition to the working tools of the astronomer, as well as an excellent guide and help in tuition.

The Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. Revised and corrected by the Author. With an introductory Preface. Vol. VI. Henry of Guise. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65. Cornhill. 1845.

As this work has already received its meed of approbation from the public, and has been amply criticised in a variety of ways, it only remains for us to speak well of the manner in which it has been reprinted and placed before the public by the publishers. This has been done in most excellent style, and at a price conformable with the taste of the public for cheap publications; and a very natural taste too, for we do not doubt that the public would be quite willing to have them for nothing, if authors and publishers would join in that disinterested mode of proceeding. It is necessary to say, however, that the lowering of the price has not been effected at the cost of the eyes of the reader; for the book is printed in a large clear type, and on white, not brown paper, with a good binding, and forms a handsome volume for the shelves of a library; not to stay there, however, as we cannot doubt that the lessening of the price will cause it to be read where it was never read before, and that it will give it a prodigious increase of circulation—for the benefit of all admirers of elegant language and of stirring events enacted in battle-fields and kingly palaces.

My Marine Memorandum Book. By HARGRAVE JENNINGS. Three vols., post oct. London: T. C. Newby, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. 1845.

THE attraction of this book is its description of the sea. The author

deals with this part of his subject with the hand of a master, and many of the descriptions are so good as to counterbalance the hastiness with which these volumes seem to have been written. His descriptions of the West Indies also are good. We shall make some extracts, which will be both entertaining to the reader and enable him to judge of the general style and merits of the work. The following is a picture of West India scenery, with an account of the productions of the islands:—

“At the farther end of this little Cuba town there seemed a grand slope where the clustered dwellings sank, with a staring church and bell tower and old bell, not very high, however, intermixed with flat roofs and tall, spreading, tropical plants, whose close neighbourhood to the houses qualified all commercial appearances with the wildness and rusticity of streaming branches and the gayest greens indiscriminately interweaving with gleaming walls, and paint, and white wood. Back from the town, and ascending widely, were small savannahs, profuse of trees, and here and there enlivened by great plantation houses, with their constant appendages, and perhaps a tall staff, from which floated the crimson and gold bands of the old Spanish monarchy. Farther on, rose forest and cultivated grounds, tall, woody masses, thick as clouds, dim and blue in their luxuriant stretches, clasping and oversweeping blue rocks, and the whole scene beheld under all the ardour of a flaming, flaring, West Indian sun, broke away into the gigantic ridges of the inland mountains, whose towering precipices in some places were advanced before heights of the reach of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. These mountains, though seen at an extraordinary distance, shone clear blue, a colour which melted into pale mist, as it descended from the distant summits, in a sky whose light seemed the effect of half a dozen suns.

“It is by no means easy for a European to estimate the fertility of an island similar to this, where every foot of ground is constantly throwing out its increase, and actually alive under the active influences of a climate so luxuriant. The natural productions of all the West India islands are nearly alike. The sugar cane is the principal production of the West Indies, and is the commodity which has always given the colonies their commercial importance. There are four varieties of the sugar cane, two of which, the Bourbon and the transparent cane, are those chiefly cultivated. The next plant is the coffee, which was introduced in 1728, and is extensively grown in almost every island. Cotton, indigo, cocoa, and various kinds of spices, are also more or less cultivated. Of late years, many proprietors have been in the habit of planting cocoa trees on their estates, which it is thought have been too much neglected. Almost every kind of fruits produced in tropical climates grow in one or other of these islands; the vine, the pomegranate, the pine-apple, the water-melon, tamarinds, oranges, the star-apple, the bread-fruit tree (introduced by Captain Bligh, in 1793), and numerous others. The pimento of commerce is also produced in these islands, the avocado pear, the papaw tree, and the banana, or plantain, of which Humboldt says that it is doubted whether there is another plant in the world which on so small a space of ground produces such a mass of nourishing substance.”

Boarding a French man of war:—

“The night wore on; one by one the lights of the evening faded away, and, as Gasket had anticipated, the huge piles of mist which had risen at the night deepened, spread far abroad, obscured the rising moon, and shrouded our now motionless vessel in an impenetrable sheet of dense and sultry vapour. Nothing could be discerned of the brig; all in her direction was as uncertain as futurity; every light on board her seemed to have been carefully extinguished, and we could only trace her position when a puff of

the breeze would partially expand the fog in which she was enveloped, and reveal her dubious and attenuated outline, looming like some shadowy spirit of the waters. Ghastly and phantom-like would she majestically rise and fall upon the laborious heavings of the mighty element around, and seem to wave invincibly with her oscillating web of cloudy tracery. All meanwhile was still as death, except the sullen wash and surgings of the ocean, and the prolonged and melancholy sighing of the wind. The moon, whose disk was lost in silver haze, seemed wasting fast away: it was but now and then that we could see her, and, when we did, it was but as a gauzy cloud of faint and sickly light. The dark mist would then, as if it envied us the imperfect revelation its temporary expansion afforded, gracefully wreath thicker into itself, and all would again become gloom and uncertainty.

"Exactly half an hour before the time appointed for starting, the men selected for the service congregated on the forecastle. They were well armed, and were all stout and able hands. Each man carried in his waistbelt a pair of heavy pistols, and a naked cutlass at his side. Three fourths of the number were furnished with boarding pikes, or musket and bayonet, and the whole, according to direction, preserved the strictest silence. The boat-tackles were next put into requisition, and the yawl and pinnace got over our larboard side; their crews being then severally numbered off, Gasket followed his men into the pinnace, and, the word being given, shoved off. I followed, with my division, in the yawl with one of the midshipmen, and, letting go, pulled off into their wake.

"The night was particularly stagnant and depressing. Overhead and around the sea-fog had woven so thick a curtain, that at about a score of yards' distance the Scintillation's taper spars and graceful pile of tracery became almost indistinguishable, and the deep shadows cast by the channels against her side, with her bristling guns and the exquisite proportions of her hull, began to mingle cloudily together. All was silent as the grave, except the drowsy stroke of our muffled oars and the plashing of the water as we cut swiftly through it. As we proceeded, we felt, however, a gentle increase of the breeze in our faces, and in due time afterwards the sheets of mist in the south and south-east began to spread themselves, and display the dark breadth of sea beneath them. Behind however, as the clouds were slowly carried over by the wind, all was enveloped in a double obscurity, and the moon, though now struggling into view, emitted too pale and partial a light to exercise any influence over it.

"As we drew nearer, the brig before us rose like a vision into sight. A blue, sepulchral kind of illumination, the effect of the moon's reflection, seemed to hang around it, on which her pair of slender masts, interlaced by a spider-like web of shrouds, stays, and running rigging, towering proudly in the gloom, and growing more and more delicate as it mounted, seemed dubiously to be imprinted. Rolling grandly on the long swell, her head would now bow to us, and then haughtily recover its equilibrium. She seemed to exercise a strange power over not only our imagination but our feelings, for when we first discerned her our eyes seemed for a time to be irresistibly fascinated, and a low but soul-felt, 'There she is,' passed from mouth to mouth in the two boats.

"Witchlike, her proportions seemed, as we advanced, to dilate. We now could discern her serried battery, and the long strip which disclosed it. But all was still as possible aboard her. We could detect no symptom of her crew; no light glanced from her side or her deck; no murmur proceeded from her.

"There was something more striking in this complete stillness than in the busy hum of preparation. From her present apparent state of indifference and inactivity, we gathered that she was well prepared for our visit, and awaited it with determination; that every disposition was complete aboard her, and that she only paused for the attack to offer us a desperate and cool

resistance. But we had bargained for no easy prize, and our eagerness began to mount into impatience as we pulled on hard for her side.

"Tides of vapour rolled off to leeward, and though we were fortunately not as yet perceived, or at least challenged, enough could be made out of our antagonist to suit our purposes.

"We had not pulled much further before the watchful eye of her look-out detected our approach, and his hail came hoarsely across the space of sea between us.

"'Boat ahoy!'

"'Give no answer as you value your lives!' said Gasket. 'They must suppose that we are not near enough to have heard them.'

"'Way, my lads; give way!' cried I to my boat's crew, with the intention of speaking with Gasket; and we swept up alongside the pinnace.

"'Mr. Gasket, you remember our intention was to get as near to him as possible without discovery. But it seems we *are* discovered, and shall have a shot upon us in a moment. Our only mode is in trying to deceive them. Let their hail be answered, and give them to know we've come with a message to the captain from the commander of the frigate yonder, a French 24, one of their own flying cruisers, just come in from a long ramble to the southward.'

"'But, they'll say,' answered Gasket, 'why didn't you despatch a boat sooner, or make a signal for us to come aboard you?'

"'Oh! we'll find excuse for that. We shall never else get alongside of him, Gasket: if they open their fire they'll play the devil with us.'

"'It's a good thought. Mr. Warp, pull in my wake, and close, till we get under her lee, and leave the hailing part of the story to my care. Mr. Earing, you are something of a hand at the fellow's lingo; do you reply; stop, it's too late; stay till they sing out again.'

"Shortly afterwards, as we were expecting, we were hailed again.

"'Boat ahoy!'

"'Now then, Earing,' cried Gasket, 'answer from what I tell you.'

"'Hillo!' answered Earing, replying throughout in French.

"'What want you here?'

"'A message from the craft lying yonder on your lee bow.'

There was a pause.

"'What name and nation?'

"'The French twenty-four gun frigate — what's her name, sir?'

"'D——n it, I forgot to settle what name!' cried Gasket, taken aback; 'say *L'Artemise*, *L'Achille*, *Le Pluto*, or the devil at once, if you will.'

"'French twenty-four gun frigate, *L'Artemise*,' sung out Earing as bold as brass.

"'Whence from, and whither bound?'

"'Basse-Terre, from a cruise to the southward.'

There was another pause.

"'By Jove! they've swallowed the bait,' said our leader exultingly. 'Now if we could but just pull the pinnace under her quarter, and you, Warp, could get under her bows, three parts of our business would be done. I didn't think they were such fools. Pull warily, my men, but with a will. Lay to it, and have an eye to your weapons. Warp, you dog, keep close. We have her boys; we have her!'

"I strongly suspected the intentions of our antagonist, and endeavoured to prevail upon our commander to make a dash at once, regardless of the character we had, as it appeared to me by the upshot, uselessly assumed. But he stood firm to the opinion that they were deceived. We swept onwards; a partial gleam of moonlight unfortunately revealed our place on the water, and a gun from the Frenchman's bow was the immediate consequence.

"'D——n it! I'm wrong after all,' cried Gasket. 'There's the stopper to our loving conversation. Pull for your lives, my men! lustily and together.'

Under their guns, in the name of Heaven! and let steel and shot do the rest. Nobody's to be taken in to-night. The Frenchman's getting angry. Pull, Warp, pull! — after me close.

"There was no need for the latter injunction, for we were cutting through the water as swiftly as our leader.

"Bang! another gun. I could hear its whistle with terrible distinctness, as the shot flew past and ploughed the flushing water. Our oarsmen strained every sinew, encouraged by the energetic voices of their commanders. Gasket looked as if he could have leapt into the water. Presently we swept up, Gasket under her lee, and I under her bow on the other side.

"We were now saluted with a shower of musketry, but the discharge was too precipitate, and we were too near them for it to do us any serious mischief. In the middle of the smoke, and before they had time to re-load, followed by a stout half-dozen of my boat's crew, I sprung up their side, and clambered over the nettings. Here we were received by a crowd of ferocious-looking devils, whose grim countenances and glittering arms were illuminated by a couple of dozen of battle lanterns which were gleaming luridly around. Sword in hand, pistol presented, we charged them. More of our seamen followed up the side, tumbling in over the bulwark, or emerging inboards out of the ports, one after the other. The conflict began to thicken, and many a brave fellow received his death wound, unheeded in the shock of the battle on the deck.

"We fought hand to hand, and foot to foot, shouts of national enmity and reproach echoing confusedly around, and mingling with the horrible din of the combat. Swords were clashing; bayonets were thrusting, thirsty for blood; pistols were popping; feet stamped to and fro.

"My head began to reel. We actually swayed backwards and forwards all in a crowd, as I have seen at a London sight, with the closeness of the encounter.

"Blood began to stream — dark blood, which ran in little lively rivulets about the deck, and shrieks and groans of intolerable anguish, and cries of rage, were ringing on every side, undrowned by the constant treading of a mob of heavy feet, tramping upon the planks, or the sharp, unceasing clash and clinking of a field of crimsoned cutlasses.

"The Frenchmen fought with untiring desperation, and really gave us an immense deal of trouble. Twice by the mere dint of bodily pressure they were forced back, but as often did they rally, and oblige us to retrace the slippery feet of plank we had so laboriously passed over. Some lost their sabres, and with capstan bars, or handspikes, for clubs, would fell their immediate antagonists. Some clung with frenzied grasp to the forerigging and the timbers, and by means of their elevation rained down upon us a most destructive fire of small arms.

"Meantime, with scarcely any aim, we cut and slashed in all directions; grasping some of our opponents by their jackets, trampling over, and stamping upon others, and getting them down as well as we could, or driving little groups of three or four before us, like stags at bay, by the bayonet.

"At last, what with shooting, cutting, and pushing, we cleared the fore-castle, and tumbled all who offered resistance pell-mell into the waist.

"Having happily thus gained possession of this commanding part of the vessel, I gathered my men together, and we began to fire steadily into the gangways.

"In the meantime Gasket had boarded on the quarter, and had won three-fourths of the quarter-deck; but the resistance abaft was more concentrated, and stronger. The captain of the French vessel, at the head of sixty men, had stationed himself on his quarter-deck, and though he saw man after man, and afterwards three or four together, drop under the feet of his savage followers, killed or desperately wounded, he still persevered in keeping the spot.

"Gasket, seeing that this fellow, a large-limbed man, with a knot of his toughest supporters, baffled the most determined efforts of our men, and mowed them down one after the other with murderous rapidity when they assailed him and his band, rushed through the confusion towards him, and strove to force him overboard. A long and desperate combat succeeded, and the lieutenant, who was unequal to cope with his bulky antagonist, being, though strong enough, slight, received a sabre stroke across his shoulder that cut away his epaulette clean to the strap.

"A sudden rush towards this point, which they had much ado to bear up against, happened to separate Gasket and the French captain, who really fought his ship like a hero.

"The French, finding that the forecastle was in possession of their enemies, began to give rapid way, and after losing half of their number, who were left to bleed unassisted on the deck, fairly evacuated the after divisions of the vessel. The colours were now rudely torn from the gaff, and the British union jack hauled up in their place, though our possession of the ship was equivocal. The deadly contest, however, did not last much longer. A couple of the deck guns were drawn in by us, loaded with grape, and pointed down: one gun was fired, and by the yells which rose from the French crew our grape must have done splendid execution. Before the second could be discharged, they loudly called for quarter, and threw down their arms. We were now undisputed masters of the vessel, and our first care was to secure the prisoners, who were very numerous.

"We found that our prize was a fine new brig, mounting eighteen guns, with a crew of one hundred and thirty-six men. From her late officers we learnt that the schooner in our neighbourhood carried ten eighteen pounders, and had just arrived as convoy from Europe with several valuable West Indianmen. Our loss, as afterwards reported, was four killed and thirteen wounded, among whom was Lieutenant Gasket and his midshipman. But the loss of the enemy considerably exceeded our accidents, six having been killed and twelve wounded on the forecastle; four killed and thirteen wounded on the quarter deck; and two killed and five wounded below; inclusive of the captain, who received a bullet in his cheek, and a sabre thrust in his breast; and his first lieutenant, who was wounded in five different places, and died in consequence at St. Christopher's in five days.

"Gasket and I now came on deck, he having bandaged his wounded shoulder with both our handkerchiefs, as it bled very freely. I had fortunately escaped scot free. A watch was set: some of the men threw themselves down among the guns to snatch a moment or two of feverish repose, and recruit their strength after the unexampled fatigue they had undergone, and we burnt the promised and doubtless anxiously looked-for signal. The hollow booming of a gun of congratulation, seemingly coming from a long distance, was the acknowledgment.

"Next morning at daybreak the Scintillation set her sails and stood towards us. It was fine and breezy. Meantime we had weighed, and got the Frenchman's head off shore. The wind had partly shifted as the east began to flush with the sun, and blew fairly out to sea.

"The schooner took advantage of this, and cut her cables. Passing our weather side, she fired at intervals, and fired well, to cast us up above, and so prevent pursuit. I have seldom seen a more beautiful sailer. She cut aside the water with her sharp and graceful bows like a witch, breasting the short and flippant sea, and gliding over the waves in magnificent style.

"The frigate was yet at long distance, and though she stood fair enough to cut her off, and was a capital sailer, it was vexatiously evident that if the Frenchman could hold his own for half an hour, pursuit would be fruitless. Like a bird when stretching its wings, out came her snow-white studding sails, with every inch of canvas that she could show.

"The chase grew extremely interesting. Our gallant frigate, as if provoked at the fugitive's impudence, stood grandly on, making a long stretch out to make the most of her distance and cut the schooner off, and now and then giving her a shot. In spite of the disadvantages of the frigate's situation, she sensibly gained on her chase, and at length got near enough to tell her shot in the schooner's rigging. A pencil of light glanced from her dotted side. Bang! — a globe of pure white smoke followed, and an instant after down came the Frenchman's topmast with all the outspread wings. An unlucky shot it was for her people: she slackened directly; — the injury was irretrievable.

"'Bravo!' cried Gasket, as he saw the mischief. 'She's lamed — that shot was a staggerer.'

"'Hush! she stands on as yet,' cried I, watching her with breathless attention. 'She seems marvellously disinclined to haul down her rag and finish it. No, it's hopeless: the disaster can't be got over.'

"I spoke prophetically, for the frigate stood majestically on, while her defenceless opponent crept along the water like a barge with a breeze. I could hardly help pitying her unfortunate situation. At last, as she came up, the schooner's people, knowing that further resistance would be madness, reluctantly hauled down their ensign. She was taken possession of, and having closed with the brig, we all stood down towards the south-westward, and anchored the following evening just as the sun dipped down behind the blue mountains, in Port Royal Harbour."

Lorimer's Transparent Planes, for facilitating Drawing from Nature and Models. BENJAMIN WEST, Patentee, 2. St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell, London.

IN these days of travelling, the tourist often feels the inconvenience of not having a ready apparatus for taking the outlines of picturesque scenery, or of buildings, which he has not time to copy minutely, but whose features he wishes to fix on paper, to be filled up afterwards at leisure. Many of our readers will be glad to learn that this desideratum is now supplied. By a most ingenious, and at the same time simple invention, any one, even unacquainted with the rules of perspective and unskilled in drawing, may copy any object presented to his view in a way which by no possibility can be incorrect, for he in fact traces the object seen through a transparent medium on the transparent medium itself. The apparatus by which this operation is effected is very small, not liable to be out of order, and is by no means dear. The invention consists in the fabrication and application of variously tinted paper perforated with exceedingly minute holes, through which the artist, or the amateur views the object to be delineated and draws it on the paper. We are very glad to have the opportunity of recommending this little apparatus, as we have felt the want of such a help in our travels round the globe on innumerable occasions, and we can confidently recommend it from personal experience of its utility.

MUSIC.

No Music has been published during the last month worthy of notice, with the exception of a most beautiful air composed by Herr Oberthür, the celebrated harpist of the Chapel Royal, Munich. The air has

been composed to the words of a song, which was published in the seventh number of "Fanny, the Little Milliner; or, The Rich and the Poor;" and the artist has produced a plaintive and most pleasing melody in unison with the sentiments of the words. It is set in D minor, which, from the very opening of the symphony, conveys a well-drawn picture of the heroine's feelings. The *agitato* movement of the air has a most striking effect, when sung by one having a knowledge of expression. The composer modulates charmingly from the minor into the major towards the end of the song—a change most appropriate, and corresponding to that in the poetry; then taking a tone almost sacred, and terminating in a feeling of consolation and peace, in the lines

"Where shall the orphan—child of dark despair,
Find refuge in her grief? In Heaven alone!"

The song itself concludes on the key-note, but a peculiar and varied effect, well suited to the religious character of the close, is given by the diminishing arpeggio which follows, terminating on the third of the key. The accompaniment, which is flowing and tasteful, is adapted either for the piano or the harp.

An Act (8 & 9 Vict. c. 100.) for the Regulation of, the Care of, and Treatment of Lunatics. With Explanatory Notes and Comments. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., Author of "The Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases," "The Anatomy of Suicide," &c. &c. London: Henry Renshaw, 356. Strand.

THIS is an explanation of "Lord Ashley's Act," and will be found a very useful book by all those engaged in superintending Lunatic Asylums. It contains a short "History of the Legislation on the subject of Lunacy," in which are related some curious stories of the treatment of persons entrapped into private asylums for interested purposes. It is printed in a cheap form, and all persons, whether inside or outside of madhouses, should be much obliged to Mr. Winslow for the information which it affords to the public on this most important subject.

THE EVIL EYE.

A BALLAD.

By the Danube's rapid-rushing river,
That bounds, like a feather'd dart from the quiver,
Along the banks of that arrowy stream —
Who rides so fast by the pale night-beam?
Through a billowy sea of clouds foam-white

The silver moon is sailing;
And, half in shadow and half in light,
Like the eye of beauty darkly bright,
The river is rolling its waves of might,
And thundering on in its headlong flight

With giant-strides unfailing:
But who is yon rider, swifter far
Than cloud-skimming moon or shooting star?
Yon rider, running a race with the tide,
Whose billows in rivalry dash beside?

Away, away! by the rapid river,
Like the lightning-shaft from its cloudy quiver;
Away, away! by the arrowy stream,
That flashes so cold in the faint moon-beam,
He speeds, as fleet as the winged wind,

And, starting anon, looks round him
With a shudder, as though he fear'd to find
Death on his pale horse spurring behind.
'Tis a sight to chill the gazer's mind!
That glance of horror and anguish combin'd,

That glance, as if fiends had bound him
On a fiery barb, to ride away
Without rest by night or peace by day.
'Tis a sight to freeze the gazer's soul!
Hath his race no respite, his course no goal?

Some say he's a spirit, doom'd for ever
To haunt the banks of the rushing river;
And sure those cowl'd features so marble-wan
Are more like a spectre than mortal man!

Some say he thus frantically dot
 With terror never-sleeping,
 From the withering blight of an Evil Eye ;
 Yet sure those wild hurried looks defy
 In their scorn all powers beneath the sky !
 Some darkly hint at the days gone by,
 And whisper he is reaping
 Crime's deadly fruit, and 'tis passion's storm
 Hath shrunk to a reed his shadowy form.
 That ghastly smile ! what else could there
 Imprint such defiance, mix'd with despair ?

Away, away ! by the Danube's river,
 Dark shape, in vain thou may'st ride for ever !
 Lost wretch ! in vain by the arrowy stream,
 'Neath the hot noon-blaze or the cold night-beam !
 On thy frenzied race away, away !

O'er thoughts of horror brooding ;
 So may'st thou ride for ever and aye,
 No slumber by night, no peace by day !
 Ay, spur thy brave steed ! press on as he may,
 At thy back is the foe no force can stay,
 The foe there's no eluding !
 On, on as thou wilt ! thou *canst* not fly !
 Remorse, Remorse is the Evil Eye
 That follows thee thus with a blasting power,
 And will follow thee still to thy dying hour !

ELEANOR DARBY.

CURRENCY AND RAILWAYS.

~~SYMBOLIC MONEY. No. 3.~~

(Continued from page 363. of last number.)

THE subject of the great MOVEMENT in RAILWAYS, which absorbs the public attention, to the exclusion of almost all other topics, political or literary, is so closely connected, with the question of the "Currency," that it may be permitted to interrupt the order of reasoning which has been begun in the two preceding papers, in order to show the pernicious effect of the present system of RESTRICTED Currency in respect to the progress and execution of these most desirable national undertakings.

It is to be presumed that no one will now dispute the utility of railways, or the vast superiority, in all respects, of this new mode of conveyance over the old, and especially in respect to the saving of time and money. This is no longer, as it was some years ago, a problem to be solved; but it is an axiom established. And more than this, — it is a truth forced on the conviction of the country by experience, that the general establishment of railways, wherever traffic has caused the promotion of a highway, is now become a necessity. And it has become a necessity for this reason, — that those districts whose farming, manufacturing, and commercial interests are devoid of the facilities and economies which conveyance by railway affords, find that they are not in a condition to compete with other parts, where those facilities are in action; and that it has come to pass, that either they must contrive to procure the like advantage of this modern invention for themselves, or that they must be content to remain in a position of comparative social stagnation, with their property deteriorated, and their profits and incomes lessened.

The strong conviction of this truth in the public mind has occasioned therefore a general desire, and a consequent movement in all parts of the country, to establish in their own localities the same system of railway conveyance which has been proved to be useful and profitable in others, and which has now become a necessity in all; and this attempt may be viewed as a grand national struggle to develop the resources of the country, and to call forth the powers of industry of the population, to the end of increasing individual wealth and national prosperity.

Now all persons must allow, that to increase individual wealth and national prosperity is a consummation most devoutly to be wished: and when it is considered that such desirable results are proposed to be accomplished by the most commendable means — not by the agency of war, but by the arts of peace — by the application of

the unemployed powers of labour to the creation of the things desired—it would seem that there could be no objection to allowing full scope to the industry of the nation. And it is to be borne in mind also, that the great difficulty of the present day is to find employment for that which is called,—but which, in our opinion, is erroneously called—a “redundant” population. Now here is, on one side, a want which is universally felt—the want of railways generally throughout the country; and on the other side, there are ready thousands of brawny arms and willing minds ready and eager to make them. The demand for railways occasions a demand for labourers; and without labourers the railways cannot be made; while labourers are standing idle, or starving on insufficient wages, because of their want of that employment which the formation of railways might afford. What, then, is the obstacle which prevents railways from being made, the population from being employed, and the wealth, which railways would produce, from being created? The answer is, “The want of money.”

But why is there a want of money? Is not money a symbol or sign of value to be passed from hand to hand in some convenient shape, for the purpose of facilitating the exchange of one commodity for another; inasmuch as to exchange a haystack in one part of the country for a house in another, by the bodily removal of each, would be a very inconvenient mode of proceeding; and as it is in the power of the community to have as many of these symbols as their industrial necessities require, why should “a want of money,” or, in other words, a want of these symbols, prevent useful objects from being effected, and the wealth of the nation increased in accordance with its powers of industry?

The answer to this is, that, by the present system of currency, it is determined that the amount of the money of the country—that is to say, of those symbols which are necessary for carrying on the industrial operations of the country—shall be arbitrarily restricted to the amount of gold and silver bullion which can be easily procured in exchange for these symbols!

Thus, if by any accident, whether of foreign wars requiring the gold bullion which at present remains in this country, or of the same gold being wanted by other nations in payment for the corn wanted by Great Britain, or for any other reason, this precious metal, as it is called, should be withdrawn from the cellars of the Bank of England, where it is at present deposited, the country is, THEREFORE, to suspend the industrial operations which it was in the act of carrying on, or which it had planned to carry on, in order that the amount of national industry developed might not exceed the proportion of gold bullion on which the “money” of the country is made arbitrarily to depend!

In other words, the present system of currency restricts the quantity of industrial operations which shall be carried on to the amount of a certain scarce metal which can be procured to form the “money” by which those operations are effected.

And although there are a great many notes of the Bank of England and of other banks in circulation, and performing the office of

money, — practically proving that it is not necessary that money should be a valuable commodity in itself, and that the symbol of a piece of paper serves the purpose quite as well as a lump of gold, — the quantity of these notes is restricted by law, from the fear, as the law says, or implies, that there may be more notes in circulation than there might be “gold money” to exchange for it on demand.

So that, this being the law, the nation is not allowed to have the convenience of a money which might represent the value of all sorts of commodities; but their money is arbitrarily made the representative of one particular commodity, namely, gold; and as this commodity is scarce, it necessarily follows that the money of a country representing it must be scarce also.

And such is the fact; and such is the evil under which this country at present labours; and the present want of money for developing the industry of the country by means of the formation of Railways is a practical illustration of the pernicious effect of the present system of “The Currency.”

Now let us see the amount of money wanted for the formation of the railways at present in progress; we mean those for which acts have been obtained. This amount is about thirty-eight millions; to which is to be added about eight millions for foreign railways, which are supported by speculators in this country: but we shall put this eight millions aside for the present, for the sake of simplifying the argument, and speak only of the thirty-eight millions required for our internal projects. The companies who will have to raise these thirty-eight millions, have the power to raise on loan the further sum of fourteen millions, making in all a sum to be procured of fifty-two millions.

But besides the railway companies already incorporated by act of parliament, there are many other railways projected, and which require a vast amount of money for their execution. It cannot be taken for granted that every one of these projected railways is a sound and judicious enterprise; but we will take the extreme, and set down all these proposed undertakings as good, and we shall then find that we have about 600 lines projected, requiring four hundred millions of money to complete them.

It is this thirty-eight millions of money positively wanted to complete the lines already in progress, and still more the prospect of the four hundred millions of money for the railways projected, which occasions the present alarm, and the embarrassing question of “where is the money to come from?”

And in truth, under the present system of currency, it may well be asked “where is the money to come from;” for the law restricts and forbids the creation of money beyond a certain amount, so that it is impossible for the amount of money wanted to be forthcoming. As well might a thirsty population cry out for water in a country where their rulers had ordained that no water should be brought from the well except in golden pitchers: there might be water enough in the well, if those who had the power of dealing it out would allow it to be carried away in common vessels; but no; nothing but pitchers of gold! the quantity of water to be distributed among the people must

be confined to the quantity of golden pitchers which the people could procure to hold it! What would be the condition of that people? With plenty of water at their command, they would die of thirst!—As water is to the people supposed, so is money to the population of this country; our golden money is their golden pitcher.

But, it may be said, seeing the vast amount of money wanted for the completion of all these railways,—this fifty-two millions positively and immediately, and this four hundred millions prospectively,—is it possible to raise in time such enormous sums of money for this or any other purpose?

Let us see whether such an operation is possible; perhaps, if we can show that such operations have been effected before, it may be allowed that they may be done again, and more especially if we can show that sums equally large have been raised to be thrown into the sea,—or that which is equivalent, in respect to our argument, to being thrown into the sea,—it may be granted, that for purposes individually profitable, and nationally advantageous, the like sums of money may be raised again; but certainly not under the present system of currency.

Let us take a glance at what was done during the period between the years 1797 and 1815, both inclusive, which for the most part was a time of war; what was the amount of money wanted then? and how was it provided?

We find by the parliamentary tables, which all may consult, that the amount of money raised in those eighteen years was fifteen hundred millions!

Fifteen hundred millions! These are startling figures; but they are quite correct. The total revenue raised in these years was more than 981 millions, and the total of the money borrowed was more than 470 millions, making in all 1,450 millions. There was really more than 758 millions of money borrowed; but as more than 287 millions of debt was paid off during that time, it reduces the amount to the sum which we have stated, namely 470 millions. And it is worth while to note that in one of these years, namely, in 1813, the sum of more than 150 millions was raised in revenue and loan, of which nearly 82 millions was loan for the national use; and this in a single year!

Now, if 82 millions of money could be raised in one year for the purpose of carrying on a war, surely 52 millions may be raised in a year for carrying on railways.

For the money so raised for carrying on a war was actually sunk, wasted, lost, as if it had been thrown into the sea. It may have saved the country from foreign domination, but that is another question; we are talking of the power of this nation to raise money for the purpose of being expended; and we are showing that the nation could and did raise in one year, besides its more than 68 millions of revenue, a further sum of more than 82 millions as loan.

And in respect to the objects for which it was raised, and the way in which it was expended, we contend that, as a mere money question, it might be more easily raised for making railways than for making

war, and that in the former way it would be much more profitably employed.

Because, as we have said before, the 82 millions which were raised for carrying on the war was actually sunk and lost. There remained, to be sure, the glory of our warlike exploits, and our deliverance from foreign domination; but the money was sunk and gone. But in expending money on railways it is not sunk and gone; its visible and substantial value remains in the shape of bricks and mortar, and stones fashioned for their uses, and viaducts, and bridges, and in all conveniences which attach to railways: it is not like gunpowder, which has gone off in a roar or a puff; but it endures as solid stuff. And more than this, its substance does not remain, like the pyramids, as monuments of useless labour; but it remains as creations of utility and value, and yielding an interest, or fruit for the money expended, to the private individuals who expended it; and a source of convenience, of economy, and of wealth to the nation which possesses them.

So that, seeing that it is a fact that the people of this country were enabled in 1813 to raise and expend, in addition to the 68 millions of revenue, a further sum of 82 millions for the purpose of being expended, and which was expended, in making war, it follows that the same people, by the same means, might in 1845 raise a like sum for the purpose of executing useful undertakings within their own control, and for their own profit, and which would yield a large interest for the money so expended; that is to say, provided the means remained the same, and that the country had not become poorer in the interim.

Now with respect to the question of whether this country is richer or poorer than it was in the years to which we refer, we consult the parliamentary papers which have been made public on that point, and we find the following information:

In 1815, which was the last year of that war tax called the property tax, the income from real property chargeable with that tax was about fifty millions;—in 1843 it exceeded eighty millions. The increase of this income, from fifty to eighty millions, shows that the property from which that income was derived, was about 600 millions.

Added to the above, the increase of the legacy duty on personal property, shows that the personal property of the people of this country had increased between the years 1834 and 1843 to the amount of 450 millions.

More figures to the like effect might be produced; but this statement of the increase of the property of the country proves that the country is not poorer than it was in the years when it was able to raise the sum of 150 millions of money in a single year, 82 millions of which it could afford to expend on a foreign war.

So far therefore as the question depends on the capability of raising the money required for railways, it is clearly proved that the country is in a much better condition in respect to its wealth for the raising of the money than it was thirty years ago.

But in respect to the *means* of raising it, that is its financial machinery, that is another affair. It is here that our difficulty appears.

Fifty years ago, and onwards for nearly twenty years, that is, from

1797 to 1815, the country was enabled to raise, and to expend and sink, without showing any signs of impoverishment, but, on the contrary, the most manifest signs of prosperity, a sum of more than 470 millions; and now at the end of thirty years from that time, and after a period of thirty years of peace, it is found that the country cannot raise a similar sum for the formation of railways;—nay, more than this, there are the strongest fears that the attempt to raise even the sum of fifty-two millions for the purposes of the profitable employment of the population will cause the most fatal disasters to the community! The question then arises—why is this? The answer can be only, that seeing there is more property on which to base the money wanted, if the money wanted cannot be raised as it was raised when there was less property, there must be some change in the financial machinery of the country—some defect in the means of raising or creating that symbolic representative of value called “money”; and a little inquiry shows that such is the fact.

Now the change consists in this:

During the period between 1797 and 1815, money was rightly used as a mere symbol of value, and not as value in itself; but now money is made by law a commodity of value, namely, gold.

The consequence of this is, that as gold is a scarce metal, only a certain limited quantity of it is to be procured at any time; and as it is a very valuable metal, the quantity procured must be dearly paid for.

And one of the effects of limiting the quantity of money for the uses of the community to the quantity of gold which can be procured to represent it, is this; that when other countries want the gold which this country may have got, and draw a certain amount more or less from it, the community of this country is deprived of so much of its circulating medium as that quantity of gold represents; and no matter, according to the present law, whether the subtraction of that amount of its circulating medium is inconvenient or not, or to what extent it is mischievous, the community must do without it.

It is true that all the bank notes which are in circulation, and which form so large a portion of the currency, are not representatives of so much gold; because, of the twenty millions of Bank of England notes now in circulation, not more than fourteen millions could be exchanged for gold, that being the present amount in the Bank cellars. But all these twenty millions of bank notes, besides the eighteen millions, or thereabouts, of the notes of private bankers, are *based*, as it is termed, on gold; that is to say, that the issuers of these thirty-eight millions of notes are liable to be called on to give gold for them in exchange; not silver, nor iron, nor copper, nor any other metals or commodities, but only gold; and as gold, therefore, forms the base of the circulation, and as the quantity of gold, and the value of it, are continually fluctuating and shifting, it follows that the superstructure of the currency must also be continually fluctuating and shifting, which the mercantile community know, to their cost.

It appears, therefore, that under the existing law, which limits the quantity of the money in the country to the amount of gold which can be retained in the country to exchange for it, that the unlimited

quantity of money which was raised during the years between 1797 and 1815, cannot be raised now. And it is clear also, that under such a law the industrial powers of the country, whether in respect to railways or other useful and profitable undertakings, cannot be fairly developed; because, as more money is wanted to carry them on than exists, and as more cannot be created, inasmuch as nature has limited the quantity of gold on which the law forces it to be based—although she has not limited either the resources of the country or the industrial capabilities of its inhabitants—the national creation of wealth is thereby restricted to the amount of the particular sort of money by which alone the legislature has decreed that its wealth shall be measured. But in order to render this point more popularly intelligible, it is necessary to go into some few particulars, showing the difference in the state of the currency in the years to which we have referred, and, at intervals, to the year 1823, and the state of the currency as it is by law arbitrarily restricted now.

In 1797, it was enacted by Mr. Pitt, that it was not necessary that the notes of the Bank of England should be payable in gold on demand; and he took measures for their being issued on the national credit, by such means causing them to assume the quality of a symbolic money. It was not a perfect symbolic money; nor are we advocates for the formation of such a money by such means; but it *approached* the perfection of a symbolic money, and it proved the advantages of such a currency over metallic money: and it proved it in this way; it showed that such money—that is, paper or symbolic money—was capable of expansion according to the necessities of the community, which metallic money is not; and it proved that the nation could carry on its business, and support a war besides, by means of a paper currency alone.

The effect of Mr. Pitt's measure, was instantaneous and striking. The country instantly recovered, as if by magic, from the difficulties under which it was labouring, and which threatened to weigh it down; and for eighteen years, while Mr. Pitt's system was in force, the nation advanced in a wonderful degree in riches and prosperity, and laid the foundations of that increased wealth-creating power which all the financial blunders since have been unable entirely to neutralise.

It may be useful in this place to take a brief retrospect of the financial state of the country, then and since.

In 1797, Mr. Pitt passed the celebrated Bank Restriction Act, which increased the means of circulating the wealth of the country, and of creating more, to an extraordinary extent: and the great embarrassment and distress of that year were succeeded by a series of years of the most brilliant prosperity, notwithstanding the enormous expenses of war, which consumed during that period more than 470 millions of money, and notwithstanding the severe taxation of the country to the amount of more than 981 millions; sums which may be stated in figures, but which almost surpass the powers of the imagination. This state of prosperity continued till the year 1815.

In 1816, it was prospectively determined by Parliament to depart from Mr. Pitt's system, and to return to a system of metallic money; and

the Bank of England, in consequence of the anticipated measures of Parliament, began prospectively to reduce its issues; that is to say, to lessen the amount of the circulating medium.

In 1816, general and severe distress prevailed throughout the country. This, at the time, was attributed by some to the change from a state of war to a state of peace; an opinion the most absurd, as it attributed the distress of the country to the fact, of about 26 millions a year—which was the average cost of the late war, in loans, and which was so much of the labour and produce of the country actually sunk and lost—being now *saved* to the country! The distress of 1816 is now seen to have been caused by the diminution of the currency, which restricted the industry of the country, and threw vast masses of people out of employment.

This effect of the threatened return to what was called “cash payments” was so far foreseen, however, and its effects were so far feared, that even the government intimated its intention of effecting the change by very gradual means; and the consequence was, that the Bank, reassured by this intimation, increased its circulation, and in 1817 and 1818 the distress generally ceased.

In 1819, however, the government proceeded to carry its measures into execution by the celebrated Currency Bill of that year, and by which bill it was enacted that cash payments should be resumed in 1823. It became necessary for the Bank therefore again to diminish its issues, in preparation for its bullion payments, and which diminution it continued till 1822; and correspondingly with the reduction of the circulation, the distress of the country returned in 1819, and became extreme in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822.

In 1822, the government, appalled by the increasing distress, and by the complaints and insurrectionary spirit of the people, suspended the operation of the Currency Bill for three years.

Immediately afterwards, that is, in the next year, 1823, the distress of the country was abated, and was rapidly changed to a state of prosperity, and continued so long as the increased issues of the Bank continued, until 1825, which was the famous year of prosperity so much vaunted by the ministers of the day.

But the year 1825 was the year fixed on for the return to a metallic currency; and the Bank, being obliged to take its measures in time, and to reduce its circulation, so as to correspond with the quantity of gold bullion which it could conveniently procure, and which was thenceforth to serve as the base of the currency, the grand crash came, and that memorable epoch of ruin and convulsion occurred which must still be in the memory of our readers.

And since that time, that is, since the Currency Bill of 1819 has been in operation, there have occurred a series of alternations of commercial prosperity and adversity, according as the currency has been enlarged or restricted by the influx or efflux of gold to or from this country. Among the most memorable and most disastrous are those of 1834 and 1839; and the question now is, not whether this or that commercial enterprise might be beneficial to the nation, nor whether the industrious capabilities of the country and of the increased population might not be further developed, to the increase of individual

happiness, and to the augmentation of the national wealth; but whether "money" can be obtained to effect such desirable improvements;—or, in other words, the country possesses, in its population, its powers of machinery, and its application of industry, the means of creating almost unbounded wealth for all its inhabitants, but it arbitrarily refuses to take advantage of its resources, because it is insisted that it shall not produce more wealth than can be represented by gold!

For such is really the case. If it is necessary for the increased employments of industry that there should be more of that indispensable article money to carry on its operations; and the law says that there shall be no more money than there can be procured of the metal gold—to exchange for it, it necessarily follows that the operations of industry must be restricted and kept down to the amount which can be procured of that particular commodity—gold.

So that, to apply the operation of this principle to the subject of the railways, although all the materials of which the railways are to be made, with very trifling exceptions, exist in this country, ready to our hand—although there are thousands of labourers wanting employment, and able to make those railways—although railways are most desirable things to be executed, and would amply repay, by their profits, all the money laid out in their formation—and although the whole of the population of this country, it may be said, are at this moment enthusiastically eager to aid in the accomplishment of an improvement, the advantages of which, in a national point of view, morally, commercially, and politically, would be of incalculable benefit to the empire,—these great advantages are to be abandoned, or the enjoyment of them suspended, because an arbitrary law restricts the quantity of currency which is necessary for their execution to the amount of gold which can be retained in the country!

What is the use of this metal gold in forming railways? No part of a railway is made of gold. It is labour that makes railways, out of materials of which gold forms no part. If it was necessary for the rails of a railway to be made of gold, that would be another thing; but the rails are not made of gold, but of iron, a metal far more valuable than gold, for the inhabitants of the earth could do without gold—so far as their experience goes, at least—but they could not do without iron. But it may be said, that railways cannot be made without money, and that the only money which the present system of currency recognises is gold money. But what law of nature is there to force us to have no other money than gold money? What is money wanted for? It is a thing neither to be eaten nor drunk, nor to build houses with, nor to plough nor to dig with. It is used only to represent value, in order to facilitate the exchanges of commodities. Why would not some other metal, or some other substance, do as well as gold? And why is it necessary that money, which is only required as a token or symbol of commodities wanted to be exchanged, should be a thing of value in itself? How does that facilitate exchanges, the facility being the thing aimed at? Does it not, on the contrary, cause the exchanges of commodities—exchanges being the life and soul of industry—to be limited to its own small amount? And is not this limitation mischievous?—and does it not have a most pernicious and

paralysing effect on the development of the industrial resources of the country? Does not experience prove that the present system of currency works badly; and that in proportion as the community departs from the use of a purely symbolic money, its commercial pursuits are exposed to adverse fluctuations, and all its operations of industry are cramped and confined.

Now, if the nation had the advantage of a money that was merely symbolic; that is to say, merely a representative of the value of something else, of which value it was the token or representative, the facility would exist of extending the amount of such money to the wants of the community, whether for the purposes of peace or war. It has been proved that it could effect the object desired in a time of war; and, *à fortiori*, it can effect the same object in a time of peace. The advocates for the adoption of some such system — not that system — but some such system of symbolic money as the country flourished under from 1797 to 1815, consider that a symbolic paper money can efficiently serve all the purposes of metallic money; because, from 1797 to 1815, and at intervals until 1823, it did effect that object. And with respect to the objection to a sort of money which is illimitable, and in the operation of which the example of the French assignats and mandats is adduced to show the dangerous character of such money, — it may be said that the example of the French assignats and mandats is admirably adapted to show the difference of a paper money not founded on real transferable property, nor created by the legitimate wants of trade, but issued capriciously by an irresponsible government, and a national paper currency issued by a responsible government, and founded on real property, similar to that which existed in England during the eighteen years of its paper-currency prosperity, from 1797 to 1815.

The advocates for the adoption of a symbolic currency maintain that the holding forth to the world the convertibility into gold at pleasure of the quantity of paper money necessary for the vast transactions of this great commercial country, is a delusion; that, on the contrary, the fact is established, that when the proof of the convertibility of the paper money of the country has been brought to the test, it has totally failed; as witness the failures in 1816, in 1819, in 1822, in 1834, and in 1839; and that, in fact, the monthly publication of the quantity of gold bullion held by the Bank, exhibits in the plainest manner, that the supposed convertibility of its notes into gold, on demand, is a continual illusion.

The advocates for a repeal of the Currency Bill of 1819, and its complementary bill of 1844, contend, that the present depressed and discontented state of the population of this country, which has been increasing for the last twenty years, and which has necessitated the increased coercion of the labouring classes in special prisons erected for them under the name of Union Workhouses, — to say nothing of the refinements of painful punishment which have been invented for their correction in the penal jails of the kingdom, — has been caused by the restrictive action on industry which the present system of currency has exercised; and that the main evil of that system is the attempt to carry on a paper currency adequate to the wants of the

country, and at the same time convertible by law into gold, on demand. This attempt, they say, is pernicious to the country in two ways, which may be particularly noted : the one, by permanently contracting the circulating medium to the amount, not of the wants of the country, but of the quantity of gold procurable ; and the other, by occasioning continual *fluctuations* of the amount of the circulating medium,—not according to the greater or less requirements of the community, but according to the greater or less demand for gold as a marketable commodity, abroad or at home. We shall say nothing here of the inadequacy of a commodity which is itself continually changing in value, to serve as the measure of the value of other commodities ; because we are endeavouring to show its deficiency in respect to *amount*, rather than its faultiness as a *measure* of value ; and its faultiness, as a measure of value, is nothing, compared with its inefficiency as “currency,” which, from the limited production of it by nature, or the limited power of its being digged from the earth by art, must for ever render it unfit to serve the purposes of the currency of such a nation as Great Britain.

It is from this consideration, that it is the object of the advocates of a paper currency not depending for its amount on gold, first, to enable the country to regulate the amount of its money according to the amount of its commercial and other transactions of exchange, and not according to the quantity of gold procurable to represent them ; and secondly, to secure the community from the various fluctuations in the amount of the national money, and from the sudden rises and falls in prices consequent on such fluctuations ; so that the industry of the country may have full play, and the national resources be made available to their utmost extent, for the comfort and happiness of all. That such a state of the currency is not vague theory, or rash experiment, is proved by what was effected by the paper currency, imperfect as it was, which existed from 1797 to 1815.

The only money then circulating, apart from the small quantity of silver money in use for fractional parts of exchanges, was paper,—*approaching*, as we have said, to the perfect state of a symbolic money. But, by the agency of that paper currency, which was neither of intrinsic value in itself, nor represented intrinsic value, and which represented credit alone, the nation was enabled to carry on successfully a most extensive foreign war, and to increase at the same time most prodigiously in internal wealth. There was then general profitable employment, general prosperity, and general content. No one felt any necessity for the establishment of union workhouses, or for grinding down the poor to a minimum quantity of food. No one ventured to complain of over-population. According to certain political economists, all that was very wrong : they said that the nation ought not to have prospered under such a wicked system as a paper currency. But the nation did prosper nevertheless, although some bullionists grew alarmingly indignant at the continuance of a prosperity which was so repugnant to their doctrine.

The people indeed were content to profit by the advantages which they possessed, without inquiring under what system of currency they enjoyed them : the labourer ate his meat, and drank his beer —

instead of, as now-a-days, washing down his cold potatoes with water—in blissful ignorance that his state of prosperity was contrary to the theoretical doctrines of the bullionists. So long as he could exchange his commodity, which was labour, for the beef and beer which other people had to sell, it did not matter to him whether he effected the exchange by the means of a bit of paper or a lump of gold; it was neither the paper nor the gold that he wanted to eat, but the food and the drink, which the convenience of the paper money enabled him to exchange his labour for, and to purchase.

But it appeared that the country was in too thriving a condition; it was like the ox that had got fat on a wrong system; and, although fat he was, some bullionists insisted that it was better that he should be lean, and starve, and die, on their system, than get fat on any other. The country had arrived at a plethora of prosperity, which required the interference of the pseudo-political economists: an ingenious phrase was invented, and the currency was pronounced to be in an “unwholesome state;” the Currency Bill of 1819 was corrected: then came on convulsion and distress, which ended in the grand crash of 1825, and which partially reappeared in 1836 and 1839: and these facts—these warnings, cannot be too often repeated; for the country is in the same condition now as it was in 1834 and 1839; that is to say, resting on a false security; trusting to the present comparative abundance of the currency, and supposing that it is to continue; while at the same time it is subject at any moment, either by the withdrawal of the gold in payment for foreign corn, or the apprehension of a foreign war, or by a panic, which would cause gold to be hoarded and withdrawn from circulation, and from a thousand other causes, to be arbitrarily and suddenly contracted, and then down go prices, away go loans and discounts; money, by which the present inestimably valuable railway projects are supported, vanishes; and general confusion, distress, and ruin ensue; and all because it is insisted that railway and other undertakings and operations of industry shall be carried on only by one sort of money—gold, or by a paper currency based upon and depending upon gold; instead of having a money purely symbolic, representing value, but entirely independent of the amount of gold in the country, and entirely free from the fluctuations in amount by which the present currency unhappily is characterised, and which sets at defiance all calculation as to how much or how little there may be of it at any given time, and which exposes to failure the best planned schemes, and prevents the execution of national works which would immeasurably enrich the nation.

It was our intention to conclude this paper by the suggestion of a scheme by which railway companies *in esse* and *in posse* might be enabled to carry on their own schemes of improvement with facility, by a system of co-operation, which, while it would benefit themselves, would be at the same time infinitely beneficial to the community. But as this paper has already exceeded the limits which can be afforded to this subject, we are compelled, very reluctantly, to postpone its explanation until the next Number.

C. R.

STATE OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.

(Continued from page 385.)

THAT Tooke did not perceive the value of the discovery, or continued ignorant of the connection of Sanskrit with the object of his pursuits, cannot well be alleged against him as a reproach. His theory was founded in ignorance of it, and his errors are the result of his theory. He has unquestionably, as shown by a writer in Blackwood, mistaken both the origin and meaning of many of those terms, which he proposed to arrest in their flight, and to inquire of them their whence, their whereabouts, and their whither; but he certainly does not fairly incur the very severe and caustic censures of his critic. Indeed, much of the abuse eloquently poured upon his devoted head, might have been spared, had it been considered that his philological speculations first rescued the lexicographer from the degradation to which he was consigned by the seemingly humble nature of his labours.

It is unnecessary to refer to Johnson's preface for an illustration. The poor dictionary-maker was regarded as a mere drudge, without taste or talent, and capable only of, purveying to the wants of genius of a superior order. If public opinion has altered in this respect, it is primarily owing to the new views, which were opened by the ingenuity of Horne Tooke, of whose real merits it is pleasant to read an acknowledgment by one so capable of appreciating them as the reviewer of Mr. Horace H. Wilson's Sanskrit dictionary. "The person," he says, "who appears to have chiefly contributed to this change of opinion, at least in our country, was Horne Tooke, who by the industry of his researches, the sagacity of his inferences*, and the novelty and ingenuity of his speculations, together with the very entertaining forms in which he contrived to present them to the public, succeeded in investing etymology, and even the abstruser parts of grammatical science, with a degree of popularity which they had never enjoyed before, and who, by pointing out many of the principles on which scientific dictionaries must be compiled, taught the public to estimate more justly the merits of the author.† His political opinions, which raised him many enemies while he lived, are as defunct as himself, and certainly ought not to occasion a bias against him as a scientific etymologist. Although, in some remarks which it is intended to

* The awkwardness of a note upon a quotation need not prevent the notice of one instance of this acuteness. Tooke conjectured that the Latin *audiam* is a contraction of *audi(re) am(o)*, I wish or love to hear. This conjecture is confirmed by the Sanskrit termination of the same tense, which has for its root *ish*, to wish or desire: thus from *ga-m*, to go, to *ga-ng*, comes *gamishyati*, I will, i. e. wish to go.

† Foreign Quarterly, xiv. pp. 58, 59.

submit in proof of the necessity of better guides to the sources of the language than we now possess, very strange mistakes of the philologist of Purly may be noticed, it will be with a less objectionable purpose than that of exposing him to the charge of "the most leaden ignorance and the most brazen impudence."

One of the results of the study of Sanskrit in its relation to the Indo-European languages was the promulgation, in 1822, of Dr. Grimm's law or canon of consonantal transition, which will be briefly explained. It considerably enlarged the sphere of observation, gave a new direction to etymological investigations, and, rendering a comparison of different languages a necessary preliminary to the classification of cognate terms with a view to the detection of their radical import, elevated this branch of philology to the rank of a science. It was now shown by an overwhelming multitude of examples that, contrary to the prevalent notion, the close resemblance between words in two different languages indicates that one language has borrowed such terms from the other, and consequently that those words are not cognate. Had he gone no further, he had performed no very new service to etymology, for lexicographers of all countries had all executed the very easy task of turning over the leaves of foreign dictionaries in order to trace these agreements. But Grimm's researches conferred certainty upon investigations into the affinities of words, which were demonstrated to consist, not as hitherto imagined, in their external similarity, but, to use his own expressions, "in their outward unlikeness." For in the transmission of words through the Indo-Teutonic languages, Greek (including Latin), Gothic (including Old Norsk and Anglo-Saxon), and Old High German, the following changes are found, with a few exceptions that admit of explanation, to take place invariably among the three classes of consonants, aspirates, medials and tenuous; an aspirate in a Gr. word becomes a medial in the corresponding Gothic, and a tenuous in O. H. G.; a Gr. tenuous becomes in Go. an aspirate; in O. H. G. a medial; and a Gr. medial in Go. a tenuous; in O. H. G. an aspirate. This canon is universal, and therefore of the first importance in investigations of this kind. Dr. Grimm's table* presents it in a more popular form, which, for the purpose of economising space in the following observations, is here transcribed:—

Gr.	Go.	O. H. G.	Gr.	Go.	O. H. G.	Gr.	Go.	O. H. G.
P	F	B (V)	T	Th	D	K	H, G	G
B	P	F	D	T	Z	G	K	Ch
F	B	P	Th	D	T	Ch (H Lat.)	G	K

This table may be read thus: a classical word, having a *p* in it (as *pes*, *ped-e*), has its Gothic cognate in *f* (*fotus*, in English foot), and its O. H. G. in *b* or *v* (as *vuoz*). This also an example of the line *d. t. z*. The Sanskrit *pad* and *pada*, a foot, is the older, and, perhaps, the original word; but the others, instead of being derived the one from the other, are indisputable cognates.

To exemplify further the utility of attending to this canon in

* Deutsche Grammatik, th. i. s. 584.

etymological inquiries, we may take the English word *fain*, and the Latin *pax*, which our lexicographers do not seem to have suspected of relationship; and yet, although so very different in their external appearance, nothing is more certain than their affinity. We have the word peace from *pax*, *pac-is*, through the French *paix*; and *fain*, from the Anglo-Saxon *fagen*, *hilaris*, glad, joyful; O. Norsk *seginn*, contentus, lætus. These terms agree with the Gothic *faginan*, gaudere, lætari, and *fahed-s*, gaudium, quies, with *pacat-us*. "Words in which two consonants agree," says Dr. Grimm, i. 588, "are doubly sure (*τρεχειν*, Go. *thrag-jan*; *ποδες*, Go. *foet-us*); those in which one consonant agrees, the other varies, are suspicious*"; yet more suspicious are those whose consonants, not differing in their ranks, manifest a real likeness in the three languages. In this case, either a relationship is wanting altogether (as, for example, between A, S, *pādh*, *pādhas*, *callis*, and the Gr. *παθος*), or the one language has borrowed from the other (for ex., *scriban* is the Latin *scribere*, *fruht* is *fructus*, and consequently are no Teutonic words).† It does not seem necessary for the present purpose, which is to call attention to the defective state of our own etymologies in works considered as authorities, to pursue the author through his remarks upon this important canon; but we may notice, in addition to it, that the Gr. S and the Goth. W correspond; and that the Latin qu (k, v.), answer to the Goth. hw, and Engl. wh; thus, *quod*=*hwæt*, A.S., and *what*, English.

The effects of this law are often observed by the older etymologists, particularly Wachter and Ihre; but so far from suspecting them to be regular modifications, they treated them as accidents, or departures from the regular course, by which they supposed words to pass from one language into another.

All the old etymologists, German and English, fell into the great error of disregarding the vowels, which are the breath and soul of words, though none of them has gone so far in this respect as Dr. Webster, the American Lexicographer, who boldly declares that "little or no regard is to be had to them in ascertaining the origin and affinity of languages."‡ About fifteen years after the appearance of Grimm's Teutonic Grammar, the celebrated Bopp published his "Vocalismus," in which he demonstrated that the changes observed in the transition of vowels was neither capricious nor wholly irregular, but effected, like that of the consonants, by a secret law. The Sanskrit short *a*, which is pronounced like the Italian *u*, was now shown to correspond not only to the Greek and Latin short *a*, but to the short *e* and *o*; that there is a mutual connection in the three vowels, which will account for the interchange that so often takes place between *e* and *o*, and that the remaining vowels *i* and *u* are altered by a quality which

* Solche in denen ein conson. stimmt, der andere abweicht, verdächtig.

‡ In old English the word is *frugt* and *fruygt*, which in one part agrees, but in the other disagrees with the canon. There can, however, be no doubt that it is a Norman importation, though it is not so easy to account for its appearance in German. It is asked, with great deference, whether the Gothic *scriban* and the Latin *scribere* may not be cognates in exception to the rule, since the root is the Sanskrit *krip*, to paint?

† Diet. of Egk. Introd. ix. s. 2.

Sanskrit grammarians term *guna*, and which consists in the insertion or interpolation of an *a* before the *i* and *u* (thus we pronounce *wine*, as if it were *wain*, and the A. S. *hus* becomes house; and thus too the A. S. *lif* becomes life). Carrying his investigations into the members of the Indo-European family of languages, he found such a correspondence in their vocalic systems, as to afford material assistance in detecting the affinities of the words by the dissimilarity of their vowels.

From the moment in which these discoveries were announced, it was evident that the whole fabric of the old philology, so to call it, had crumbled to the dust, and that by far the greater part of all former etymologies in the Teutonic languages were swept away. "When I am reading the Gothic of Ulphilas," says Bopp, "I could fancy I had Sanskrit before me." F. Schlegel remarks that Low German has principally preserved the Sanskrit forms; and Arndt states that the words which are common to Latin and Slavonian with German, belong far more to the Lower than the Upper German dialects.* Theories began to be constructed. Professor Jükel, observing the strong resemblance between the older forms of Latin and Old High German, conceives that the Romans were Germans, and Latin but a dialect of his vernacular idiom.† Had he merely stated them to be an aggregate of Teutonic people he might not, perhaps, have been wrong. His inquiry into the German origin of the Latin is nevertheless a learned and valuable contribution to the stores of philology. Mr. Wining, from a like resemblance between Old Prussian and Latin, thinks that the Gothic portion of the latter was introduced into Italy by old Prussian tribes, without the intervention of any Gothic settlers‡, and he has devoted a chapter to prove that the Sabines and Curetes emigrated from Courland and the shores of the Kurische Haf. Professor Pott is still more sanguine, if not extravagant: in Sanskrit the birch is called *bhurjja*, in Russian *bereza*, in Lithuanian *bezzas*, in Lettic *behrse*, in Old Norsk or Scandinavian, *biverk*; and in Old High German *pirihhta*; New German, *birke*,—an identification of the words upon which Klaproth remarks, that the birch is the only sort of tree which finds the same name in the Sanskrit and the Indo-European languages.§ This furnishes Pott with occasion to observe that it proves the stem or foundation of the Sanskrit language to have passed into India from the northern parts of Europe.|| Are we not proceeding too rapidly? If we have discovered the path, are we yet sufficiently provided with the *viaticum*? Jükel, apart from the notion that the Latin originates in the German, because he finds a similarity which Horne Tooke had already noticed¶, is more reasonable when he assumes that very

* Wining, Manual of Compar. Philol. p. 108.

† Der Germanische Ursprung der lateinischen Sprache und des römischen Volkes, Breslau, 1830.

‡ Ib. pp. 94, 95.

§ Nouv. Journ. Asiat. v. p. 112.

|| Etymologische Forschungen, i. 110.

¶ "I do spy great relief to the Latin etymologist by directing his view to the North rather than to the East, when all his labour and toil are frustrated in the Greek."—*Div. Furl.* ii. 298.

early, perhaps two thousand years before the Christian era, "*German*" tribes burst out of Asia and wandered westward; that having then remained some time to the north of the Danube and become populous, a portion went to the north, another portion pushed southward, while a third remained behind; that the northern portion probably went to Sweden over the Danish islands, while the southern forced the Danube and the Alps, and there took and retained possession of Italy. "History," he continues, "says nothing of this; but history says just as little of the peopling of Skandinavia by German races, and yet no one dreams of denying this. Why too, when we know that Britain, Gaul, and Spain were so peopled, should we make an exception in favour of Italy, which lies so directly in the road? The silence of the Roman historians upon this point proves nothing one way or the other. Their old traditions were lost, and as, when they began to write history, they were corrupted by Grecian influence, they looked in every thing for a Grecian origin: moreover, they knew nothing of the northern nations, though the Greek authors had a glimmering tradition that they came from the *Land of Oaks*."

Though different tribes come from Asia, it does not follow that they were Germans: the Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Old Norsk, have more striking affinities with the Sanskrit than the German, from which they vary in very essential points, besides the mute consonants marked by the preceding table of transition. The Norsk, Greek, and Latin, also possess a passive voice, and the Anglo-Saxon, which mostly agrees with the Gothic, varies from that language, the German, and the Norsk, in its manner of adopting many of the words from the Sanskrit, which are common to all, and some of which we may have occasion to specify. The just conclusion respecting this variation seems to be, that it was introduced by the immigrants from Asia, and did not take place in Europe. Neither the *Carmen Fratrum Ambarvalium*, nor the fragments of the more ancient laws, will justify any conclusion but that the Romakas and the Sakasenas were as distinct in Europe as in Asia.*

* In ancient Sanskrit literature, Romaka is Rome: the Romakas (*dressed in hair cloth*) were allies of the Sakasenas (men of might, Saxons) against the family of Gautama (Goth and Jute), in a contest which resulted in the expulsion of the confederates. The traditions relating to this affair, the origin of the *Danava*, or children of Dan, whose name is unquestionably the same as that of Dan-ur, the fabulous king of Skandinavia, in the *Ynglinga Saga*, and an account of the *Strirajya*, or country governed by women, may be found detailed in the *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iii. p. 349. &c. The last, taken in connection with the preceding, reminds one of the Amazons, whom Herodotus places in the northern parts of Sarmatia, where yet are found the *Kuennar*, whose name bears the translation of women. They are the *Cwenas* of King Alfred, on the shores of the *Cwen*, or *white Sea*.

(To be continued.)

HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

SECOND SERIES.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT.

THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE AMBUSH.

THE loud tones of Mark Brandon's voice, as, in a paroxysm of excitement, he shook Helen over the edge of the precipice, quickly roused his comrade and the other prisoner from their slumbers. Grough was the first to wake; and seeing that Brandon, as he immediately conjectured, was about to cast the girl headlong from the height — why or wherefore he cared not — he cocked his musket, and, as a matter of business, presented it at Jerry's head, as that astonished individual raised it in a state of dreamy confusion from a little hillock of turf on which it had been blissfully reposing.

Happy had been that sleep! for the wearied Jeremiah had lain unconscious of bushrangers, or of guns and bullets; and the Fairy Queen of Dreams, as if to recompense him for the sufferings of his wakeful state, had transported him in fancy to the peaceful precincts of Ironmonger Lane, where, it seemed to him, he sat at a luxurious City Feast, amidst the pomp and circumstances of glorious meat and drink, and in all the dignity of his own right as a Liveryman of London!

Joyous was that mock festivity! rich and rare were the costly dishes, where real turtle competed with fat venison! bright and sparkling was that ideal champagne! and loud were the shouts of the imaginary hurrahs of three-times-three when the health of the Master was drunk with all the enthusiasm which wine inspires on such magnificent occasions!

But this ecstatic state lasted not long. A change came o'er the spirit of his dream! Suddenly, it seemed to the sleeping Jerry that

the person of the respected and corpulent Master who presided over the board dilated to supernatural proportions! His features assumed the likeness of the dreadful Bushranger! The roll of paper containing the list of toasts, which he held in his hand, became changed to a prodigious blunderbuss! and an awful voice rang in Jerry's ears, which sounded terribly like that which never failed to fill him with fearful emotions; and, awed by the awful vision, he awoke!

It was indeed the voice of the Bushranger! and as he opened his eyes he beheld the eternal musket of the inexorable Grough pointed at his head; and he became aware that the sound which in his sleep seemed to be the tinkling of the "cheerful glass" was that "click," so disagreeable to the threatened party, which was caused by the cocking of his enemy's abominable gun! Unhappy was that waking! In the agony of his fear Jeremiah gave vent to a dismal groan!

Grough cast his eyes askance at his chief to see if he made any sign to signify that it was his pleasure that Jeremiah's waking should be changed for an eternal sleep, or, as he mentally expressed it, "should have his brains blown out," when Helen, catching sight of this little by-play, pointed it out to Brandon, and, desirous of saving the life of her fellow-prisoner, asked, in a tone of scornful reproach:—

"Would you murder a man in cold blood?"

"Hold off!" said Brandon; "no need to take life without a cause: you can put a ball through his head at any time, if he kicks. Hold off, mate, I say; but be ready, for there's danger abroad."

The obedient Grough, albeit that he was reluctant to be baulked a second time, acquiesced; but he bestowed a look on his prisoner somewhat like that which a hyena casts on the prey which he is baffled at pouncing upon by the bars of his cage, which made poor Jerry ache to the very marrow of his bones.

"What's in the wind, Mark?"

"There is mischief brooding: but do you attend to your prisoner, and make him pack up ready for a start." Then turning to Helen, who, trembling more with hope than fear, kept her eyes fixed on the specks moving on the plain below, he said, in a low deep voice:—

"Miss Horton, you know something of yonder men. Nay, — do not deny it; I see it in your eye: — but I will tell you that there is more danger to yourself in any attempt at rescue than in your remaining in my power unknown and undiscovered. They must be better and cleverer men than I have yet seen who could find Mark Brandon in the bush when he would be concealed, or who could take him when they found him."

Helen did not answer, but continued to observe with breathless anxiety the objects whom she felt sure were following in her track: and as they advanced nearer and nearer it soon became evident that they were not natives but white men, and that they carried in their hands what seemed to be fowling-pieces or muskets. The Bushranger no sooner became convinced of this fact than he called out to Grough to be ready to march.

"What's the use of running away?" responded Grough, who had now become aware of the sort of danger announced by Brandon, as the forms of the two men were visible from the spot where he stood

sentinel over Jerry. "What's the use of running away from it? There are only two, and we can easily manage them; and then we can go on comfortably."

"No, no," replied Mark; "this place is too much exposed. But I see a post on the other side of yonder stream, with trees growing down to the water's edge, where we can deal with them as we please. Now, Miss Horton, you must move on."

"Where is it," said Helen, endeavouring to gain time, "that you wish to take me?"

"No matter where," replied Brandon,—"you must move on."

"But this is against our bargain," replied Helen, still trying to gain time. "You promised that you would release me if my father would engage to perform the part you mentioned. And now you have an opportunity to make your terms known to those who are coming."

"You know them, then?" said Brandon, clenching his teeth, and grasping his weapon with a threatening gesture. "But let him be who they may, I will communicate with them when and how I please. Miss Horton, I should be sorry to use violence towards you; but this is not a position for me to negotiate in.—You must move on."

"Suppose," said Helen, "it should be my father—and—and another friend?—Let me go to them; and I undertake on my word of honour that he shall do what you require of him. You may trust to my word of honour."

"Excuse me, Miss Horton, but your father and your other friend might not have the same idea of honour as yourself. In the bush it is better to trust to our loaded muskets than to empty honour. But time goes, and we must be moving. Miss Horton," he added, seizing her arm, the hold of which he had relinquished during this brief colloquy, "I say again, you must go on."

"And what if I will not go on?" said Helen.

"Then," said Brandon, "I fear that my companion there will make short work of it. Life, Miss Horton, is dear; and no notions of honour will induce him to prefer your's to his own. His musket is loaded; his finger is on the trigger; and his will is ready."

This he said so that Grough could hear: and that obliging person, taking the hint more quickly than his dull nature promised, immediately advanced, with Jerry, whom he ordered to kneel down on the grass, threatening him with instant death if he dared to move or speak; and then deliberately taking aim at Helen, he had the unusual politeness to inquire, as it was a lady,—

"Now, ma'am, are you ready?"

Helen must have been something more than mortal if she could have withstood unmoved this terrible threat, as she saw the ferocious eye of the miscreant fixed on her with a sort of malicious glee.—She turned deadly pale, her knees bent under her, and she would have sunk down on the ground, had not Brandon supported her with his powerful arm; at the same time that he made a sign to his companion to turn aside his musket, which Grough did with much unconcern: but as it seemed to that industrious person that it was a pity that it should not have some object to point at, he directed it in

the interim towards Jerry, who, although by this time he ought to have been used to it, had not yet arrived at that state of happy disregard possessed by the skinned eels in the fable, and evinced his emotions by a most piteous supplication. The time occupied in this little manœuvre, however, was sufficient to enable Helen to recover her presence of mind. All her efforts were directed to gain time.

"You forget," she said, "that the report of your musket would be the surest way to make known to those who are in pursuit of you who and where you are."

"By —," said Grough, recovering his musket, and uncocking it, "the wench is right! Mark, what shall we do?"

Mark could not help admiring the quick wit of the girl, which had such an instantaneous effect even on the dull intellects of his comrade; but he perceived that she was studying pretexts to gain time, so as to allow her friends to come up, and he felt that already too much time had been wasted. In a peremptory tone, therefore, he again desired her to proceed, saying that all resistance was useless, and that, if she wished to preserve her life, she must move on instantly to the other side of the hill.

"Miss Horton," he said, "it is a question of life or death with us. You see, my comrade is a desperate man: in a moment more he will discharge the contents of that gun through your heart; and no effort of mine could prevent him.

Helen cast her eyes down on the plain: the figures were coming nearer and nearer.

"He durst not!" she said, advancing to the edge of the precipice, and pointing to the moving objects below; "the smoke and the report would at once betray you."

"Then die another death!" cried Mark, in a transport of rage, and again seizing Helen with a powerful grasp. "Look down, foolish girl, into that depth below your feet! Do you see the rocks on which you would be dashed to pieces if I were to let go my hold? This hand that now clutches you once relaxed, and in a few moments more your body would be a shapeless mass, for the native dogs to feast on! Once more, I say, beware how you tempt me!"

"Don't let the girl hang over the precipice that way," cried out Grough, moved for once with an odd sort of compassionate feeling—"let her go, and have done with her. No need to torment her, Mark! Let her go—she will have time enough to say her prayers before she gets to the bottom."

"Stop—you brute—you beast—you murdering villain!" screamed out Jerry; "you'll be hanged, you will—and doubly hanged; and you deserve it for this brutality."

"Heyday!" said Grough, as he knocked down Jerry, who had essayed to rise from his knees, with the but-end of his musket; "here's a precious jaw! We must have the gag again. What! trying to get up again! Then you must have another tap!"

"Come on with us, Miss," continued Jerry, struggling on the ground with his enemy; "better come on with us than be murdered. While there's life, Miss, there's hope; but when one is dead"

What further aphorism the excited Mr. Silliman might have added,

it is impossible to say, for at this point the exasperated Mr. Grough dealt him such a blow on the face with his fist, that it put an end for the time to the further expression of his opinions; and Mark at the same time withdrawing Helen from her perilous position, his expositions as to that point were rendered unnecessary.

"Bind his hands behind his back," said Mark.

Grough performed this operation with great skill and dexterity.

"Now," resumed Mark, with an inclination of his head towards Helen — "hers."

Grough did this with equal readiness.

Helen said nothing.

"Will you come with us, or shall Grough drag you?" said Mark to Helen.

Helen remained silent.

"Take her in hand!" he said to Grough.

"Now, my pretty dear" said that most uninviting person, "I think you might give me a kiss for all the trouble I have taken about you."

Helen shuddered: her hands were bound behind her back; she could do nothing. Grough put his rough beard close to her face.

"I will walk," she said.

"There's a beauty: and you can give me the kiss when we stop for the night. Now, Mark, it's all right; the lady says she will be agreeable. A little faster, if you please, ma'am. It will be all downhill presently. Which is our point, Mark? Had you not better go first?"

"Keep that big tree in the bottom straight before you and in a line with the hill beyond."

"Ay, ay. Now, my lady, stir your stumps."

Helen stopped.

"If you will release my hands," she said, turning round to Mark Brandon, "I promise you I will make no more resistance; but if not, you may kill me if you will: but from this spot I will not move."

Mark hesitated for a moment; and then, without saying a word, untied the cord which bound her, and put it in his pocket.

Helen immediately moved forward at a quick pace; but as she walked she contrived to tear strips from her dress, which she let fall on the ground. But she was not aware that the Bushranger, whose quick eye caught sight of the manœuvre, rapidly but carefully picked them up, as he followed, with not less diligence than that with which she distributed them. "Hah, Hah!" he said to himself, "this has been the dodge, has it? But an old bushranger, my beauty, knows a trick worth two of that. I don't know, though," he muttered to himself, "whether it would not be best? Her friends are on our track, — that's certain; and this is the way it has been done. There are only two of them: they can travel faster than we can, encumbered as we are with a woman. Yes, better get rid of them; and this clue, which she is taking such pains to give to her friends, shall be the lure to their destruction. And so there let them lie. And now for a good place of concealment, where we may return dodge for dodge."

With these thoughts he urged his comrade to mend his pace; to

which Helen, confident in the success of her stratagem, made no objection, and they quickly cleared the space between the base of the hill from which they had descended and a shallow stream which was now before them.

"What will she do now?" said Mark. "Ah! she has something in her shoe! and she thinks I do not see her stick that little twig into the ground on the margin of the water! That Grough is the dullest ass I ever saw; but the brute has strength, and a sort of courage. Capital! See how *see* she picks her way daintily over the water, stepping from stone to stone; and now she has got to the other side, something wrong with the shoe again! Another twig stuck in! I thought so! Very cleverly done, my pretty one; but you don't think that you are setting springs for the decoyed ducks that are coming after you! Keep on, mate," he said, aloud; "straight ahead! Get into the scrub, and then we will have a 'corrobbery,' as the natives say."

They now advanced among the thick bushes which fringed the banks of the rapid and shallow stream, and beyond which was a thick wood. The mass of bushes was so dense that it was impossible to see far beyond them, and the covert seemed well adapted for the concealment which was desirable. But they had not proceeded many yards, when the Bushranger called a halt.

"Lie down there," he said to Jeremiah, in a stern voice; "and look to it that you neither move nor speak, or you shall have your brains knocked out without further warning. And do you, Miss Horton, be pleased to sit down there," pointing to a space between himself and his comrade. "Mate," he said, "keep your eye on them both, and leave the rest to me."

Saying this, he examined the primings of his double-barrel fowling-piece, passed his ramrod down both barrels to make sure their charges had not become displaced or loosened in the journey, a precaution which was imitated by his companion; then he cleared away a small part of the leafy boughs of the bush behind which they were all concealed, and arranged a convenient fork of the tree on which to rest his barrels, which he tried, and was satisfied with. Having completed these preparations, and whispered apart with his companion, who nodded his head and slapped his thigh with exultation at the cleverness of Mark's "dodge," he returned to his post, and waited for some time quietly on the ground, employed, as it seemed, in calculating the time. After musing for a while, he abruptly approached Miss Horton, and with much politeness requested a small portion of her dress:—

"As a pattern," he said. "You see, Miss Horton," he added, with a sneer, "it is already torn, so that a small abstraction more cannot materially damage its appearance."

Helen, colouring up, made no resistance, as he gently tore off a small portion, while Grough and Jerry looked on with extreme surprise. Their surprise was greater, while Helen's heart sank within her, when they saw him, through the interstices of the bushes, tearing the piece of stuff into small shreds, which he carefully strewed on the ground in a direct line from the part of the stream's bank which

which they had passed over, towards the bush where Brandon had tried his fowling-piece on the forked branch. It then became evident to Helen that her own device had been penetrated, and its object discovered, and that it now was being made use of against her to the imminent danger of the friends who were hastening to her rescue.

The wondering Grough, when he was made acquainted with the object of this manoeuvre by Brandon, after having given vent to his admiration by sundry whispered oaths and exclamations, concluded by declaring, with an awful asseveration, "that it was one of the out-and-outermost dodges that ever man contrived, and that no one but Mark or the devil himself could have had the cunning to invent it!

"Why," he added, in Mark's ear, "it's for all the world like strewing grain for a lot of sparrows to peck at in a farm-yard, so that you have 'em all in a line, and can nick a score of 'em with one shot."

This gleeful exclamation was unheard by Helen, but she saw too clearly by the preparations that it was the Bushranger's design to entice her friends on to the other side of the covert behind which he was ensconced, and then taking deliberate and certain aim to shoot them both before they had any suspicion of the presence of an enemy. Her colour went and came, and her heart beat quick as she strove to summon up her energies and to rally her thoughts so as to hit on some scheme for defeating this deliberate plot of cowardly and diabolical assassination.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FEET ON THE SAND.

WHILE the Bushranger was making these polite preparations for the reception of Helen's friends, Trevor and the corporal continued their course over the lengthened plain, whose wide expanse seemed to the eager desires of the lover almost interminable. Even the tough and seasoned corporal felt the wearisomeness of the way, the more especially as he missed his accustomed rations, without which the bravest and the sturdiest are apt to find their spirits and their courage diminish at the time of trial. It was with more than military promptitude, therefore, that he came to a halt at the intimation of his officer.

"Are you sure you are on the track?" asked Trevor, making use of the inquiry as an excuse for a short rest.

"Quite sure, your Honour. If you will stoop down a bit, you will see that the blades of grass bend forwards slightly, which must have been caused by the tread of feet not long since. And look at this," continued the corporal, kneeling down and pointing to a tiny ant-hill; "some weight has been set upon this, that's certain! and, to my mind, here's the round mark of the heel of a man's boot as plain as can be! We are all right, your Honour, so far as the track goes; depend upon that."

"How many of them are there, do you think?" asked Trevor.

"Impossible to say, Sir ; but, to my thinking, there can't be many. I should say, not more than three or four at most. If we could come on a bare place now, where there is no grass, we should be able to see the prints of their feet, and then we could tell better ; but the young lady, I guess, would not leave much mark behind her ; they generally tread light, do those young gals. I remember when I was in the States"

"Step on," said Trevor, quickly, the image which the corporal had unconsciously conjured up exciting him with fresh ardour in the pursuit ; "step on, corporal ; if we are tired, those who are before us must be tired also ; and it's hard if two men like us cannot run them down."

The corporal made no reply to this more than the usual salute, by bringing the edge of his right hand to the peak of his military cap ; and then, throwing his musket over his arm, he marched on with renewed alacrity. They arrived at last at the base of the hill. The retreating party having separated a little at this point, their track had been less concentrated, and the corporal found himself at fault. He looked about diligently ; but whether it was that the fatigue of his long march and the unremitted exercise of his eyes had wearied his sight, or that the marks were too faint to be perceived, the veteran was puzzled.

"If your Honour will stay there," he said, "so as to mark the point which we struck, I will make half-circles up the hill till I hit on the track again."

"Break off a twig from that low tree before you," said Trevor, "and stick it in the ground on the spot, and then we shall be both at liberty."

The corporal did as he was ordered, and advanced towards the tree, which was small and low, and of a gnarled and knotted appearance ; but as he was about to break off a small branch he stopped, and beckoned to the ensign :—

"Look at that, your Honour ; there has been some one here before us. A branch has been snapped off here not long ago. See, it is a dead branch, easily broken."

Trevor examined it attentively ; and, first, he directed the corporal to stick into the ground which he had left, another branch, which he broke off, in order that they might be able to recognise the precise spot at which they had arrived at the base of the hill. He then continued his investigations. It struck him that it was not likely that a retreating party would willingly encounter the laborious task of climbing that hill, which, he observed, rose precipitately to a great height at a short distance up the ascent. "It was easier to go round the hill than to go over it," he remarked to the corporal, in which opinion that worthy sub acquiesced, observing, however, that there was never any calculating on what Mark Brandon would do ; and that perhaps he had gone over the hill for the very reason that it would appear to his pursuers that it was unlikely for him to do so.

While he was speaking the ensign had proceeded a few paces up the ascent, which at the beginning was gentle, and was throwing his eyes over the grass to discover some indication of footsteps, when he thought he saw a little piece of stick lying on the ground in a place

at too great a distance from any tree to allow of its having been dropped from the parent trunk. He picked it up, and compared it with the broken branch of the tree which he had quitted, and he found that it corresponded in colour and sort exactly; moreover, it was of the same dead wood which the remaining portion of the branch exhibited.

Convinced that this branch had been broken off with some design, he returned to the spot where he had found it, and, pursuing his search, he soon lighted on another bit of the same wood; and presently he found another and another, leading on the left in a winding direction towards the top of the hill. Having thus again found the track of the fugitives, he sat down for a brief space, in order that he might resolve on the most judicious course of action.

He considered, that as the Bushranger had thought fit to ascend a steep hill, which there was no necessity for his delaying his flight by surmounting, it must have been done with some design. What was that design? It was possible that he and the corporal had been observed all the time, and that the Bushranger with his comrade, one or more, was waiting for him in ambush, in an advantageous position on the top. In that case it was advisable to proceed with great caution; at the same time that the utmost diligence was necessary, in order to overtake them and prevent violence to Helen.

He mentioned his thoughts to the corporal and asked him his opinion; upon which that experienced subaltern rested his two hands on the muzzle of his firelock, from habit, however, leaving the orifice of the barrel clear, and reposing his chin upon his hands, he set himself to work to resolve the enigma of the wily Bushranger's intentions.

"Sir," said the corporal, after a short pause,—and after having taken into account the particular shape and bulk of the sugar-loaf hill, on the inclined base of which his officer was resting; "I think our best plan will be to go round the foot of the hill and see if the enemy has made his way over down the other side. If he has not, we shall know that we have him safe somewhere on the top of it, and then we can take him in the rear, where he will not expect us; and if he has passed over it, why then, all we have to do is to follow on. But it seems to me, your Honour, that if we go blindly after them up this hill, we shall expose ourselves to their fire, without having a chance of returning it, as they can lie down on their bellies, as the sharpshooters did in the States, and pick us off without our being able to see 'em, or to help ourselves. Depend upon it, that if Mark has been up this hill, as it seems he has, he has had a reason for it, and that reason is to take us at a disadvantage, and our business is to outwit him, by coming upon him before he thinks of it. But if your Honour likes to try the hill, of course I'm ready;—it's all the same to me; only I can't help thinking that we ought to see clear before us, or else in firing at the enemy we might hit the poor young lady, and that would be a pity, for by all accounts she is an uncommon pretty one, and a spirited one too, and just the girl for a soldier."

The latter part of the corporal's oration had the strongest effect upon Trevor, who rightly judged that it was especially important to

guard against such a disaster as that pointed out by the corporal, and the consideration was of the greater value, as it served to temper his courage and his ardour with more coolness and circumspection than he would have otherwise displayed. He agreed, therefore, to the corporal's proposal, and they began to skirt round the base of the hill, on the level space beneath, taking care to inspect the ground with the utmost minuteness, lest their crafty antagonist should have adopted the plan of doubling on his own steps, in order to throw his pursuers off the scent.

In this way they continued their survey round the base of the hill to the left, until they came to a space bare of grass, from which they were able to note the character of the country beyond, which they perceived consisted of dense scrub, backed by thick and dark forests. As they were walking side by side, they both perceived at the same time the fresh traces of human feet on the sandy soil. They stopped simultaneously.

"We have come on them at last," said Trevor, "and it was lucky that we adopted this plan instead of going over the hill direct, for that way we should have missed them; — but they must have taken off their shoes, corporal; what is the meaning of this?"

The corporal said nothing, but continued to survey the traces of feet with much earnestness and with some anxiety.

"By George!" exclaimed Trevor suddenly, "can it be? I say, corporal, these marks must be the traces of natives' feet!"

"That's sure enough," replied the corporal gravely, and continuing his scrutiny.

"Do you think they have passed this way recently?"

"I think they have," replied the corporal.

"And many of them."

"Here are the marks of many feet; and they generally go about in mobs of thirty or forty."

"You don't seem to like the looks of them, corporal," said Trevor gaily.

"I don't indeed," replied the corporal seriously. "It's no joke to meet with the natives in the bush."

"Why, man, suppose there are thirty or forty of them, they are not all fighting men — half of them must be women."

"No doubt, as your Honour says, half of the men must be women; but the women can throw spears as well as the men, and they are not a bit less savage; for when a woman is savage at all, she is always worse than a man, and she spits and claws like a tiger-cat; — I suppose it's in their natures to be so — I remember there was Biddy M'Scratchem of our regiment in the States"

"But as to these natives, corporal; you have been stationed here several years, and I am quite new to the place. What sort of weapons have they besides these spears that you speak of. They have no bows and arrows?"

"No, your Honour; and it's well for the white people that they haven't got them; and it shows what wretched ignorant savages they must be, not to have invented them. For there is plenty of tough wood like the English yew, fit for bows, and there's the sinews of the kan-

garoo ready to their hand to make strings off, and the same wood that they make their spears of would do for arrows."

"But they can't do much execution with their spears — how long are they?"

"About ten feet long, or a little more. You can't say they make them, for they grow all about, and they have only to cut them down and point them, and then they are fit for use. The native women char the points in the fire, till they are so hard that they will go through a deal board; and they can throw them fifty or sixty yards, pretty sure. But it's the numbers which they throw that worry you. I remember seeing the body of a stock-keeper that the natives had killed, and it was pierced all over with little holes from their spears like a sieve, it was so riddled. Then they may have their waddies."

"Those are a sort of clubs?"

"They are not very big; but they are made of some hard sort of wood, and when they come to close quarters a lot of them will rattle them on your head till they beat in your skull and smash it to a jelly. It's the numbers you see, Sir,—that is the difficulty; they rush upon a single man like a swarm of hornets, and he has no chance against such odds, unless he is lucky enough to get with his back to a tree and has plenty of ammunition; and then they wear him out at last. And, besides that, they have got the womera, which they can hurl to a great distance, and, although it doesn't kill, it cripples, and that's almost as bad in the bush."

"I have heard of the womera," said the Ensign; "and it is remarked as a most curious accident that the wild and ignorant natives of these countries have hit on the exact mathematical curve which is most effective for their purpose in the formation of that singular weapon."

"Indeed, Sir, it certainly is a very curious weapon, as you say, and a most curious sharp clip they can give with it, as a man in our company can testify, for he had his ankle bone broken by the brutes; but the Sydney natives are far more clever in the use of the spear and the womera than those in Van Diemen's Land. The Sydney blacks throw the spear with another short stick, with which they are able to cast it with greater force than by the hand; but I should not like to have half a dozen spears sticking in my body from the Van Diemen natives, throw them as they may; not that I mind being hit, but they are nasty outlandish things to be stuck into one, and the wounds of 'em do no credit to a man. But I hope we shall not fall in with them after all; they are ugly things to run against, are those natives, any way."

"You have no love for the natives, that's clear," said the Ensign.

"Nor they for the white people. They always kill us whenever they can catch us alone, or without arms, and I don't see why we should be sacrificed to such murdering devils. They don't deserve quarter."

"You forget," said Trevor, "that they have some cause to complain of us, inasmuch as we have dispossessed them of their hunting-grounds, and driven them into the interior away from their usual haunts."

"There may be something in that," replied the corporal; "but I

don't see, your Honour, what right any set of men have, let them be black or white, to prevent others from cultivating the lands which they don't use themselves. It's like the dog in the manger to my mind."

"But they can't understand that," said Trevor. "They see strangers arrive from the sea, and, either by fraud or force, get possession of their country, and they resist it;—besides, hunting-grounds to them are as valuable as pastures and corn fields to us."

"I cannot pretend to argue with your Honour," replied the corporal; "but it seems to me that neither savages nor white people have any right to take to themselves for their hunting or their pleasures the land which others of God's creatures require for the raising of their food. Why, your Honour, it takes hundreds of acres of land in an uncultivated state, to support a few wild animals, which are not much worth the having when you catch them; whereas tons on tons weight of potatoes and corn might be grown on the same land if it was ploughed up and sown as the white people know how to do it. No disrespect to your Honour, but I never can believe that it is fair for savages to rule over lands which they don't make use of, and which in their power are only wasted and lost."

"What you say may be all very true, corporal, but the difficulty is to persuade the natives of the justice of it."

"Why, your Honour, you are never going to compare the natives of this country to us white people! Savage and brutal wretches as they are! black, naked cannibals! who kill every white man they can catch hold of. Why, your Honour, they can hardly be called humans; they are more like the animals that eat the grass or devour one another."

"The more reason for civilising and educating them," replied Trevor; "but this a vexatious question."

"It's very vexatious to be attacked and eat up by them," said the corporal, "or to have your body drilled full of holes with their spears, or your skull smashed in by their waddies; but it is not of ourselves that I am thinking; it's the poor young lady that I am fearing about; between the bushrangers and the natives she will stand a poor chance!"

"True," said Trevor, whom that idea at once rendered not less serious than the corporal at their sudden discovery of the propinquity of the natives. "Corporal," he continued, in a grave tone, "we must prepare ourselves for a struggle perhaps; but, at all events, we must lose no time in trying to discover the tracks of the Bushranger; that is, supposing he has descended the hill."

"I can't help thinking," said the corporal, "that things are very curious! Here are the natives close to us, perhaps, and watching for an opportunity to attack us, and we are looking out to attack the bushrangers, so that we have two parties to guard against; and the bushranger is expecting to be attacked by us, perhaps, and by the natives as well, so that he has two parties to fight with too; and it looks as if we should presently be all fighting ourselves and one another. By the Powers! there will be a pretty confusion if it comes to that! We shall be obliged to fire two ways at once, and stand back and

front at the same time ! I wish the poor young lady was well out of it, that's all I can say :—bushrangers or natives, I don't know which is the worst for her !”

“Do you happen to know,” asked Trevor, “from your own experience, if the natives of this country are cannibals ?”

“I don't know for certain ; all I know is, that they never eat me ; but some of the old hands do say that the natives eat human flesh sometimes ; but whether it is some part of their religion, or that they do it out of relish, nobody seems to know. However, if they have any inclination for it, it is not to be supposed that they would resist the temptation of a nice white tender young lady, as Miss Helen Morton is by all accounts ; and, for my part, I don't know which would be worst for the poor lady—to be eaten up by the natives, or to be . . .”

“Let us move on,” said Trevor, stamping his foot on the ground ; “and whether we have to encounter bushrangers, or natives, or devils themselves, we must stand by each other, and fight to the last gasp.”

“I'm your man for that,” said the corporal ; “I've been getting rusty for this many a day for want of a scrimmage ; and, dead or alive, I'll stand by your Honour to my last cartridge ; and when that's gone, we'll try the cold steel on them :—but those black wretches will never let you get up to them ; they haven't the sense to wait for the bayonet, like Christians.”

“I think they show their sense by avoiding it ; but hush ! stop ! What is that on the ground ? By Heaven ! it is part of a woman's dress !”

“Here is more of it,” said the corporal, proceeding in the direction of the stream.

“Halt there,” said the ensign ; “let us examine the country a little ; the business seems to be getting serious.”

Trevor found that they had arrived at a spot opposite the point which they had left, as he judged by the bearings, on the other side of the hill ; and they were now in a line with the route of the Bushranger, which led to a shallow bubbling stream at a little distance. Confident that they were now on the track, they made their way without delay to the margin of the water, Trevor and the corporal having picked up several additional pieces of a woman's dress, which the former did not doubt had formed part of that worn by Helen.

On their arrival at the stream, Trevor remarked the twig which Helen had stuck into the ground as a guide to her pursuers, and casting his eyes to the opposite bank, he observed a similar little stick set up on the other side. Besides these evident hints, the marks of men's boots were visible on the moist ground close by the water, and among them Trevor distinguished, with a thrill of hope and fear, the little foot of Helen. He marvelled at the want of caution displayed by so acute and wary a character as Mark Brandon, in leaving behind him such tell-tale evidences of his route ; but he attributed it to the confidence which he guessed the Bushranger had of being safe from discovery ; and he congratulated himself that this imprudent reliance on

the part of Brandon would be one of the means of ensuring his capture, and of effecting the deliverance of Helen.

When he had crossed to the other side of the stream, the first thing that met his eye was a shred of the same dress which he had already observed, and at short intervals, other scraps, in a line pointing to some thick bushes, beyond which was a dense wood of innumerable trunks of tall trees.

He pointed out these circumstances to the corporal, remarking that they had the good fortune to be able, under the cover of the scrub, to advance without detection. Side by side therefore, and with their arms in readiness, they approached the covert, Trevor full of hope and confidence, and the corporal possessed with the cool determination of an old soldier. Little did either of them think that they were offering themselves up an easy prey to the human tiger who was crouching in his lair!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NATIVE VILLAGE.

It is necessary now to return to the adventures of the Major, who had set out in search of his lost daughter on the morning after the departure of Trevor and the corporal from the cave. He was well equipped for the bush with all the stores and appliances which the two soldiers who accompanied him could conveniently carry: but he had forgotten the bush-traveller's companion, a "compass;" neither had his worthy mate, little thinking that so important a part of a ship's furniture could be wanted on shore, thought of reminding him to provide himself with that indispensable article. As the Major as well as the two soldiers were totally inexperienced in the bush, it will presently be seen to what grave inconveniences the want of that most useful instrument exposed him.

But in the mean time the party strode on confidently, till they espied the native of whom mention has been already made:—the apparition of the black man caused the Major to make a halt for a few minutes, to consider of the best course to be pursued under the circumstances.

Bearing in mind that it was the object of the Bushranger to escape from the island, which he could only effect by prevailing on some vessel to take him on board, or by seizing on some boat fit for his purpose, the Major had concluded in his own mind that Brandon would keep near the coast; and it was in that direction therefore that he had bent his steps; keeping a good look-out however, and bidding his soldiers to do the same, for any tracks or signs which might indicate the course of the fugitives. The appearance of the native was an unexpected incident, but it did not deter him from persevering in his original intention of making his way towards the sea coast.

In coming to this resolution, the Major was little aware of the difficulties which would beset his path, as the sea coast on that part

of the island, exposed as it is to the whole force of the Southern Ocean, is rocky and precipitous, and travelling is rendered so difficult as to be almost impossible near the shore. But there was another difficulty to contend against of a more formidable nature; and that was, the hostile tribe of natives, who had fixed on that district as their present locality, seeking it as a place of refuge from the attacks of the tribes by which they had been driven from their own hunting-grounds in the interior.

Of the presence of this tribe the Major soon became sensible, for he had not proceeded far before he came upon a native encampment, which was formed in a little grove of Mimosa trees, and near a spring of water flowing from the crevice of a rock. But although the fires were still burning, the camp was deserted. This refusal of the natives to communicate with strangers was a circumstance, as the Major was aware, from the descriptions which he had read of them, that indicated danger. He proceeded therefore to examine these, the most rude of all temporary dwelling-places, with much curiosity, not unmixed with anxiety. The two soldiers who accompanied him did not conceal their apprehension, which they stated respectfully, of an immediate attack, and they kept vigilant watch therefore while their commander pursued his investigations.

The wretched make-shifts which the Major viewed were mere receptacles for the creatures to lie down under, for they could not be called huts, inasmuch as the largest of them was not more than four feet high. He counted nine of them, nearly in a row, and almost close together. They were formed of bark in huge slices, with their smooth sides inwards, and fronting the fires which were burning about nine or ten feet from them. The slices of bark had been peeled in lengths of four to six feet, and from a foot to eighteen inches wide, and were set on their edges and rudely fastened together. It was under the shelter of these breakwinds that the natives themselves crouched at night, and sometimes in the day, without any covering to their bodies, or any shelter from the rain, more than the scanty bark walls afforded. There was no appearance of food or of weapons about the place; a circumstance which led him to conclude that the possessors of this native village, if village it could be called, had retired leisurely, and had taken away with them all their goods and chattels.

He discovered some heads of fishes, however, and some bones of animals, which were mostly small, and which he conjectured had belonged to the opossums and bandicoots, on which the natives are glad to feed when they cannot kill a kangaroo; and indeed of the opossum they are very fond, as they admire the high flavour of that strongly seasoned animal, which, as it feeds principally on the leaves of the peppermint tree, is always ready stuffed for table, although neither its taste nor its odour is by any means pleasing to strangers.

But the Major was not permitted to continue his scientific observations unmolested. As he shook one of the planks of bark to ascertain its solidity and texture, a spear from a neighbouring thicket, about sixty yards distant, warned him that he was intruding on the domestic arrangements of the proprietors. The soldiers immediately pointed

their guns in the direction of the thicket, and made ready to fire. But the Major restrained them mildly but firmly :—

“Stop,” he said, “we do not come to kill the poor natives of this country with our superior weapons. We are intruders here; and it is not surprising that we have excited their suspicions. Let us endeavour to leave this place without shedding blood; it is our duty to endeavour to conciliate the native inhabitants of the country by kind treatment, and by showing that we are come to do them good, and not harm. We will retire.”

Saying this, he hastily sought for some article about his person which he might leave behind him as a sign of his amicable intentions; and fortunately finding that he had two knives, one of which was provided with a strong hack blade and a saw, he raised it aloft, and then placing it in a conspicuous place on the top of one of the break-winds, slowly retired.

When he had got to a little distance he stopped, and by gestures invited the natives, whom he could not see but who he had no doubt saw him, to advance; but no one appeared. Another spear, however, which was projected from the same thicket and which fell short, was a very significant expression on their part of their desire to decline the pleasure of his company. He retired therefore to a still further distance, and then faced about again.

But the natives, who viewed his retreat as an evidence of fear, and who were emboldened by his seeming desire to avoid their spears, now issued in a black swarm from behind the bushes and rocks; the men with waddies in their hands, heading the advance: some of the women closely following them carrying spears, while a few of the same sex remained further in the rear, one or two carrying infants, while various little black faces might be seen here and there peeping from behind the rocks and bushes.

Seeing this general assemblage, the Major made a few steps in advance towards them, being desirous of cultivating amicable relations with the natives, not only for general politic reasons, but for the purpose also of availing himself of their assistance in tracking the bush-rangers and recovering his daughter; but he was assailed with a universal yell of men, women, and children, which would have appalled a heart less stout than the old soldier's; and at the same time a flight of spears came whistling towards him, one or two of which nearly reached his feet. He endeavoured by all sorts of signs to make them understand that he wished to speak with them; but as every advance on his part only increased their frightful shrieks, and as the men continued to hurl the spears with which their women assiduously supplied them, and to brandish their waddies with frantic leapings and contortions at the strangers, he thought it most prudent to abandon his design for the present, as it seemed plain that further attempts would only lead to an exasperation of the savages, which would most likely end in the bloodshed which he was so desirous to avoid.

His two soldiers, although they were both of them brave men and stout fellows, were by no means disinclined to retire from the scene, and they were soon out of sight of the savages; but it was some

time before they ceased to hear their yells and screechings, which, as one of the men remarked, "was more like the howling of wild beasts than any thing human;" and the Major again paused to consider which way to direct his course in pursuit of his daughter.

It seemed clear to him that the Bushranger could not have fled in that direction. He made a considerable detour, therefore, to avoid coming into collision with the natives, and again endeavoured to penetrate the country towards the coast. But he found his path so obstructed by rocks and ravines that he began to despair at last of making any profitable progress, the more especially as he had no clue to the course of the bushrangers; and he determined therefore to return to his cave, and endeavour to find the track of the fugitives, if track there was, from that starting point. But the Major had now to learn how easy it was for a stranger to the country to be lost in the intricate mazes of the bush.

In endeavouring to find his way back, he soon became confused by the hills, mounds, rocks, and trees, all so much alike, that he found it impossible to recognise those which he had before passed; and this difficulty is partly to be accounted for by the circumstance that the traveller in the bush, in going, views objects on one of their sides, and in coming back views them on their reverse sides, which are usually very unlike the appearance which they present on their first aspect.

So it was with the Major; and his followers, though very good soldiers at drill or in the field, were quite incompetent to assist him in finding his way through an unknown country. In this way he crossed the Bushranger's track without being aware of it, for he neither knew where he was nor which way he was going. He endeavoured to guide his course by the sun, and frequently thought he had hit on the right direction; but unforeseen obstacles rose in his way, and unknown and unexpected objects puzzled and baffled him; so that at last, bewildered and weary, he sat down under a shady gum tree, utterly at a loss which way to direct his steps.

As they were well supplied with provisions, the two soldiers, at a hint from their superior, quickly produced their stores; and if the anxiety of the Major had affected his appetite, it was clear, from the alarming inroads which his followers made in their stock of provisions, that they were not restrained in satisfying their bodily wants by their mental sensibilities. But towards the close of their refection, they came to a sudden pause; for as they were pretty well stuffed to their throats, they found themselves in urgent want of some fluid to clear their passages for a fresh supply. They intimated their distressing state to their commander, who, feeling the same want, rose from the grass and accompanied them in their search for water.

But, as is frequently the case with that important article, whose value is never estimated properly until the want of it is felt, as in the present instance, the water which they looked for was not so easy to be found; and although they descended, at the cost of much time and labour, into several promising dells and hollows, they could discover no indication of a spring. Exhausted with fatigue, and parched with thirst, which the sup of brandy which they had had recourse to heightened to a painful degree, the party again sat down among some

rocks between two hills which nearly met, and while the two soldiers stretched themselves on the ground uneasily, the Major, borne down by the fatigue of travelling in the bush, and by the weight of affliction which preyed upon him at the uncertain fate of his daughter, rested his head on his arm, and became plunged in melancholy thought.

In this position they remained for a considerable time, when the stillness of their solitude was interrupted by a sight which powerfully excited their curiosity.

THE BAR OF ENGLAND.

(FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE J—— E—— A., ESQ.)

(Continued from p. 436.)

THE "Circuits," as they are technically termed, are certain divisions of the kingdom traversed biennially, or oftener if need be, by the judges and others associated with them, for the purpose of trying civil causes that have arisen in each county, and delivering the gaols of their criminal prisoners. The circuits are known as the Northern, Midland, Norfolk, Oxford, Western, Home, and North and South Wales Circuits, to each of which certain counties are assigned, the Home being the smallest and the Northern the most extensive.* When originally formed, their relation to each other, not only in business and population, but in every other respect, was very different to that at present existing. In fact, I might say the reverse. In early times the Home circuit, as adjacent, so to speak, to London, was more important than any other. In the then arrangement of the counties according to the claims of their legal business upon the time and attention of the judges, we find a reason for their present disproportion, which, operating prejudicially on all classes interested in the administration of justice, presses most unequally upon the present subject of our consideration—the junior barrister.

To one or other of these circuits the aspirant to common-law practice is expected to attach himself. He is under no positive obligation to do so, but a kind of moral necessity impels him to imitate his predecessors. "What circuit *shall* you go?" is a question certain to be repeatedly asked of him before his call; and "What circuit *do* you go?" as frequently after it. In many cases those inquiries are the result of something more than mere inquisitiveness, especially if it happen that the party interrogated has made himself conspicuous in respect of talent, acquirements, or connections in his Hall, or the private debating *re-unions* in which students are allowed to discuss those law points which erst formed the topics of "moots" and "exer-

* The circuits were formerly six in number; but the abolition of the Welsh jurisdictions, some years since, added two to their number by the division of Wales into two circuits. The Northern comprises York, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster; the Midland, Northampton, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, and Warwick; the Norfolk, Buckingham, Bedford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, with the Isle of Ely, Norfolk, and Suffolk; the Oxford, Berks, Oxford, Worcester, Stafford, Salop, Hereford, Monmouth, and Gloucester; the Western, Southampton, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, and Bristol; and the Home Circuit, Hertford, Essex, Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. Wales is divided from Chester.

cises." There is also a feeling of disdain, though now fast fading to extinction, towards those who delay to join a circuit, founded on a presumption that no one would defer doing so, who did not expect to gain some unfair advantage by this course. I say this feeling is fading, because of the law reforms of late years having led to a concentration of business in the metropolis which was before dispersed in the counties of the neighbouring circuits, many barristers find their interest in remaining constantly in London. But if the circuit be not early joined, it may not be so easy to do so afterwards, as will presently appear. The choice of a circuit is perfectly unrestricted; but once made, unlike the sessions, a constant adherence is expected to it*. I know that it is said a circuit may be changed *once*, and that a few individuals have shifted from one to another accordingly; but he who ventures to do so must be prepared for the "cold shoulther," as the Scotch say, of those, to whom he transfers his company; the fact being, that such change is regarded with great disfavour, particularly when the party making it has become professionally noted. In the few instances in which I have known it tolerated, the barristers have been very "young," and have scarcely done more than touched the circuit; that is to say, have attended it only once or twice, and, what is of more moment, have had no business.

The rule of travelling the circuit is the same as that of the sessions, with this variance only, that it is more strictly enforced in the former than in the latter case. Private conveyances of any kind may be used, but none of an ordinary description.† Even the "grand round" on foot is unobjectionable; but post chaises are most commonly resorted to, their heavy cost being sometimes lightened by division

* I am now speaking of the rule as it is generally felt and understood by the profession, at the present day; but in 1823 its existence was strongly questioned in a correspondence between Mr. Curwood and Mr. Lewis. It appeared that Mr. Curwood, then belonging to the Home Circuit, succeeded to a landed estate, near Worcester, which is on the Oxford circuit, the comfortable enjoyment of which was incompatible with his continuance on the former. He, therefore, addressed Mr. Lewis, as the senior of the Oxford circuit, apprising him of his intention to change his circuit, and desiring to be admitted into the society of the Oxford mess. In return, Mr. Lewis intimated that the majority of the circuit were adverse to the request, not only on the ground of an invariable rule, but of Mr. Curwood's long standing (he was called in 1796). Mr. Curwood, in reply, objected to the rule being considered invariable, as Mr. Serjeant Kemp had previously shifted from the Western to the Home Circuit without objection, and Lord Loughborough had gone on the Northern Circuit, taking the lead at once, after receiving a silk gown. Mr. C. added that he should lay the correspondence before the seniors of the bar, and amongst others, from whom a favourable opinion was elicited in consequence, was Mr. Serjeant Onslow, who professed to view the change as unobjectionable. The correspondence may be seen in the Annual Register for 1823.

† Railways, which promise to disturb the present arrangements of every society, have partially modified the rule, and will perhaps abrogate it altogether. When a line was first opened on the ——— circuit, the mess took the new mode of transit into consideration, and certain senior counsel deprecated railway travelling as derogatory to the dignity of the Bar, and proposed that no member should be allowed to travel but as heretofore. Mr. Serjeant ———, however, exposing the absurdity of that proposition, the matter was dropped, and barristers may now be seen hurrying along by rail like other people. On the last occasion that I journeyed northward, I saw two of them with an attorney between them!

amongst a number. I recollect seeing one of these start from one circuit town to another, a distance of upwards of fifty miles, having three on the roof, three inside, and two on the driver's seat, exclusive of their luggage. But with the most economical contrivance, the cheapest circuit, the Home, can scarcely be traversed at an expenditure of less than thirty pounds, while the most expensive, the Northern, requires an outlay of at least eighty pounds. I must observe, that no one is called on to travel the whole circuit throughout, though he is expected to visit it once. On the contrary, he may "join it" at any assize town, and leave it where he pleases.

It must not be understood that a member of one circuit is absolutely debarred from visiting another professionally; he may always do so on what is called a "special retainer," that is, a fee considerably beyond that ordinarily taken by a member of the latter. The amount of the special retainer for "going off" the circuit, is usually spoken of as three hundred guineas, but I have known instances of late years in which fifty, and even thirty, guineas have been taken as a special retainer to conduct a case on another circuit. In like manner, the member of one sessions may visit another, being specially retained with a fee of not less than five guineas. But whatever the amount, the principle is, that no barrister shall travel from his own into the professional domains of others unless on special engagements; and the object is to confine each section within assigned limits, to prevent any vagrancy in search of employment, and thus to keep each other in close subjection to the rules of the profession. I alluded to some of these generally when speaking of the sessions, but each circuit has its own code of regulations in addition, mostly tending to the same end—the repression of any private exertions to obtain business.

The sessions rarely form a society, but call special meetings when any question requires to be discussed relating to one or all of its members, but it is otherwise with the circuits. On each of them a kind of club exists composed of all belonging to the circuit, to which every one joining it must be admitted, if he hope to be allowed to attend the courts and mingle with the other barristers without loss, inconvenience, and annoyance. His admission, however, is not a matter of course. He must first be proposed as a fit and proper person, and his admissibility determined by a majority, usually voting by ballot. Certain payments are then requested of him, one being of a sum of at least ten pounds, as a contribution to the "wine fund" of the circuit, and he may then take his seat at the "circuit mess," as this association is called, whenever convenient. I say, whenever convenient, because a constant attendance on it will considerably enhance the expenses of the circuit, as will be seen when I mention that the ordinary place of meeting is the principal inn of the town, where a private wine cellar is kept for the circuit; the hour of dinner, every evening the bar continue in the place, at five, six, or seven, P.M., and the cost scarcely less than ten shillings, (especially when the judges are invited to dine with the "mess,")—a sum of little moment to counsel in lucrative practice, but worth saving to one of limited means. No one is absolutely bound to attend these dinners; but

unless he do so occasionally at least*, he will certainly not get into good fellowship with the circuit, as its Bar is often called by metathesis; but in all probability become an object of suspicion. He had much better, in such case, abstain from the circuit altogether, or remain on it only for a short time. At the inn where the circuit mess holds its meetings, a paper or book is kept in which every member may subscribe his name and place of abode, that persons may know whether he is attending the court, and where he may be found.

The circuit mess takes cognizance of every contravention of its rules or other infringement of professional etiquette. Its authority is usually spoken of as confined to irregularities committed within its bounds, but it will sometimes claim a jurisdiction over those committed without them. At all events, a barrister cannot be too careful of furnishing matter of complaint against him. The penalties to which the delinquent subjects himself are forfeitures and expulsion at the pleasure of the mess.† In general, however, the first offence if committed by a young barrister, unless of a very flagrant description, is passed over with a gentle suggestion from a senior against its repetition, and it is not then brought formally before the mess: a solemn protestation of ignorance may also avail the offender once.

To enumerate the particular rules and regulations of each circuit would not be an easy task. These must be acquired by experience, like those affecting the general body, as they are never published to the world. I may remark, however, that almost all tend in practice to test the pecuniary powers of the young barrister, none to smoothe the road before him; and that some betray such mean low-minded jealousy as their origin, and others are so undignified, to use no harsher term, as, in my humble opinion, to debase a noble profession like that of the law. That I may not be charged with random assertions, I will here allude to two of them. The first is that which prohibits a barrister from using a bag in Court until he be presented with one by a silk-gownsmen‡, it being tacitly understood that no

* On some, if not all, of the circuits, he must attend the "mess", once on the circuit, or be fined.

† For instance, a barrister availing himself of a stage coach, while on the circuit, will be fined a dozen or more of champagne, to be consumed by the mess. Many years ago I was travelling through Horsham, in my own chaise, on a severe winter's morning, when it happened post chaises were unusually scarce and expensive. Stopping at an inn where the passengers of a coach had just dismounted, I perceived a barrister, now ranking high, but then only feeling his way, emerge from the inside. As he passed rapidly into the inn, in a stooping position, he escaped the notice of Mr. Baron Gurney, a rigid advocate of precision in all cases, and then one of the leaders of the Home Circuit, who had just opened a window above, from which he surveyed the coach. I was about offering "my learned friend" a seat in my chaise, to save him from observation, when I found he had already received a hint of the visitor upstairs, and had escaped by the back door, leaving a message by the waiter to the coachman, to take him up at a spot named, his breakfast remaining untasted. He preferred a couple of miles walk in the sleet and snow without a meal, to the heavy champagne infliction, which had certainly visited him at the next meeting of the mess, had Mr. G. perceived him. I have heard that the learned judge, when at the Bar, used frequently to be on the "look out."

‡ That is, a counsel entitled to wear a silk gown by virtue of being a Queen's Counsel, or having a patent of precedence.

such present will be made until he is of several years' standing or be advanced in business, when any one of that dignity will order a bag for the applicant on returning a handsome *douceur* to the clerk of the presenter, or, in plainer language, purchasing it of such clerk for ten times its value. The reason alleged for such rule is "that it is of no use for a man to carry a bag who has no briefs to put in it." At least such was the reason assigned to me soon after my call, as I was about to take a bag into one of the Northern Courts containing some books and, as it happened, a few briefs, three or four, I forget the number, in perfect ignorance of the regulation. The senior or leader of the sessions loitering designedly behind, intercepted and questioned me whether any King's Counsel (as they were called in those days) had given me a bag. Replying in the negative he informed me of the rule, and when I produced my briefs, merely rejoined that I had not yet business enough to need a bag, and in answer to another interrogatory, added the motive above-mentioned. The result was that I was obliged to leave my books in the robing room, and with a tape round my papers carry them openly into court. Judging of the cause from the effect, reasonable persons may be forgiven for suspecting that the real cause is completely to expose the junior's progress or lack of it, as the case may be, by preventing his making the least display that might render it a matter of even momentary doubt, for it is absurd to suppose that his actual position could be long concealed from persons habitually attending the Court. The young barrister is thus kept for a time in a station of humility. The second rule is that which requires a man who marries after joining a circuit, to pay a fine or a sum of money for the purchase of wine to be distributed, like other fines, amongst the mess. Of this I shall only say that the circumstances sometimes attending it, are the reverse of creditable to the circuit mess as an assembly of gentlemen, assuming from their rank to belong to the sensible and well educated.

The next courts to be spoken of as within the scope of the common-law practitioner, are those of the metropolis, which are open to all barristers from any quarter without restriction, except a few where etiquette demands a special fee. Of the former the principal are the Courts at Westminster, where in fact all the business peculiarly termed civil may be said to commence, and from whence the Courts of *Nisi Prius* on the circuits are supplied with causes for trial which return to them for consummation. Here some of those rules to which I have adverted cease, of necessity, to operate, the numbers attending and the absence of any institution like the circuit mess, preventing the establishment of that order and method that might otherwise prevail. And I might add the little chance there is of random business; a barrister may here enter and leave the courts, and wander about their avenues as he listeth, without fear of abjuration. The general rules, however, as to the mode of obtaining business still exist. He may not solicit a brief, nor take one for less than the prescribed fees, that is, less than one guinea for special motions, nor less than half that sum for certain motions almost always granted, of course, and for signing pleadings, as established by custom. Nor may

* As not being courts where a "bar," regularly attends.

he take a brief, unless for a defendant, otherwise than from an attorney. In fact, the only modes of becoming advantageously known allowed by the profession, are attendance on the courts, and the publication of works on legal subjects, both of which argue the expenditure of much time, trouble, and money; the last especially, when the author is not already known.* Any other method of acquiring a profitable notoriety is regarded with great disfavour, and may peril the party's ultimate success. He may obtain briefs for a time, but lose professional advancement. Between five and twenty and thirty years since a well-known counsel of the present day, who attempted to attract the attorneys to his chamber by meeting them at various social societies held in taverns and public-houses, where he displayed unquestioned powers of oratory, was literally driven from Westminster by the cold contempt which met him there, and on the circuit, provoked by his unprofessional endeavours to another line of practice; and years passed over his head before the offence was forgiven. That it is not even yet forgotten several counsel now in office can testify. It will be hereafter seen how such injurious results ensue from professional indecorum.

I must not forget the Insolvent Court as another to which a common-law barrister may resort without objection, as a small Bar is now formed there; but as it is completely *sui generis*, and the business of a limited character, it needs no further mention: no one is expected to receive less than one guinea to support, and two guineas to oppose, an insolvent.

At all the foregoing courts a barrister may attend, business or no business, because a regular "Bar" is attached to them; but there are other courts which he may not visit in that character, unless specially engaged with a fee of not less than three guineas. Such are the Sheriff's Courts†, and those of the magistrates, excise, Commissioners of Bankrupts, and, in short, all at which no "Bar" attends in general. Of course, a junior can hardly hope to obtain briefs for these places while older men can be retained for the money; and hence it is natural to suppose that this regulation also was made by the seniors to exclude the juniors from these lucrative engagements. I know it is said to originate in a desire to avoid the appearance of a barrister on a level with attorneys who practise in these courts; but I am not satisfied with a reason applicable to rather more absolute rules than that in question, and therefore prefer the other. Besides, when the Prisoners' Counsel Bill (6 and 7 W. 4. c. 114.) opened, as it were, a new field of practice, both to counsel and attorneys, it was whispered

* I never knew a legal author unknown to fame, or a law-bookseller, who was not a heavy loser by his first work, even if lucky enough to obtain a publisher who will be at the cost of printing, &c., on condition of dividing the profits, the latter being rather problematical in every such case. If he publish, therefore, he must be prepared to regard a certain loss as part of his professional outlay.

† Since the Act (3. & 4. W. 4. c. 42.) directing actions for debt not exceeding 20*l.* to be tried by writ of trial before the Sheriff, barristers have attended them with the ordinary fees. Attendance without a brief, however, is still deemed improper. [*Original note*]. To the Sheriff Courts we may now add the Commissioners' District Courts of Bankruptcy, since they have been erected into Courts of Record by the late Bankruptcy Acts, where barristers wait for practice, as in other courts. — ED. II. 21.

that certain leaders in the criminal branch of the law arranged with some of the latter, that *they* the former would still view the magistrates' courts as special, so as to secure to them the minor business*; and, I will take the liberty of adding to secure to themselves as much as possible of the higher class.

The judges' chambers were likewise regarded at one time as not to be attended without a special fee; but the immense increase of business in those places, a great portion of which is withdrawn from Westminster, has completely beaten down the rule here, and a barrister now attends on a summons as he would on a motion not of course, that is to say, for one guinea.

And now it may be asked under all these circumstances, what is a friendless barrister to do? friendless I mean in respect of legal connections? Required to comport himself as an independant gentleman; to have tolerably well furnished, and lore-stocked chambers in a fashionable and therefore expensive locality; to incur the expenses to which I have alluded, besides others incident to his position, such as payments for the accommodation of robing rooms, porters, subscriptions to law reports, &c., which, of themselves, sometimes absorb a living income, yet denied the liberty of making the least active exertion (unless writing a book be called such) to obtain the means to meet these obligations; condemned to sit in court among others like himself, there to await his fortune, worse off than a child who is told "to shut his eyes and open his mouth, and see what God will send him," for the child generally catches something; what is he to do? My reply will startle the unprofessional reader, but others will fully comprehend it. *He must break every rule and regulation of the Bar as suits his necessity or convenience, avoiding detection or being prepared with an evasion.* If he do not, his chances of success are about as remote as the point to which certain parabolic lines in mathematics are always approaching, but never reach. He may rest assured that others have done this before him, regarding etiquette, as I once heard it termed by a junior, as a "chain to confine those who were not bold and able enough to break through it successfully." When he begins to derive profits from his venture, he may easily fall into the regular course, and then it will be his turn, if he be so minded, to tighten the chain round those he has left behind him; the more vigorously he performs this operation, the less suspicion will attach to himself of ever being impatient of its confinement, for a rising man is never presumed to have obtained business irregularly.† But more of this hereafter.

* Previous to that Act, no counsel or attorney could appear before a justice of the peace, or magistrate, in their representative character, as a matter of right, but of courtesy only; and the justices could refuse to hear them. The reader, who is desirous of inquiring farther, is referred to the case of *Collier v. Sir William Hicks*, and others, decided in demurrer, June 7. 1831, and reported in *Barnewall and Adolphus's Reports*, v. ii. 663.

† A barrister was lately made a Queen's Counsel, whom I recollect as the leader of his sessions. Meeting a veteran in the law, a few days afterwards, the promotion was alluded to, when he observed, "I was the first, I believe, to give him a brief; both of us were very poor, and glad to get whatever we could. More than once has he had *ten shillings* from me to defend a prisoner." If such a story were told of an eminent counsel, it would be repudiated. I believe it.

THE CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET."

BY A PERIPATICIAN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

BUT Fortune seemed to have a spite against poor Ned; for he had not proceeded far down the street, performing his part of a drunken old woman, in a manner which would have done credit to one of the principal theatres, before a constable, one Peter Kokhide, who, from the circumstance of his squinting dreadfully with both eyes so as to seem continually on the watch for thieves and offenders, had acquired the reputation of a most vigilant officer, and who had received his new commission for his present post only the day before, spied out the drunken old woman from the other side of the street. Being desirous of signalling himself by some notable display of activity in his district, he instantly dashed through the mud with the design of conveying the transgressor of the rules of sobriety to the watch-house.

Any one who knew Brandy-faced Kitty would have passed over the little accident of her being a little overcome "with her feelings," as she used to term it; but "new brooms sweep clean," and as ill-luck would have it, the officious personage in question, being new in office, and having vast ideas of the importance of his dignity as an inferior "custos morum," pounced upon the delinquent like a cat on a mouse; and so here was Ned in another mess; and what was to be done, his confederate, Dick Bristel, was at a loss to imagine.

Ned's first impulse was to show fight; but a moment's reflection told him that such a course would discover all; so, as there was no help for it, he was obliged to accompany his new friend to the watch-house, Dick following behind and urging the officer to let the "poor woman" go.

"And pray what business of yours is it, Mister?" said the officer; "mind your own business, and leave me to mind mine."

"But I will engage to have her taken home," replied Dick. "Poor old woman! she is more stupified with grief than with drink. This is the anniversary of her husband's death! And—in short—I think you had better let the poor creature go—and I will take care of her."

"The deuce you will! why, she is not such a beauty as that comes to, neither. Is she your wife or your sweetheart, Mister, that you are so loving on her? It's no use! she must have a taste of the watch-house, and that's the long and the short of it; and if you kick up any

row about it, we will see what the justice will say to you too. You're no better than you should be, I'm thinking."

As the constable uttered this professional tirade on the personal respectability of Mr. Richard Bristel, they arrived at the temporary receptacle for evil-doers, into which the supposed woman was unceremoniously thrust, her ally being left on the outside. There he remained in an attitude of anxious meditation for a brief space; for Dick had an instinctive objection to all those places into which it is more easy to get in than to get out; and although the "*facilis descensus Averni*" did not occur to him, because he had never read the works of the poet in which that observation occurs, he was not the less impressed with the extreme awkwardness of his friend's unexpected incarceration; and he set his wits diligently to work to devise some scheme for his release. But while he was pondering the matter, the door of the watch-house was suddenly opened, and a head was popped out, which Dick recognised as belonging to the constable, who, seeing "Kitty's" benevolent defender close to the outside, beckoned him in with a treacherous smile, and then quietly locking the door on on him, pointed to the "old woman," who was seated on a bench, with another officer curiously examining her apparel.

"Here's a go!" exclaimed that dignified individual, as Dick entered. "The woman's a man!—painted up!—and look here!" he continued, delicately raising up the lady's outward garment and disclosing a pair of undeniable trowsers, "this is the way people's houses are robbed, and the city constables brought into disgrace! This is a disguised housebreaker, that's certain, and it will be made a Newgate affair of—no doubt of that. And, pray, who are you?" he said, addressing Dick Bristel, who had been so cleverly introduced by the inferior functionary; "what's your business?"

"A friend of his'n," said Peter, pointing at Ned with his thumb askew, and with a most energetic wink at his superior; "an accomplice; he wanted me to get him off all along. It's a regular plan for a robbery between 'em,—no doubt of it. However, they will have to explain themselves to the magistrate; he's a-sitting now."

"Then they shall go before him directly," emphatically pronounced Mr. Jacob Coddlewhiffe. "Now ma'am, or sir, whichever you like to be called, you must match, and t'other chap with you; so come along."

Here was a pretty piece of business! After cheating the Argus-eyed turnkeys of the Fleet so cleverly, to be stopped on the outside by a parish constable, and taken before a magistrate as a malefactor meditating felony! This was out of the frying-pan into the fire, with a vengeance. What was to be done? Nothing but a bold stroke could save them both;—the one from the punishment for transgressing that most important of all prison rules—the getting out; and the other from the pains and penalties attaching to the aiding and abetting of an escape from a debtor's prison. If the matter were brought before a magistrate, it was to be feared that the whole truth would come out. Ned saw that his only chance was to make friends of the constables. In pursuance of this judicious resolution, he immediately burst into a loud fit of laughter, to the excessive alarm of Mr. Richard

Bristel, and the unspeakable astonishment of the authorities, who stood aghast at this impudent breach of watch-house decorum.

"It's my opinion," said Mr. Jacob Coddlewhiffe, the elder of the two, with a very grave face, in which the sense of insulted dignity was particularly perspicuous, "that you'll sing another song when you find yourself before the alderman. A pretty pass things are come to, when a chap like you can laugh at a constable! I, that have been in the ward these forty years! This is the beginning of a revolution!"

"He'll laugh on the wrong side of his mouth when he finds himself with a pair of our bracelets on," said Peter. "Now, my hearty; no use in putting it off. You must march."

But Ned only laughed the more violently. Dick Bristel wondered what the devil was the matter with him: the constables thought he must be in a laughing fit, for although they had seen the wrong-doers committed to their custody in all sorts of moods of melancholy and fury, they had never had to deal with such a droll fellow before. It was most extraordinary.

"Non compos," remarked Jacob to his fellow, with a very wise look, and putting his finger to his forehead.

Dick Bristel began to be almost of the same opinion; for Ned taking off his bonnet, which was so important a part of his disguise, dashed it on the floor, and throwing himself back on his seat and thereby exposing the whole of his painted face to view, cried out,—

"Capital: I've won it! Come, Master Dick, you must own I've won! I was to keep it up till twelve o'clock, and now it's half past: and I call this worthy constable to witness that it was half past twelve when I came in here. There's the clock. Wasn't it, old boy," addressing the elder constable, whom he saluted with a familiar slap on the back; "wasn't it past twelve when I came in?—Dick, you're done."

Dick Bristel, who from his professional habits was up to all the tricks of the stage, and who was a ready-witted fellow, immediately caught the idea, and replied, without hesitation,—

"No—old fellow—it won't do. The bet was, that you were not to be found out till twelve o'clock, and I maintain that this excellent and most intelligent gentleman," appealing to the elder constable, "found you out in a moment, and before the clock struck by St. Paul's."

"But there's the clock," repeated Ned, pointing to the dial;—"there's the clock;—and by that clock it was past twelve when I came in here; and this good fellow who brought me was deceived—wasn't you deceived, my friend? I say he was fairly deceived, and took me for a drunken woman—and that before the clock struck twelve! Dick, you've lost, so cash up, and pay."

"And I deny," contended Dick, entering into the scheme with all the readiness and heartiness of a professional; "I deny that it was twelve o'clock!"

"There's the clock," repeated Ned.

"That clock!" said Dick, with an air of supreme contempt at the dirty face of that venerable piece of furniture. "Do you call that a clock? I say, old gentleman, your clock's face wants a washing."

Why, I wouldn't trust that rusty old watch-house ticker to fry sausages by."

"I would have you to know, Mister," interposed Mr. Jacob Coddlewhiffe, with an air of considerable dignity, and with a very solemn voice, "that I've gone by that clock these forty years, and it's as good a clock as any in the parish and the whole of the city to boot. And pray who may you be that finds fault with our clock? Not much good, I'm thinking."

"Who am I?" replied Dick, looking at Ned; "who am I? why, my excellent friend, I shouldn't like the whole town to know who I am;—Eh, Ned?—But I don't mind trusting you with our secret;—because you seem a decent, respectable, proper-speaking person; and I have no fault to find with your brother constable there; none in the world:—who am I?—Ned, they want to know who we are:—as our frolic is over, I suppose you have no objection to let them know who we are—you know, Ned?—no objection to tell them, who I am?" said Dick, terribly at a loss, to know who Ned intended him to be.

Ned, assuming an aristocratic air, with which his grotesque attire and his caricature face formed rather a curious contrast, immediately replied:

"None in the world,—Dick;—none in the world. I'm sure, we may trust these worthy fellows.—Not that it matters, so far as I care, if all the world were to know it:—That is Lord Dunham, and my name is Brown—Captain Brown of the 41st. Where's a card?—confound it! I have left my card-case in my coat-pocket. That is Lord Dunham;—of course, you have heard of Lord Dunham?—I say, Dunham, we have had a jolly spree: haven't we?"

"Famous! upon my word! But, by Jove! Captain, I don't know what your uncle, the Earl, will say to all this. And, by Jove! you, will be getting me into some confounded scrape with the Marquis one of these days with your mad pranks! Really—now—look at that dress."

"Oh! who cares? It's only a spree:—all fun you know, Dunham!"—

"But Lady Emily!" suggested Dick.

"And the Marchioness!" retorted Ned.

"How we should be laughed at!" said Dick.

"To have been taken to the watchhouse!" replied Ned.

"They will quiz us horribly."

"The Duchess is such a quiz!"

"But I'll tell you who will laugh most," said Dick.

"And who is that?"

"Why, it's I; because I've won the money; come, down with your hundred; give us a cheque."

"That's a good one! why it's I who have won the bet? Didn't you agree that if I could act up to the part and not be found out before twelve o'clock, it should be a win?"

"I don't deny that; but I say that this most worthy and sagacious person who has more penetration than any officer I ever knew, found you out directly; as if you could deceive him!—a man who has

been in the ward for forty years! Didn't you say forty years, or was it fifty?"

"Forty years," responded the venerable constable, who, with his fellow, was prodigiously struck with the Corinthian style of conversation adopted by the fashionable young sprigs of nobility whom he had the honour to be in company with; "forty years, and so has that clock. We came into the parish together—and I'll stand by our clock, let who may gainsay it—let him be Captain or Lord, or who he may," said the city functionary with an air of determination which was evidently intended to put any further discussion of that delicate matter out of the question.—Dick endeavoured to turn the point to advantage:—

"I perceive," he began, assuming a stage attitude something like the elder Kemble, and addressing the defender of the time-piece, after the fashion with which Kean harangues the Senators of Venice, "that you are a most grave and respectable person."

"I've been head constable of this ward for forty years," said Mr. Jacob Coddlewhiffe, "and I've not stopped once—no more has our clock—from going my rounds regular—except when I've been poorly at Christmas time or so—or the clock was forgot to be wound up."

"I see," continued Dick, "except when you were wound up or the clock wasn't! It affords me the highest gratification to learn that you are as exact in your duties as that most punctual dial, for which, as well as for yourself, I entertain a most particular respect. Now my ancient and worthy friend, I am going to put a question to you which to me is of the highest importance, but which I will not do without first craving your permission, and entreating you at the same time to believe that it is a subject which I approach with the utmost diffidence, as I cannot but be aware that in hazarding the interrogation, I run the risk of wounding your feelings, the delicacy of which I cannot sufficiently admire." (This, Dick thought, was tipping it off in style.)

The constables were evidently penetrated with a sort of obsequious awe at the grandiloquence of the orator:—

"Is it about my wife?" asked Mr. Coddlewhiffe, in some trepidation.

"No," replied the lord, waving his hand condescendingly; "I did not know that you were blessed—I hope I do not pain you by making use of such a term—I did not know that you had a wife, although, if I had reflected for a moment, I might have been sure that the comeliness of your person in your younger days could not have failed to secure the affections of some virtuous helpmate, to whom your rectitude of conduct would serve as a clock by which to regulate her own thoughts." . . .

The simile struck home to the heart of Coddlewhiffe. Dick saw that he had made a hit—he continued:—

"But it was not to the affectionate partner of your life to which I referred, my excellent friend, but to your clock—to that clock whose fair round face now surveys us, and which seems to tick approvingly on my observations! Ned—I mean—Captain, you hear that tick?"

"Nothing like tick," responded the "Captain."

"What of our clock?" asked the constable, overwhelmed by the solemnity of Dick's peroration.

"I ask you," said the lord, "on the word of a respectable man—who has filled a high and responsible office for forty years—is not your clock a little too fast?"

"Never," exclaimed the constable with enthusiasm. "The Lord Mayor himself might have that clock in his kitchen and go to dinner by it."

"Enough!" said Dick; "I yield: Ned—I mean—Captain, I give in. This most respectable person has spoken the word, his ultimatum has settled our bet. You have won. It's not the money that I care for," continued the noble peer with a lordly air to the constables, "but it's the being beaten. I'm done, as the saying of the common people is . . . what is it?"

"I'm done brown!" said the constable—that's what they say; but it's only a vulgar way of speaking."

"Exactly, my worthy friend; 'done brown,' that's just what I mean."

"Then all you have to do is to give me a cheque for the hundred," said Ned.

"Precisely, Captain. Friend constable, could you oblige me with a slip of paper?—oh—never mind the paper not being clean—it will do just the same; and a pen?—Thank you,—this pen, I presume, has also been in office forty years. There—there's a cheque for a hundred on Coutts's. And now, how shall we reward these worthy men for their trouble—keeping them from their homes and their families. . . ."

"And our dinners!" said the elder constable.

"Well—you shall not want for a good dinner to-day, at any rate, nor a bottle of wine neither. I say, Ned—Captain—have you any change about you?—just give these men a couple of pounds."

"Oh! my Lord," chimed both the constables in a duet,—“Your Lordship is so very good”

"Don't say a word about it. Captain, give them a couple of one-pound notes."

"Confound it—I have left my pocket-book with my card-case in my coat pocket."

The constables looked rather blank at this, but they turned their faces simultaneously to the lord, not doubting that the darkness of their incipient fears would be illuminated by the light of his countenance,—nor did that noble personage disappoint their expectations.

"I tell you what," he said to the captain,—“it's my opinion that our two friends here could tell us some droll stories about the people who fall into their hands, pickpockets, and housebreakers, and such people; and I propose that we wind up this day's fun by dining all together somewhere handy, with lots of wine, and punch, and that,—do you drink punch?"

"I do sometimes," replied the chief constable; "but very moderately, my Lord, and never when I am on duty."

"Your duty this day shall be to drink punch. I will make it all right with the Lord Mayor."

"I know of some rum goes of a chap that was in the Fleet prison," said the other constable, "if your Lordship is fond of hearing of larks of that sort."

"Rum goes! and larks!—that's capital!" said the captain, who felt a sensation to his very back-bone at the mention of the Fleet prison,—"that's capital. Dunham—let us make a day of it! It will be all the more fun to talk of to Lady Emily and the Duchess."

"Done," said the Lord; "where shall the dinner go off?"

"The Cat and Fiddle in Fetter Lane is thought to have good liquor," suggested Coddlewhiffe, who, being an old hand, did not lose the opportunity of putting in a word for his friend the landlord of that popular house of entertainment.

"The Cat and Fiddle! a capital sign—that is to say, if the Cat does not scratch, and if the Fiddle is always in tune. Let it be the Cat and Fiddle then, and do you, friend, order the dinner."

"May I mention your Lordship's name?" asked Peter, deferentially.

"No—no;—but I don't know. Yes—you may mention it, most considerate Peter, privately to the landlord; and mind you order beef-steaks and onions—lots of onions—fried. Say, privately you know, and keep your eye on the larder at the same time—that Captain Brown and Lord Dunham will do him the honour to try his wine and his brandy—don't forget the brandy;—at—let me see—we must go home and dress, Captain—at five o'clock; and, mind, you are to tell us lots of your stories, you know—your, what do you call them?—ah—Rum Goes!—and Larks! and now," continued his Lordship, as the messenger of good news departed on his joyful errand, "what are we to do for a coach? Have you any body handy who could go for my carriage?"

"In a moment, my Lord; there's the man who takes messages for the gentlemen in the Fleet; he lives close by, and I know he is always at home at this time. I will fetch him myself, if your Lordship will condescend to wait here for a few minutes."

"No, no," said the Captain, to whom "the man who takes messages for the gentlemen in the Fleet" would have been one of the very last persons in the world to whom he would have desired to be introduced at that moment; "never mind your carriage, Dunham; let us get into a hackney coach; that will be the best way, Dunham, you know, to escape observation. You should remember that my dress is rather calculated to excite the admiration of the populace, and we don't want to appear as public characters in that way,—you understand."

"Any way, my boy," said the urbane Dunham. Our friend here can call a coach for us. And pray be quick, my man, for we have particular reasons for wishing to make haste. You know we have to dine with you at five; and, by the by, I must not forget that we owe you a couple of pounds."

"Oh! my Lord!"

"It's a debt," said the Captain; "what a gentleman has once promised, becomes a debt—a debt of honour, Dunham, which must

be paid. I say, Dick," he continued, as the venerable functionary of the city constabulary wended his way to the nearest coach-stand, to fulfil the behests of the noble peer, with whose commands he had the honour to be entrusted — "Dick, are you sure you have money enough in your pocket to pay the Jarvey, or we shall be in another mess?"

"Never fear," said Dick, "I have two one-pound notes and fifteen shillings; and that will carry us through — for this day at least, and to-morrow must take care of itself. And here's the coach. Thank our stars! we have got out of our difficulty better than we had any right to expect! The city constables for ever! — And there stands my venerable friend, the champion of the clock, by the open door of the coach, and with his ancient hat in his hand, to do due honour to our gallant and noble selves! Heaven send that no other mishap may befall us! for if these sapient Dogberries were to find out that we have been humming them all the while, we should catch it handsomely — and no mistake."

Dick's Cassandrine exclamation, alas! was prophetic. But it is proper to return to the veritable Kitty, who was left locked up in the strong room of the Fleet at the time of Ned's evasion.

CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE given Ned's story just as he told it to me; but as to the charwoman's share in the proceedings of the day, that is to say, inside the Fleet, I can speak of that for myself, as I was a witness of that part of the adventure.

I should say that, while Ned was being turned out of the prison in the disguise of Brandy-faced Kitty, I put my pipe in my mouth, and walked up and down the front yard, and smoked quietly, and without interfering with any one else, as my custom was. For although I did not make a habit of smoking before dinner, I did sometimes have recourse to that tranquilliser of the nerves in the morning; but it was only occasionally, when any thing had happened to vex me, or when I had no prospect of being able to get a dinner that day. And, I am sorry to say, I had too frequently occasion to contemplate old Sir John Hawkins's ode to a pipe of tobacco, beginning, "Little tube of mighty power," for the purpose of staying my hunger, as more than one besides was obliged to do in the Fleet; and so let no one pretend to despise a pipe, for we cannot tell what may happen to any of us, and it stood me in stead of a dinner many a time, when I could get nothing else. However, to return to Ned's adventures.

I walked about the yard, as I was saying, quite unconcernedly; but feeling very anxious, as may be supposed, in the success of Ned's stratagem, seeing that I had a hand in it, until he was actually turned out, and the prison had resumed its quiet again; and then, concluding that Ned was fairly off, I thought I would go down to the shop, and set Nancy's heart at ease.

So I turned round towards the fair, not past the strong-room, but sauntering round by the back of the building, through the racket-ground, and so by the side entrance to the hall. I went down the

steps and entered the shop, but I put out my pipe first, as Mrs. Ward was particular, and didn't like smoking in her place; and, heaven knows, there were odours enough in the shop already, what with red herrings, and candles, and soap, and cheese, and all sorts of things, without adding another; and how any human beings could exist in such an atmosphere was always wonderful to me. However, it proved that the animal man, as the physicians say, is a very accommodating animal in his nature, and can exist almost anywhere and on anything; and it was almost proved by many an example in the Fleet prison, that he can exist upon nothing, for I am sure there was more than one in the Fleet who existed on next to nothing; but I never knew but one who was actually starved to death, and he was a real captain: — however, I shall take another opportunity to tell that tale: — Ned's story is enough at one time.

Well, I entered the shop, and there I saw the mistress, who seemed to be a little out of sorts, weighing out quarter pounds of brown sugar; and no wonder she gave light weight, for the poor woman did not seem to know what she was about; and she had reason for it too.

"Heaven help me!" said she, as soon as I went in and had paid her my compliments; "Heaven help me! I wonder who would be troubled with children, Mr. Seedy; if it does make a woman more respectable to be the mother of a family, she pays dearly for it: what with one thing and what with another, there's always some worry about one's children. Boys are bad enough, but daughters, I do believe, are worse. There's Nancy in there, very ill with the hysterics! and there's nobody to help me in the shop! and what's the matter with the girl is more than I can tell."

"It's the confined air of the place," said I; "don't you think it would do her good to let her go out and breathe some pure air — on Ludgate Hill — or Blackfriar's Bridge — if it is not too bleak?"

"Ah! Mr. Seedy, it's all very well to talk of her going out for pure air, as you call it; but I don't like to let her go out of my sight — that's the truth. It's not as it was when I was a girl; but now, if you let them leave your side for a minute, they are snapped up, and there's no knowing what becomes of them! Well, child," she said to her daughter, who now emerged from the inner dungeon, "how do you find yourself now? — What a terrible time there has been with Mrs. Strongbolt, they tell me, Mr. Seedy. Intoxicated again! They say the warden has had her turned out of the prison, and that she is to be locked out."

"Better than to be locked in," said I, looking at Nancy; but Nancy turned pale, and I saw that she misunderstood me.

"I don't know that," said the old lady; "to some folks, perhaps, it's worse to be locked in, but to others it's worse to be locked out. That's what life is, Mr. Seedy. What's one man's meat, is another man's poison."

"I quite agree," said I, "with your very sensible observations; but that woman was a great nuisance in the building, and I am sure that you," said I, looking at Nancy, "will be glad to know that Kitty is outside the prison walls."

"I'm sure," said her mother, "I don't know why Nancy should care

about it more than another. The poor woman was not in our way at all, and she always made a point of laying out all the money she had to buy things with at our place. — But, what's the matter with you now, child? Just now you were quite pale, and now you are quite red! And what makes the tears come to your eyes that way? Sure you are not crying because Mrs. Strongbolt is locked out. It can't concern you any way."

"Quite the *contrary*," said I, laying an emphasis on the word, which made Nancy smile through her tears at my meaning. "It's not because Brandy-faced Kitty is locked out that Miss Nancy laughs or cries. But I am glad to see her cheerful any way," said I, "seeing that she has such good reason for it (here Nancy smiled again) in having such an excellent mother," I added, "to take care of her."

Nancy said nothing to this, but began to bustle about in the little shop, putting things in order, and humming a lively air, which so surprised her mother, that she took her eye off the counter, and looked at her daughter quite amazed.

"Well — I declare, Mr. Seedy, you're quite a conjuror! for since you came in, Nancy has changed from dark to light, as one may say."

Nancy blushed deeply as I looked at her. She certainly was exceedingly pretty! — Ned, too, was a very good-looking fellow; and I could not help thinking that they would be very well matched. But I had no thought then of its ever being brought about; for Ned, although he was down in the world just then, was of a good family, and, from what he had told me, it was possible that he might be a rich man after all. But Nancy cared nothing about wealth or rank. If there ever was a pure and disinterested passion in the world, it was hers for Ned. She loved him as a poor prisoner, of whom the common talk was that he was in for life; and perhaps it was the pity that the sad condition of a handsome young man inspired her with that led to love, for they say that one is akin to the other. — However, I must not anticipate; it is best to tell all things in their order; but it is allowed to an old man like me to digress a little: we have Homeric authority for it; and as I have said somewhere before, I was called the Nestor of the Fleet. — However, to return to Nancy.

I was just beginning to say something about her good looks, when suddenly our ears were assailed with the most dreadful noise, that the like of it I never heard before. There was shrieking and screaming, and presently a noise of hammering at a door which caused the old lady to stop in her operations of weighing and sorting, and made poor Nancy change colour, for she guessed immediately what was the cause of it, the strong-room being over against the shop; and I myself, although I knew that Ned was safe off this time, or thought so at least, was a little troubled at the commotion. However, I remained quietly in the shop, not wishing to appear too anxious in the matter; but Nancy's mother being curious to know the reason of the outcry, I was obliged, out of politeness, to offer to ascertain the cause of it. And cause enough there was, as I thought to myself, as I quitted the shop; but when I was out of sight I moved more slowly, and, as I went up the hall, I called in at a friend's room to light my pipe; and then I went out at the front entrance with the rest to see

what was the matter, and stood a little way off to watch the issue of the affair, and wondering with the others, of course, what the reason of it could possibly be.

Some said that the prisoner shut up there was gone raving mad, and there were murmurs about the harshness and the cruelty of confining him; but I said nothing, but kept myself to myself, as the saying is, and looked on smoking my pipe and appearing as unconcerned as possible. Presently one of the turnkeys came from the lobby — the same who had been so zealous in turning out the sham Kitty, and he stood for awhile at the door to listen to what was going forward within. He was a decent man, was that turnkey, and certainly if I ever saw surprise and consternation in the human countenance they were depicted on his, at the voice which he heard vociferating in the strong-room.

"Let me out!" cried the voice; "let me out! — you rascals — you villains — you scurvy set of jailors! Let me out, I say."

"It is Brandy-faced Kitty," said some one, "shut up in the strong-room, and the prisoner is hiding her!"

"Brandy-faced Kitty!" repeated the turnkey, his wits all in a maze, and his face of the hue of a white-washed wall: — "Why — I turned Brandy-faced Kitty out of the front gate myself! How the devil — God forgive me for swearing — did she get in there again?"

"Let me out!" screamed Kitty; — here's all the devils in — (I can't repeat the expression — it looks too shocking on paper) after me! and the pickled head is chasing me round and round the room. Let me out, I say, or I shall go raving mad."

"She is roaring drunk," said one of the bystanders; "but what on earth is the matter with her? — and why doesn't the prisoner speak? There's murder going on within as sure as there are spikes on the top of the wall!"

By this time two of the other turnkeys had come to the door, and there was great consternation among them; for they had all lent a hand in expelling Kitty, as they thought, from the prison, and how she had got in again, and especially how she had got in there, surpassed their comprehension. But as Kitty continued to roar out the most horrid imprecations, swearing that the devil and the pickled head had got hold of her, and as the flatter really was becoming serious, although the crowd laughed and thought it good fun, it was necessary to do something. So one of the turnkeys took the key and unlocked the door, but in a moment he was assailed by Kitty who flew on him like a tiger-cat, and, striking her nails into his face, he roared out in his turn, while the mob cheered and roared with laughter, and the turnkey swore and struggled, and there was the devil's own confusion as the saying is.

But this did not prevent one of the officials, who was cooler than the others, from turning the key in the door, the moment after Kitty's exit, to secure the prisoner.

"What's the matter with the fury?" cried Joe; "what's the matter with you — you dam of Belzebub? What do you kick up this row for? — What has the gentleman been doing to you?"

"Gentleman!" exclaimed Kitty — "there's no gentleman as you

call him—unless the devil is a gentleman; but there I am in there! I myself—I am indeed! Oh Lord! It's all come of the pickled head and the breaking of my vow this morning! Lord have mercy upon me! That ever I should see myself in my own bonnet and all! my own 'dentialself appearing to me out of the grave! and the pickled head! and all—oh Lord! oh Lord!"

"What's the matter with the crazy old—woman? What do you mean by yourself, and a pickled head, and nonsense?"

"For the Lord's sake give me something to drink, to restore me— if it's only a thimbleful!—but—no; I won't take it:—I won't:—no!—It's all come from that vile gin—Lord forgive me for calling it such a name! But I won't drink it—take her away—take her away—oh Lord! oh Lord! I don't know who I am—I don't indeed! I'm dead and buried—and I've seen my own ghost! I shall die—I shall die—there's another one inside! it's the devil—I know it is! with my poor husband's pickled head on the top of him, and my bonnet, and all! It's all over with me—I'm dead—I'm dead! and I can't rest in my own grave!"

"What ghost are you talking about?" said the turnkey shaking her; "you're dead drunk—that's what you are—and you see double—that's the truth of it."

"No, gentlemen"—said Kitty, suddenly assuming an air of sober seriousness;—"I'm not drunk!—not a drop of liquor has passed my lips this blessed day! But I've had a call!—I've seen a vision! A vision! oh Lord! I've seen myself! And there I am in that horrid place this minute, with my own bonnet on! Do ye think I don't know myself when I see myself? I'm a poor persecuted woman! But that my own ghost should haunt me! The Lord be merciful to me! I'll never drink gin any more,—except it's medicine, and the doctor gives it to me! Oh dear! oh dear! I'm a dead woman!"

"Go in and ask the gentleman what has happened," said one of the turnkeys to the one who had the charge of the room; perhaps he can tell what the meaning of all this jaw is?"

The man took the key, and turning it with a reluctant hand,—for some misgivings seized him,—entered the room. He returned as pale as the ghost that opened Priam's curtains at night—and announced that no prisoner was there!

Leaving Kitty seated on the stones in the yard, the other two rushed into the room, and searched every corner. They even lifted up an extinguisher that was on the table to make sure that the prisoner wasn't under it, as it was reported afterwards in the building,—but no prisoner was to be found.

They tried every bar at every window; but every one was fixed and secure. They fetched a sweep from a neighbouring court to go up the chimney, but that place of exit was too strongly guarded by thick iron bars to allow of escape that way. All that they could ascertain was, that the prisoner had got out, but how, was a mystery.

In the meantime the warden, who had been made acquainted with the circumstance, joined himself to the group, the crowd making way for him with respectful deference, but expressing by their looks their high satisfaction at the return of "non inventus" by his officers; and

that experienced and sagacious personage immediately entered into an examination on the spot of all the matters relating to the mysterious evasion.

From the evidence of Kitty it appeared, that while she was engaged in the relation of a fearful domestic occurrence, a something suddenly pounced upon her, and lifted her up by the hair of her head, as she averred, to the ceiling, and spun her round and round in a most extraordinary manner. And then, she said, she saw herself—her own self—and that was what she couldn't make out—squatting in a most unseemly posture before her;—and then the thing with a most horrible scream vanished in a cloud of smoke and fire, tumbling her over, as she declared, she did not know how; and how long she remained in that state she could not tell, but all that she saw afterwards was the precious pickled head of her dear deceased husband,—and this was the 'versary of his death;—dancing about the room!—and so she went off in a faint!—and that was all she knew about it. “And who was it that pretended to turn out this woman from the prison?” asked the warden, with an angry air.

The three turnkeys all protested with one voice that they had actually and positively turned Kitty out from the prison, and they couldn't be mistaken, for she was too well known for them to be deceived; and this was corroborated by many present, who had witnessed the expulsion.

“But how did she get in again? That was the question.” The warden thought that he saw through the trick, but he said nothing, only he desired the door of the strong room to be locked, and the key to be delivered to him; which was done. He then directed Kitty to be conducted to his private room, where he extracted from her incoherent story sufficient to satisfy him that his prisoner had escaped in the disguise of a char-woman. But suspecting that she knew more about the matter than she would confess, he told one of his officers, and as it happened, his order was given to “larking Joe,” to take Kitty before the sitting Alderman, to try the effect of magisterial authority on her; an order which was carried into effect immediately; and then took place a scene which will be related in another chapter.

CURRENCY AND RAILWAYS.

SYMBOLIC MONEY:

No. 4.

As the feasibility of transacting commercial and other industrial operations by the means of a currency composed entirely of a symbolic paper money, may now be considered as proved, because it was done for a series of years, from 1797 to 1816, and, at intervals, to 1825, the ground is cleared for showing that Railway Companies, and other such associations, may carry their intentions into effect in a like manner, by a general system of agreement and combination.

But it will be useful, in the development of the plan, to bear in mind, that the plan which we are about to suggest is in fact in operation in this country, in a manner which fully and completely demonstrates the facility of its application in the way to which we refer.

We allude to the system of Exchequer Bills issued by the Government. About thirty millions of these bills are issued by the government every year; and it may be set down that about this amount is constantly in a certain state of circulation.

Now these Exchequer Bills, as every body knows, perform, though inadequately, the functions of money.

The "Government," in its corporate character, issues these bills for the purpose of enabling it to pay salaries and the general expenses of the government, and they purport, by the writing impressed on them, that the government will pay them off at a certain specified time. It is not said that the government will pay them off in money; but that they are to be paid off in "money" is, of course, understood: but what sort of money? certainly not in gold money; there is not a word said about that; but in some sort of money not expressed, and which, in fact, is meant to be, and actually is, symbolic paper money; for it is very clear that if the holders had the right to demand gold money, and that the government were bound to furnish it, that the government would be reduced to a state of bankruptcy, inasmuch as the quantity of gold sufficient to discharge the obligation does not exist in the country, or does not exist availably for such a purpose.

But, in point of fact, no one who takes an Exchequer Bill, either in discharge of a debt, or in payment of the purchase of an estate, ever thinks of its representing gold; — he receives it as a symbolic representative of value, which he knows he can pay away in discharge of his own debts, or in the purchase of another estate for himself, and, as it is compellably receivable by the government in payment of taxes, it always maintains its symbolic value; and sometimes something more; for as it is a sort of money that bears interest, it increases in

value every day in the owner's hands, because it is compellably receivable again by the government for the amount which it bears plus the accumulation of the interest which has accrued.

Now the distinctive character of these Exchequer Bills, it will be observed, is this — that it is a sort of money in the shape of a *receipt* for value received, which the issuer binds himself to receive again; and is based, not on gold, nor on any metal, but on credit. It is based on the credit of the government to raise money by taxes; the pieces of paper which form it, are of no more value than any other pieces of spoiled paper of the same size; it is based not on gold, as we have said, nor on any other metal.

But more than this, it is not based on any species of property whatsoever; except the abstraction of the realisation of part of the national property in the shape of taxes; it is based solely on credit. And with respect to this credit, it must not be forgotten, that of all credits, that which is called national credit is the least to be depended on, as witness the sums of money which have been lent to the various South American States, and, notably, to the United States of America, by which States the debts so contracted have been either declared too large for their governments to discharge, or have been altogether repudiated.

To pursue this part of the subject a little further: —

If the sums lent to the American States had been lent on the security of land, or of houses, or of property of any sort, the lenders might have been able to obtain from their borrowers, if not the whole, at least some part of their claim; but their money having been advanced on the "abstraction" of national credit, when they fall back on that national credit they find only an abstraction — a nonentity, a delusion, a thing aerial and unsubstantial.

But the national credit of Great Britain is of the same sort as all other national credit; that is to say, it is an abstraction, and it is on the faith of this abstraction alone that the Exchequer Bills issued by the government are received and pass current as representatives of a certain ideal value. These Exchequer Bills then may be considered as examples of symbolic money.

It will doubtless occur to the reader, that this especial sort of money — the Exchequer Bill — is not fitted to perform the offices of money as common and popular currency, for it is issued only in large amounts, and the wants of the people require a more convenient sort of money, consisting of pounds, shillings, and pence; — and such is the fact. These Exchequer Bills are not fitted for the office of the money required in the ordinary transactions of buying and selling, and they do not perform that office.

But they perform the same sort of office in transactions requiring the payment of thousands or hundreds of pounds, which pounds, shillings, and pence do in the facilitating of small exchanges. And it is not so much on their character as money that we are at present desirous of fixing attention, as on their *symbolic* character as paper for large amounts, which are created by the government out of nothing, and are issued and received in a continual circle without the intervention of any metal whatsoever.

We have said that these Exchequer Bills, which the government passes away as money or as money's worth, are created out of NOTHING; and we think, from the description which we have given of them, that it is plain that they are so created, for national *credit*, it must be granted, is not *property*. Now the plan which we suggest for the carrying out of the railways projected, is by the creation of a certain sort of Exchequer Bills which shall be based on *something*; not on credit, national or individual, but on *bonâ fide* property, substantial bricks and mortar, land, houses, and other things intrinsically valuable.

It has been shown already, that a government, to wit our own, can issue its Exchequer Bills based on nothing but credit, receiving them back in payment of the calls levied on the nation under the name of "taxes." What is there to prevent an association of individuals from issuing their Exchequer Bills, receiving them back in payment of the contributions which they have to levy on their proprietors under the name of "calls?"

The government pays its current expenses, or part of its current expenses, which is enough for our argument, by means of its Exchequer Bills, which are receivable again in payment of taxes: the railway governments in the same way, may issue their Exchequer bills in payment of their expenses, which are receivable again in payment of "calls." Where is the difficulty in the one case more than in the other?

In what consists the essence of the value of the government Exchequer bill? In its being receivable by its issuers for the money which its holder has to pay.

In like manner, the Railway Exchequer Bill would have its value fixed, by being receivable by the railway government as money to be paid for calls or other debts.

But the Railway Exchequer Bill would, in truth, be a bill of much greater value than any mere government bill could possibly be; for the Railway Bill would represent *property*; but the government bill represents, and can represent, only *credit*.

If the lenders of the money to the American States had advanced it in return for bills representing so many divisional parts or shares in an American railway, they would now be able to realise from such property the money which they had lent; and such bills of American railways, so representing *bonâ fide* property, would have passed from hand to hand as representatives of actual value. And the argument holds good with the national credit of one country as well as of another. For although the faith and honour of this country stands unimpeachable for the fidelity with which it has fulfilled its engagements of money borrowed, yet the highest degree of such faith and honour in no way affects the argument of the superiority of the security of substantial property over the "fiction" credit.

The Railway Exchequer bills, therefore, to which we refer, would be better money than the exchequer bills of a government, because they would represent value which government bills do not.

And in the same way that the inferior government bill circulates from the government to the people, and from the people to the

government, so would the Railway Bill circulate from their governments to the people and from the people to their governments; for no one would refuse to take, as money, the paper which he knew was based on and really represented, actual property, into which it could be easily converted.

It is to be borne in mind that the Railway Exchequer bills here contemplated, are not paid away for foreign produce, but for properties existing within the country, and, more than for anything else, for labour; and even if it should be considered necessary to have in use some of the common money of the country, it does not damage our argument in favour of the Railway Exchequer Bill, because it is not necessary that all the pecuniary transactions of the railway companies should be conducted in this new sort of money. If the plan here suggested should serve only in aid of the Railway enterprises, it would be a vast assistance to them; and it is no valid objection to the plan to say that it cannot be adapted *in toto*, to the superseding of all of the present sort of money; if it cannot be adopted *in toto* it can *in partibus*; and that would be sufficient to enable a great many railways to be formed, which without this expedient, could not be formed for a great many years.

It is to be observed also, that such Railway Exchequer Bills would be representatives not merely of a determinate value or share in the property of lands, houses, &c., but that they would be the representative of a continually increasing value from the profits of the railway, resembling in this the attractive character of the Government Exchequer Bill which bears interest. The Railway Exchequer bill may be made, in the same way, to have the property of a like cumulative value.

And with respect to the mode of carrying out this plan, although it is not necessary to go into all the details of a system the working of which will be obvious to those accustomed to consider such matters, it may briefly be suggested, that a railway company has it in its power to divide the amount of its shares into as many receipts as it may consider serviceable for its views;—that is to say, a share of one hundred pounds may be divided into a hundred receipts, or into a larger number, which would possibly be desirable. These receipts by a system of mutual agreement between all the projected railway companies, to which those finished might, advantageously to themselves, be added, would be receivable, those of each company by all the rest, to an amount to be fixed by common consent, and exchangeable at a central Bank in London or elsewhere, which would exercise functions analogous to those in operation at the Bankers' clearing-house in Lombard Street.

Thus the railway companies would establish a currency for themselves, with which they could pay all that they had to pay, and which they would receive in payment of debts due to themselves, similar, though far superior to the system of Exchequer Bills. Their receipts might in truth be emphatically called "Exchequer Bills for the million;" and possessing this prodigious advantage over government Exchequer Bills, that they would be based on real and substantial property; whereas the government bills are based on a system of

credit, which a foreign war, or internal commotion, and a thousand other accidents, might either totally destroy or seriously damage the value of.

We will stop here for a moment to consider an objection which, as it has been made before, may be made again, with respect to the right of individuals to create money in the way which is suggested; or, supposing that they have a right, to the expediency of permitting them to exercise it.

The consideration of this point in all its bearings would lead to a longer discussion than the limits of such a paper as the present would allow; but there is a brief argument which may be urged in reply, and which by most persons may be considered satisfactory.

What inherent right has a government, it may be said, to interfere with the mode in which a nation may think fit to conduct its mercantile and industrial pecuniary transactions? Admitting, of course, the full right of the community to provide against fraud, and against individual occupations being pursued to the public detriment, by what right inherent or political does a government claim the privilege of preventing the community from fashioning for themselves a circulating medium for the facilitating of their mutual exchanges? Why should the community submit to the arbitrary enactment of a government which says that a railway proprietor shall not employ the labourer who with his shovel over his shoulder is solicitous for employment, unless the railway employer can procure gold or silver money wherewith to pay the labourer his hire?

What is money wanted for? To represent a value interchanged. The labourer changes his labour for part of the railway proprietor's land, the value of which is represented by the railway receipt. Suppose his wage was paid by a bit of gold, what could the gold do more than buy a piece of land, or any other thing that he wanted?

The gold is only wanted as a medium of exchange; if a piece of paper will do as well, why stop industrial operations because gold cannot be obtained in a sufficient quantity for the carrying on of these in addition to other industrial operations already in progress?

And in speaking of a piece of paper, it may be well that the argument against paper should be, *in limine*, forestalled, in respect to a piece of paper being "worthless:" so it is worthless, *quâ* piece of paper; but it is not worthless as the acknowledgement and representative of a value known, positive and substantial. A government piece of paper is truly a worthless piece of paper; and yet such a piece of paper can serve the purposes of money, although based on nothing — for credit, *quâ* credit, is nothing.

But if such credit-paper may be made to serve the purposes of money, *a fortiori* property-paper may be made to serve the same purpose; for the proper object of money, as currency, is to represent the value of something else, of which it is the sign or the symbol; and if that sign or symbol can be offered in the shape of a railway receipt representing real property, it cannot be a worse "money" than a sign or symbol representing credit only: — on the contrary, it would be a much better sort of money; more intelligible; and, as such, would

readily pass from hand to hand, and would form a sound, safe, most effective, and, *pro tanto*, national currency.

And with respect to its character, as compared with the paper money of the Bank of England, this may be said of it; that it is a better, more secure, and superior paper currency, as far as it goes, than the paper of the Bank of England; and for this reason, that it would be based really and truly on property, which the paper of the Bank of England is not, or at least only in part: for of the paper of the Bank of England, only a portion of it represents property; the rest represents nothing — except credit. It may be allowed that the notes issued for the gold bullion which it holds in its cellars is representative of property; for gold, as a commodity, is property; and it may be conceded, that the notes which it issues in the discounting of bills for merchants and traders are also based on property, as it may be presumed that the parties whose bills the Bank discounts are worth property available for the payment of so much money as their bills are drawn for. But what can be said of the eleven millions of debt, in representation of which the Bank is allowed by law to issue an equal quantity of notes? What can these notes be said to be based on? A debt! An odd sort of *property* on which to base paper money! What can such notes be said to *represent*? A debt: this is a droll sort of *value* to be represented, and especially such a *sort* of debt.

The government owes eleven millions of money to the Bank; — what is that body or thing called a government? It cannot be said to consist of particular individuals, because the individuals composing the government change every day; it must mean the governing power, sometimes represented by these men, sometimes by those. And what does the governing power mean? It can mean nothing but the delegated sovereignty of the nation. But what is the meaning of all this as security for money lent? It is an abstraction; and every body knows that if the Bank had to enforce payment of the debt due to it from the "Government," it would have to depend on an abstraction, or nothing; for where is the "property" which is to be made available for the payment of the debt? It exists, to be sure, in the pockets of the nation; but how is it to be got at — except by the machinery of taxation. But property so to be got at, is a very different thing from the land, and bridges, &c., which form railway property. In the latter case there is something visible, substantial, something to be got at; but in the other case, it is a something which may or may not be got at, according to circumstances. So far, therefore, and in this particular instance at least, the railway security for eleven millions of notes would be much better than the security of a debt — which is no more than an abstraction.

Now eleven millions of money is a large proportion of the twenty-two millions of the circulation of the Bank of England; and yet the public is content to receive these notes, based on nothing, as the representative of positive value: much more willingly, therefore, would the public receive eleven millions of notes based on the solid security of railway property.

But again, it may be said, why not let the Bank supply the addi-

tional quantity of money — or of symbols — wanted for the additional operations of industry now in course of development, or ready to be developed ?

The reply to this is, that the Bank of England is restricted in its issues; and in this way:—By the Currency Bill of 1819, complemented in 1844, the Bank is bound by law to pay its notes in gold at a certain price; that is to say, at the price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce; and although gold, as a commodity, may be worth more than 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, the Bank is obliged to pay its notes at that rate. But that arbitrary rule of price is a particular point which we shall take occasion to speak of another time; it does not enter into our present plan of argument.

The Bank of England then, being so restricted, cannot issue more than a certain quantity of notes, even if the law allowed it, because it is obliged to adapt its issues to the amount of gold which it can readily obtain. So that, although the country may require more money to carry on its industrial operations than is extant, as in the present flagrant case of railways, it cannot have it; because, as the Bank of England alone, with the now unimportant exceptions of the country banks, is allowed to furnish the currency, the currency, or current money of the country, can be no more than the quantity of gold procurable can allow the Bank to furnish.

So that, although railways may be admirable undertakings to engage in, alike profitable to individuals and beneficial to the community at large, these industrial operations evolving value from otherwise valueless labour, are obliged to be abandoned or indefinitely postponed, because there is “no money” to carry them on! — “No money” meaning, when interpreted, no *gold* to form the “*money*” which is wanted for facilitating the necessary exchanges between man and man. And let it be observed, that the money wanted, is not wanted to pay to foreign nations for their foreign productions; it is not wanted for effecting exchanges between nation and nation, but for performing that office between individual and individual within the same kingdom: but, by a strange law, it is enacted, that nothing but gold shall be the medium of such exchanges; at least so far as the great money-mint, the Bank of England, is concerned; and that by a gold money alone shall railways, and all other public or private undertakings, be effected.

But as there is not, and never can be, enough of gold money to serve for the currency of this country, — seeing that the quantity of the metal gold is restricted, and the powers of the production of the country are unrestricted, — the only remedy is for the people to contrive a sort of money for themselves.

Now the proposed system of a railway currency, which would quickly become a national currency, is suggested to meet the difficulty stated. The government will not interfere to contrive money for the people to make their railways with; let the people make the money for themselves. Nor let it be said that those persons interested in the formation of railways are a small or insignificant part of the community: they are, on the contrary, a most numerous and most influential part of the community, confining ourselves to those only

Who are interested in railways as proprietors; but taking into account the landowners, the manufacturers, the merchants and shopkeepers, and the labouring classes, who are indirectly concerned in the advantages which carriage by railways affords, the whole nation becomes comprehended as its promoters; and it is not on individuals, but on the entire population of the country, that railway enterprises depend for their support.

Such a comprehensive plan, therefore, as is here suggested, would engage the hearty co-operation of all classes in Great Britain; who would be eager to assist its development, and interested in its success. With respect to the machinery of its working, that could be easily organised, as the materials for its supervisors and agents already exist in companies projected, like a net-work, over the whole face of the three kingdoms,—extending even to the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain, whose affiliation and co-operation in the scheme would be facile in execution, and might be made available in a most important manner to the general establishment and success of the system. But the consideration of that branch of the subject is purposely avoided, in order that the simplicity of the “working” may not be encumbered by an extension which is not necessary for the development of the primitive plan.

To conclude, the plan of a combined railway system of mutual currency by means of receipts, is based on the following considerations:—

1st. On the wants of the community, which requires additional currency, of some sort to carry on its additional industrial operations.

2nd. On the benefits to be derived, individually and nationally, from Railways.

3rd. On the positive and real security of such receipts.

4th. On the feasibility of a currency of railway receipts, receivable for calls and other payments, as Government Exchequer Bills are receivable for taxes and other debts; the Railway Exchequer Bills being based on property, which is a valid security: whereas the government bills are based on credit, which is a non-entity and a fiction.

And, lastly, if such government bills are good, such railway bills would be better.

THE SON OF A BRITISH MERCHANT.

THE THREE LETTERS.

LETTER I.

"BROWN, the post is late this morning."

"Yes, Sir," replied the Butler, with a glance at the clock, which told that five minutes had already passed beyond the usual hour for its arrival.

"Inquire if the post has ~~not~~ yet come," continued his master. His man vanished, and General Grey proceeded with his writing for a moment; then, throwing down the pen, he rose hastily, saying half aloud, — "What makes me so nervous about the post to-day?"

The servant returned, and placing the letters before him, left the room. "Can my dream have any foundation?" he muttered, as he hastily turned them over. "It has!" he exclaimed, as a well-known seal attracted his eye. He looked at the writing—it was evidently written by one in haste, and with a trembling hand; and the brave soldier shook as he raised it, and his cheeks became pale before he had the courage to break the seal—twelve years had passed since he had seen that writing and that seal. Yet he remembered them both too well to doubt for a moment. It was opened, and before him,—and agitation almost overcame him as he read—

"I am dying—I am alone—I have no friend to whom I can apply but yourself. Come to me. I would leave my orphan boy in your care. Will you, oh, Richard! will you take him? Haste, or you will be too late."

It was almost illegible; but the signature was plainer than any other part; and he gazed on the single word, "Alice," till the letter swam before his eyes. Resting his head on his hand, he endeavoured to subdue his emotion—once or twice he paced the room hurriedly, then rang the bell.

"My travelling carriage immediately," he said.

"Yes, Sir," answered the obedient but wondering servant.

In half an hour General Grey was whirling as fast as four horses could carry him along the road to C—.

Fortunately he met with no delay, for fresh horses were ready at every stage. "Drive faster," he said, as towards evening the panting animals paused for a moment ascending a steep hill. "Where is Harcourt Castle?" he continued, to the postilion. "You will see it, Sir, directly, from the top of this hill," answered the man; "but the castle is empty," he continued, "ever since Sir Frederick's death, and my lady is living at the steward's house in the park: she is very ill, Sir, very ill. I believe she can see no one."

"Drive on, will you?" thundered the traveller; and in a few minutes he had passed the empty lodge.

Stopping the carriage at a distance from the cottage, lest the noise

should disturb the sufferer, he walked rapidly on. At the door he was met by the doctor, who, bowing repeatedly, and assuring him of his delight at his arrival, in reply to Grey's trembling inquiry respecting her, continued, "Yes, Sir, Lady Harcourt is still alive.—May I presume so far as to inquire—"—"General Grey?"—"Ah! so I imagined,—her Ladyship has been extremely anxious for your arrival. Shall I announce your approach, Sir?"—"No, Sir."—"You can do no harm, I assure you—it is perfectly wonderful she has lasted so long. Indeed, I gave her up some twenty-four hours ago,—quite—perfectly wonderful—very strong constitution, Sir." I understand she was in a precarious state before Sir Frederick's death—"A sad thing, that, Sir, very sad—but I was not called in till lately. London physicians beyond her Ladyship now—the property is all sold—horses, furniture, carriages—all gone. Sir Frederick was deeply involved. But I beg pardon, Sir, probably you are aware of the circumstances. Might I presume so far as to inquire, are you related to her Ladyship?—her brother?"

Grey, before, had been unable to stop the flow of words which were poured with such rapidity upon his unwilling ear; but now the doctor actually quailed under the glance of his dark eye; and, without deigning any reply, he hastily entered the house.

"Oh, Captain Grey!" exclaimed a maid-servant he encountered on the stairs. "Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon, General Grey; but how glad I am you are come!—My poor lady will rest satisfied now."

"What! is it *you*, Smith?" he said: "will she see me at once?"

"I will just ask her first, if you please, Sir," replied the woman.—"Come in, Sir," she said, softly, re-opening the door—and General Grey entered the chamber of death. "She is scarcely sensible, Sir," whispered Smith, "pray Heaven you are not too late;" and, approaching the bed, she bathed the sufferer's forehead and lips with some sal-volatile. "Will you speak to her, Sir, for maybe she is only in a doze; she has been this way many times since yesterday."

'She was unheard: his eyes were fixed on the still beautiful face before him—his thoughts had flown back to the time when he had last seen her, thirteen years ago; and then she was, as he fondly believed, all his own. He started as Smith repeated her words. He touched her hand. "Lady Harcourt," he said,—she moved not. Bending down a little, he called her "Alice." The word seemed to rouse her, and, in a faint voice, she said, "Smith, has he arrived? I thought I heard him speak." Her maid gave her some reviving drops, and in a few moments she opened her eyes. The sight of him standing beside her sent a flush of crimson to her forehead, and then her face became even paler than before. "Give me those things," she said, after a pause; and Smith, placing two small packets beside her, and whispering to him she was within call, if wanted, left the room. Lady Harcourt turned her head slightly, and tried to speak, but words failed her, and she lay perfectly motionless before him. "Alice," he said, in a low voice, chafing her cold hand in his own burning one. The thin fingers clasped his, and the large tears rolled from under her long dark lashes over her pale face. At last she made an effort.

"How good to come," she said; "my boy is friendless and a beggar. Richard, may I leave him with you, and die in peace?"

"Alice, you may depend upon me," he answered in a stifled voice.

"I had put this up for you in case you were too late, Richard; but now open it, and take out the letters; read them, and let me hear you forgive me."

He obeyed her,—he saw his own writing,—letters he must have written long—long ago,—but as he read, his brow became scarlet.

"Alice," he said, "I never wrote these!"

"I know it, Richard, I know it now. I have known it long, but when I married, I believed you had."

"And who," he exclaimed in agony, "who wrote these vile forgeries? who—"

She placed her hand upon his lips. "Hush!" she said, "speak not of the dead. I was not so much to blame as you must have thought. Richard, do you forgive me?"

He hid his face, and she, gaining strength as she proceeded, "Richard, will you love my boy?" she said. "I was a broken-hearted woman. I have never been a fond mother to him. His temper is violent, sometimes. Will you bear with him for my sake, Richard? Will you make up to him for my neglect? I have never loved him as I ought."

"Alice, my own Alice, bless you,—he will be all I have to love, and he shall be as my own to me."

Gently she raised his hand, and pressed it to her lips. "Say so again," she said; "let me hear you promise me once more."

"Alice, I swear to you from this hour, he is my own; he will have my all at my death; I will bear with him, watch over him, love him, now and always. Are you satisfied, are you happy now, Alice?" he said, bending over her.

She raised her tearful eyes to his, and blessed him in a low sweet voice. "I feel stronger now," she said in a lute; "see! this is for Grahame—for my boy." She pointed to one of the packets her maid had brought: "I have nothing to leave, Richard; they sold all—every thing. All I have of value is this," she added, touching the one from which she had taken the letters. "It is for you; I was wrong to keep them," she said, and her cheek flushed; "but I never looked at them, Richard, until after that dreadful news from Paris. There was no duel," she said, lowering her voice and shuddering; "it was by his own hand."

Again there was a pause. He knelt down and whispered something. "Oh Richard! no! I have but a few hours more to live! Do not disturb me with thoughts of happiness on earth."

She closed her eyes for some moments, then, clasping her hands, she said, "Richard, make him read out of that book;" and again pointed to the packet beside her; "make him read some daily to you, will you?"

"I will, Alice; ask me anything,—tell me any thing; I will refuse you nothing."

"Thank you, thank you, read it yourself, Richard; and you will find the comfort it has been to me since I read it regularly. They

call you proud and stern," she said, "and it has gone to my heart whenever it has been said; for I knew, Richard, you were not once, and that I had made you so. You forgive me now. And Richard, *dear Richard*," she said imploringly, "read that book, and you will be humble and gentle as you once were; and we shall meet again, and be happy," she whispered, looking upwards.

The stern soldier hid his face beside her, and sobbed bitterly. Alice tried to compose him, but she had exerted herself too much, and was now exhausted. She placed her thin hand upon his head: "Richard, for my sake be calm now. Let me see my boy," she added, faintly. He rose from beside the bed, but as he turned to call the child, he saw a change come over her face. Gently passing his arm round her as she gasped for breath, he raised her head, and putting back the long fair hair, he gazed on the beautiful face as it once more rested on his bosom. A smile was on her lips. Once more he bent down and pressed his own to hers. — She felt it not. The smile remained, and he almost thought she slept; but a secret dread thrilled through him as he gazed, and he dared not move.

Hearing no sound, Smith at last returned. One glance showed her that all was over; and gently releasing her from his almost unconscious grasp, she placed her on her pillow, and closed her eyes. Then the faithful servant led him unresisting from the room, and left him alone with the orphan boy. The child's voice aroused him, and taking him in his arms, he raised the dark curls which covered the boy's forehead, and gazed on his features. Grahame, half frightened at his long steady gaze, looked up inquiringly, and smiled. It was his mother's smile, and the strong man buried his face in his hands and wept unrestrainedly.

Six years passed away, and Grahame Harcourt was in his sixteenth year. Well had General Grey kept his vow: his every wish, his every thought, related to the orphan boy; and well did Grahame repay his love for him. "May I call you Uncle?" he said, soon after arriving at Oulton Manor. Hastily passing his hand across his brow, he answered, "No, my child, not uncle, any thing but that;" and the boy pondered long how he should address the kindest friend he had ever possessed. He could not call him father; he could scarcely say the word without a shudder; for his recollections of his parent were only of a violent overbearing man, before whom he had often seen his mother tremble. "I must only call him General," thought the boy, "and I may say My dear General, as often as I like, for I am sure he will not be angry with me; he likes me to love him, and he often tells me to smile. Papa never did that; he used to be angry if I asked him to let me ride his horse; and once I remember he threw me back when I tried to kiss him, and I fell on the marble floor; but he did not mean to hurt me, perhaps, only I saw him strike dear mamma once."

A half-suppressed groan from his guardian arrested Grahame's thoughts, which had been expressed rather louder than he perhaps was aware of, and turning round, he playfully threw his arms round his uncle saying, "I am going to call you My dear General,—may I?" "Yes, my boy," he replied, slowly stroking his dark locks; and Grahame stood

by him, wondering what could make his kind face look always so grave and sad. Rousing himself, the General told him of the arrival of a beautiful pony, and when the delighted boy laughed in glee, the likeness to his mother — the likeness of what she was when Grey had first known her — was so strong, that he was nearly overcome. "How soon a child forgets his grief!" he said, as he saw Grahame a few moments after trying his new pony along the avenue. "He mourned for her bitterly at first, and now he is all life and happiness! How like he is! only his hair is darker; but his smile! — it is her own — her very own!"

Grahame had been with him about a year, when General Grey lost his only brother. Edward Grey was a clergyman: he had married very imprudently, and though General Grey had opposed it vehemently at first, from the time it was, contrary to his advice, finally arranged, nothing could exceed his kindness to them. On his sudden death Mrs. Grey found herself and child totally unprovided for, and General Grey received and welcomed them to Oulton, telling the poor widow to consider it as her house during his lifetime; and soon he began to find she was not only an engaging companion, but a valuable assistant to him in his care of Grahame Harcourt. Katherine Grey was a plain child, naturally timid, and her uncle's manner was at times stern and cold; and though whenever he felt he had given way, he would endeavour to check himself, still Katherine grew up with a feeling of dread mingled with her gratitude for his general kindness to herself and mother. Grahame and she were always together; though scarcely a year her senior, he considered himself her protector in all their childish alarms, and as they grew older, Mrs. Grey would sometimes fancy that Grahame Harcourt's being General Grey's heir, (of which fact he had informed her before her arrival,) would not eventually turn to her daughter's disadvantage.

Occasionally the son of General Grey's only sister was added to the party, and happy was the time whenever Cecil Derwent was at the Manor. A beautiful merry boy, with light curly hair, and eyes of the brightest blue. Grahame would sometimes declare he was jealous of the attention Cecil received, but he knew he had only to smile as he said the words, for his dear General to assure him he need fear no rival: the General almost idolised him, though all — every one — loved Cecil Derwent.

Five years glided on, and Grahame Harcourt was at Oulton Manor for the celebration of his twenty-first birthday. General Grey had become very fond of Katherine. There was a depth of feeling in her, and an earnestness whenever she was able to conquer her extreme reserve, that he could appreciate fully; and his favourite plan was, that Grahame would be able to value her fine qualities, and not be disappointed at her want of beauty; for though when her countenance was lighted up, her dark eyes were brilliant, and he almost thought her handsome, still he felt that strangers, who did not see her animated, would pass her over as perfectly uninteresting. Grahame had been absent. In spite of his love for him, General Grey had acted as he thought most for his good, and for three years he had been with

his regiment. Grahame dearly loved the General, and his constant letters were Grey's chief amusement; he saw no fault in his young charge. Though others might deem him too hasty in temper, or perhaps inclined to selfishness, still Grey only saw in him the image of his mother, and loved him beyond anything on earth; and Grahame, of a noble disposition on the whole, was always fond and affectionate, and ready to obey him in all his wishes.

"And where is Katherine, my dear General," said the young soldier, after his first delighted greeting was over; "and how is Mrs. Grey? I must run to see them, and I will return in a moment to tell you of all my proceedings."

Grahame rejoined his regiment. Before he left, General Grey had hinted to him his wish that Katherine and he should be united, and Grahame, with his own fascinating smile, replied, "Of course, my dear General; I always meant it, I assure you. I have called Kate my wife ever since we were children; and I always imagine, when I have seen a little service, that I shall settle down here with you and marry Katherine, and be as happy as when we were young together."

"And have you said any thing to Katherine?" asked the General, feeling an internal misgiving on the subject which his young charge discussed so lightly.

"Not yet, my dear Sir; — only I always thought there was no doubt about the matter — but I will speak to her before I leave. There she is;" and the young man, vaulting through the open window, followed Katherine to the Elm Walk, towards which she had bent her steps.

"He cannot love her, surely, — he cannot feel what love is — to speak so carelessly, even if he does feel very sure of her. He does not love as I did," pondered the General; "but he is young, very young, poor boy."

Again was young Grahame expected to arrive; and again was the General all impatience for his darling boy, — and Katherine's heart beat fast as she listened anxiously for the slightest warning of his approach; but calm and composed as ever, to all appearance, no one — not even her mother — guessed that her whole happiness was so utterly wound up in him. The day fixed arrived, and brought only a hasty letter to her uncle. Grahame was ill, and unable to leave London.

The day after the receipt of his letter, General Grey was beside him. "Grahame," he said, anxiously taking his two hands between his own, "you are ill in mind — I have guessed as much from your last few letters. I promised your mother to watch over you — love you — as my own son: now tell me all, — will you not confide in me?"

Grahame's lips quivered: "But," said he, "supposing I have behaved so as to make you repent of all your kindness to me?"

"That cannot be, my dear boy: Grahame, that is impossible; only tell me your difficulties, and let me help you in them."

"General," asked the young man in a low voice, after a pause, "have you ever seen Cecil's cousin, Edith Derwent?"

General Grey started, and drawing his chair a step back, looked steadily at him. Then his fondness conquering his first impulse of anger, he said slowly, "And now you feel what love is, Grahame, — and Katherine?" he asked.

"Understand me, my dear General," said the young man, earnestly; "do not think so ill of me, I beseech you. That I do love Edith Derwent, — that I love her passionately, — I will not deny; but I have not spoken one word to her, and when I found I could forbear no longer, and that I might grieve you and lose my own self-respect, I applied for leave to visit you; but I was taken ill, and here I am. You asked me my uneasiness — do not now reproach me for telling you all. You must have seen, my dear kind General, you must have known well my feeling for Katherine was nothing but what I might have entertained for a cousin — a sister even. I had scarcely ever seen any one else then, you know, and I was young. I know I have been foolish — wrong. I ought to have left Edith the moment I saw her, for I could not stay beside her a week, and not give her my whole heart; but insomuch that I have not even breathed a syllable to her, I am not to blame; and now," he said, and he became deadly pale, "I wish to ascertain Katherine's feelings; and if she does love me, my dear General, I shall ask your consent to our immediate marriage."

"Grahame! Grahame!" exclaimed the General; "do you suppose for a moment you have given, as you yourself say, your whole heart to Edith Derwent, and she can be ignorant of your feelings towards her? Oh, Grahame Harcourt, with that face, the very image of your mother's, do you think her whole heart is not given to you? and now you would marry another, and Edith would perhaps do the same, and," he added hurriedly, "die — as your own mother did — of a broken heart!"

"General," said the young man in a low voice, drawing his guardian closer to him, "it is true then that you loved my poor mother, and for her sake took care of me? and do you think that if Katherine, your niece, cares still for me, that I will not do my duty by her? Oh no, my dear, dear General, I have many faults, but want of love and gratitude to you is not among them, — and those alone, even had she nothing of her own to make me love her, would make me a kind and indulgent husband to her, if she still cares for me."

"Grahame," said General Grey, after a long pause, "you think you have more power over yourself than it is possible to have. No, my dear boy, — it would be better for poor Katherine's heart to break at once even, than for her to drag on a weary life with one who loves her not. She would be miserable, feeling her love not returned, — you would be so too, feeling it was not your power to return it — and Edith, how would she feel at being forsaken? If you trust me, I will speak first to Katherine, and let you know. God bless you, my dear boy!"

ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.

(Continued from p. 496.)

THE authorities in English etymology not only collect a number of similar words, but often answer the question, which is, indeed, the chief reason of consulting their dictionaries, — What is the primary idea annexed to the word under examination? and, to the unskilled in the science, they, no doubt, appear to perform both tasks in a masterly manner. As might be expected from what has already been observed of them, they scarcely ever agree with each other, either in the derivation of the term, or in their opinion of its primitive sense. A few examples will exhibit the insufficiency of their researches, and, at the same time, furnish an idea of the neglected mines of wealth, which are contained in our common or colloquial form of speech. We take up Dr. Webster, because he has the priority of date; and since it matters not where we commence, we open the book at random. Our eye falls upon "MEAT." It is a very proper word to be considered with care; for, connected with one of the first and most urgent wants of man, we may expect to find it elucidated as a word deserves, which is extensively employed, in some form or other, throughout the whole cycle of related languages. It belongs to one of those important classes which Professor Jäkel specifies in illustration of his observation, that "similarity of speech is evidence of an intimate connection between two people." If the resemblance consist in words, which denote parts of the body, the first relations of society, the first wants, regulations, and, generally, elements of life, it argues, he says, a connection of race. If the resemblance be found in words referring to art, science, religion, and the objects of instructed life, we are led to infer a less intimate connection. Of one of these kinds of words is *meat*, which Dr. Webster defines to be "food in general, any thing eaten by man or beast;" and his etyma, of which, however, he makes no use, not even of the suggestion afforded by the Hindustani *mas*, support him in stating it to be an abstract term, the appellation of a genus, and, in that respect, resembling *food*. Dr. Richardson says, that meat "is usually applied to the *flesh* of animals — animal food;?" and then gives the following deduction:

"MEAT. — Goth. *mats*; A. S. *met*, *mete*, *mæte*; whatever is eaten; the past part. of the Goth. verb *mat-jan*; A. S. *met-ian*, edere, to eat. (Tooke.)"

The errors, which Mr. Richardson has adopted from the "Diversions of Purley," are so great as to generate a suspicion, that both master and scholar are not well versed in either Saxon or Gothic. *Mete*, of which *mæte* is merely dialectic, is an oblique case of *met*, corresponding with the Gothic *mat-s*, the *s* being a syllable of formation. The past part. of *matjan* is *not* the substantive *mats*, but *matids*, and

matidhs. Hence it would seem that neither was aware of the existence of a large class of verbs in both languages, formed from nouns, agreeably to a principle impressed upon them by the Sanscrit, according to which they receive, the Sax. an *i* or *ig*, and the Goth. a *J=γ*, in the place of the Goth. syllable of formation. For want of this knowledge, essential to an etymologist, Horne Tooke and his followers are perpetually a cart with the horse at its tail. *Mat-s* gives *mat-jan*, as regularly as *salt* gives *salt-jan*, to salt; *kruk*, a croaking or crowing, *krukjan*, to croak; and A. S. *man*, a man, *mannian*, to man or garrison.

The signification of the word *meat*, therefore, rests not upon *mat-jan* or *metian*, but upon *mats*, *met*. In other words, we are left where we started. It is true that “*edero*” is rendered by *maþan* in the Gothic gospel, instead of *itan*, to eat, the cognate of *edere*; but it must be considered, that Ulphilas was not translating for etymologists, and used synonymes like other people.

To prove the case with which this sort of etymology may be conducted, we will show how readily Horne Tooke and his disciples might have found a verb to suit their purpose, provided only that they possessed the requisite knowledge; and without it, they had no business with northern philology. In Icelandic there are two words for meat, *mata* and *matr*; but as the latter is only the Gothic *mats*, a contraction of *mat-us*, the *ur* of *matr* being the constant representative of *us* at the end of a noun, it remains yet unexplained. But *mata* may be derived from *meita* to cut, and so be held to mean that which is cut up, namely, for food; *matsveinn*, literally a meat-swain or boy, is a cook, one that cuts up food, which then becomes meat; *matadr* and *matadhr*, is a cutter up, a dissector, and is the epithet of a famous sword in a Norse poem of great antiquity:

(Word for word.)

“Taktu at eggjum;	Touch but the edges;
Eitur er i badum;	Poison is on both;
Sa er mans <i>matadhr</i> ;	It is of man a cutter up;
Miklu verri.”	Very cruel.

This last word corresponds with the Spanish *matador*, a murderer, from *matar*, to kill; whence also *matado*, slain, *matadero*, a slaughter-house. Did the Goths or the Moors import this word into Spain for, as well as *ad meita*, it is referrible to the Sanscrit *mid*, to kill? Thus would meat appear to be that which is slaughtered and cut up for food.

Trivial and nonsensical as this may appear, it is superior to much that appears in our two authorities for English etymology. *Mata*, however, in one Icelandic declension is the same word as *matr* in another; and as that *matr* is the Gothic *mats*, A. S. *met*, it has consequently no connection with *meita*, to cut, or Sp. *matar*, to kill. Dr. Pott classes the Goth. *matjan* under the Sanscrit root *ad*, to eat; but we must content ourselves with something less remote, and possibly more satisfactory. In Sanscrit, *medaskrit* is flesh; whence separating the termination *krit*, made, we have *medas*, explained in

the *Amera Cosha* to be the serum of flesh, or the marrow of bones.* The root is *madi*, to be unctuous or greasy, which may, perhaps, consist of two other roots, comprehending *ad*. Now *medas* is applicable not only to the marrow of bones, but to the adipose secretion, which spreads among the muscular fibres, and which is considered to perform the same functions to the flesh, that the marrow performs to the bones. In Hindu physiology, its proper seat is said to be the abdomen. In transition, *medas* has been applied, from denoting a large portion of the animal, namely the covering of the abdomen, to the whole of the flesh, and from performing important functions to the flesh and bones, to denote animal organisation in general. With respect to *matjan*, *metian*, to eat, their form implies immediate origin in a noun, and therefore, if at all connected with *ad*, it is through the medium of their own nominal root. Whether the Lat. *madeo*, in the sense to be or be made moist, be referrible to *madi*, to be greasy, it is not necessary here to inquire; but the Goth. and Lat. participles must be noticed as formed in the same manner, *madid-us*, *matid-s*.†

Dr. Webster cites the Dan. *flesh*, swine-flesh, as the parent of the English *flesh*, although it is actually in A. S. *flæsc*. With this he is contented; but Dr. Richardson perceives that *flesh* requires explanation. After inserting Skinner's supposition, that our word is derived from the verb *flea* or *flay*, "because flesh is not placed upon the table, unless the skin is *flared* or *stripped* off;" he proceeds with erring guides and false lights:—

"A. S. *flæsc*; Dutch *vleesch*; Germ. *fleisch*. In A. S. also are found various derivatives—as *flæsclic*, fleshly; *flæsc-met*, flesh-meat, &c. In Goth. *leik*, and in A. S. *lic* are *caro*, *corpus*, *cadaver*. Hickes and Lye think that *lic*, according to its earliest usage, denoted corpus inanimatum. Junius says, "*leik*, *caro*, item *corpus*, ac denique etiam *cadaver*." Wachter declares the word to be difficult and abstruse, and that the cause of the difficulty is to be found in the many changes which it underwent before it received its present form. First, he adds, it was (Belgis) *lyf*, *substantia viva*, from *leeven*, vivere, to live; secondly, *lich*, *leich* (Germanis), *corpus animatum*; thirdly (Gothis), *leik*; fourthly, A. S. *lic*, agreeing with the Goth. *leik*, and which afterwards, with the Æolic digamma prefixed, was written *flæc*, and with the sibillant *s* inserted, *flæsc*. He concludes that *lyf*, *caro viva*, subsequently applied to *caro mortua*, was the original of the German *fleisch*. After all (says Dr. Richardson), the difficulty remains undetermined."

All this is very ingenious, and ends with the manufacture of one word, in order to explain two others, which are subsequently confounded together. Wachter's supposition argues forgetfulness of the Goth. *lib-ains*, life; *lib-an*, to live, from a conjectural Goth. "*leiba*, *laif*, *libans*," considered as equivalent to *λειπω*, Engl. *leave*. A re-

* Am. Co. 145. 15.

† *Madhyama*, the waist; in Sanskrit the abdomen is named *vasti*, or *wasti*, not unlikely from *vash*, to wrap round, whence Sanskr. *vasta* clothes, Lat. *vestis*, Goth. *wastja*, Eng. *vest*, waistcoat.

viewer of Bopp's "Vocalismus" infers, "that the primitive idea (of life) possibly is adhesion, consistency: and the active sense of leaving (linquo) or deserting may be secondary, as indicating the idea of allowing the thing to adhere or remain in its existing place. The English word *leave*, Scotch *laive*, (λοιπον, reliquæ), the English *life*, and the Germ. *leib*, are different derivatives from this verb.*

It is not easy to acknowledge this hypothetical connection between *laibð* and *libains* (not "*libans*"). The Goths themselves have marked a difference by a different orthography and pronunciation. Having no short *o* to represent the Sanskrit *u* (short), *ai* was employed; so for *un-us*, they had *ains*, one; and for *lup*, to cut off, they had probably *laiban*, to leave, as a verb to correspond with their *laiba*, that which is left. Again, in Sanskrit, *lep*, to move, is our *leap*; the Anglo-Saxons having merely aspirated the initial *hleapan*, we have rejected it, and in so doing have returned to the original. But the terminal *p* becomes *b* in Goth. and *f* in A. S.; and thus from *lep* comes *lyf*, life. Of life then the essential idea is motion; thus the "quick and the dead," the moving and the inert, or rather the decayed (Sanskrit *di*, to die, decay): for quick is the A. S. *cwice*, alive; in old Norm. *kuika*, life. The people of Lancashire retain this word in an archaic form, *whick*, agreeing in all respects with the Sanskrit *wichh*, to move, to shine. "I'm fain to see you whick and hearty," "the dog seemed as if it would ha' swallow me whick," are sentences in their "dialect." This Sanskrit *wichh* equally agrees with the Latin *viv-ere*, *viv-us*, and *vita*; though Professor Pott refers *viv* to the Sanskrit root *jiv*, to live. In *wick* of a candle, the capacity of supporting flame seems to be the essential idea, and we say that it expires, and also that it dies, with more propriety than we are commonly aware. With respect to Professor Pott's classification of *vivere* under *jiv*, to live, it is to be remarked that the Sanskrit *j* like *ch* has a tendency to pass rather into the Latin *c* or *qu* than into *v*, of which latter we are unable to cite an instance, should this great philologist be mistaken.

Leik, *lic*, body, are, therefore, unconnected with *lib-ains*, *lyf*, life. Whatever may be the idea of conception in the Sanskrit *dehah*, body, there can exist as little doubt that is the same word with *leik*, *lic*, *leich*, as that the Sanskrit *swaha*, heaven, and *radha*, stars, are respectively the A. S. *swegh*, and *rodhor*, the firmament; as that the old Latin *dingua* became *lingua*, the tongue, or that the Gr. *δακρυμα*, a tear, and Lat. *lachryma*, antiently *dachruma*, are the same word, and so identical with Goth. *tagrs*, A. S. *tæher*, Engl. *tear*. The interchange of the *d* and *l* in translation has been noticed by many philologists, and it seems less remarkable, when it takes place between two languages, than when, as in Latin, it is found in the same. In Sanskrit, the interchange between *d* and *l*, and between *l* and *r* is frequent. The roots *li*, *di*, and *ri*, to move, give a remarkable instance of the facility with which the letters pass from one into the other. *Deha*, the body, in Sanskrit, has descended into the European dialects as *leik*, *lic*, *leich*, &c. Our only relic of it is in the name of

Lichfield, the field of dead bodies. It is a derivative of *dah*, to burn.

Flesh is so certainly neither *lic*, the dead body, nor *life*, that it is absolutely strange that a sensible man should labour to compound it of the form with imaginary additions in the manner that Wachter has done. We can understand by it, the composition of the body, the animal organisation; and, if the presence of the *l* could be accounted for, should refer it at once to the Sanskrit *peçi*, or *peshi*, organic matter, (*pus*, Lat.), an egg, from *pish*, to organise; but this root gives us the word *fat*, while flesh is due to *plaksh*, to eat. Thus has flesh the signification attributed by our etymologists to meat, which is only another term for flesh in its present acceptation. By this patient but necessary inquiry, we obtain the reverse of the lesson, taught in our great dictionaries. The primary idea of meat, in the Teutonian languages, is juicy flesh of animals; and that of flesh is fitness for eating; and thus we say "flesh of apples." The Anglo-Saxon compound fleshmeat (*fleascmet*) is, therefore, no pleonasm, but expresses distinct ideas.

The consideration of the word *food*, the commercium to which our etymologists remit the signification of meat, is not important to that of flesh-meat. In addition to their collections of similar words from foreign dictionaries, it is sufficient to state, that they are all referrible to the Sanskrit *bhat*, to nourish, and with *food* are, therefore, cognates of the Latin *fo-t-us*, warmed, nourished. This result is also obtained without the Sanskrit, by the mere application of Dr. Grimm's canon: the Goth. *b=τ* Lat., and the long *o* of the participle corresponding with the Goth. *fod-eins*, A. S. *fod-a*, Engl. *food*. The original or radical *a* (pronounced like the Italian *u*) in *bhat*, has manifestly influenced the formation of the Swedish and Danish terms, as well as of the barbarous Lat. *feodum* and *feudum*, denoting land held by military service in lieu of rations—the "epulæ et convictus—pro stipendio," mentioned by Tacitus as the pay of the Germanic soldiery.*

It is not to be denied, that much of what has been advanced in establishing the descent and relationship of the preceding words, would be misplaced in a dictionary intended for general and convenient reference; but similar researches must be made, and similar reflections pass through the mind of the investigator, before he can feel himself inspired with a justifiable confidence. We open an etymological dictionary, in ignorance, to be enlightened; in doubt, to be confirmed in the right: we look there for information which we do not possess, and cannot expect to find elsewhere; but we do not require lists of modern words of like orthography and some resemblance in sense. The collection of them does not constitute etymology, although they may occasionally become the tools with which the inquirer explores his way to the primary idea of the term on which his speculation is engaged. Yet, while easy and direct affinities are rejected from his book, he may be permitted to insert

* De Mor. Germ. c. 14. — The words are, literally, board and lodgings for wages.

the less obvious, and particularly such as are to be obtained only by that process of investigation, which characterises comparative etymology. For instance, it might enlarge the knowledge of the English reader to be told that his own verb *break* and the Latin *freg-i*, are radically one and the same word, or that the syllable *trud* in the Lat. *intrudo*, *obtrudo*, &c., corresponds with the Old English and provincial *thrutch*, and that the present word *thrust* answers to the participle *trusus*.

From *meat* we turn to *corn*, as a word offering but little difficulty. Dr. Webster has the following descent: — “Welsh, *corn*; Dutch, *koorn*; Germ. *Korn*; Dan. and Swed. *korn*, in which, by mistaking the Dutch *koren* for *koorn*, he has lost a variety, and wholly omitted the Goth. *haurn*, which very properly takes the precedence in Dr. Richardson’s series, where the Germ. *korn*, appears a dissyllable, *koren*.” The former says, “Not improbably this word is the Lat. *granum*. Such transpositions are not uncommon.” Had he stopped here, he had done well; but he proceeds: — “The word signifies not only the hard seeds of certain plants, but hail, and shot: Lat. *grando*, Irish *gran*, grain. Johnson quotes an old Runic rhyme (?) — ‘Hagul er kaldastur *korna*’ — hail is the coldest grain” (of grains). Dr. Richardson offers no opinion on the origin of corn, but says, “Martinius thinks from the Lat. *granum* (“a gerendo,” Varro) by metathesis, ‘and with this,’ says Skinner, ‘I fully agree.’ Junius, fortasse a *κορέω* vel *κορέννυμι*, satio, saturo.” Bad as is the last supposition, it is transcended by Mr. Wise, the learned describer of the ancient medals in the Bodleian library. Having established that the female head upon most of the medals of Syracuse represents Ceres, sometimes called *Kόρη*, he derives from it the *corn* of the English and the *koren* of the Dutch. However, it affords a good illustration of the process of direct etymology. A Greek word corresponding with a Goth. in *h*, has the gamma in the same position.

As *corn* is so connected with *grain*, neither of the etymologies is complete, and we are, therefore, referred to the latter. Under *grain*, in Dr. Webster, we have all the faults that formerly brought etymology into disrepute. He says, —

“French, *grain*, Lat. *granum*, Span. and Ital. *grano*, Goth. *gran*, Dan. *graan*, Irish, *gran*, corn; Welsh, *graun*, *græn*, *gronyn*, a little pebble, or gravel stone; Irish, *grean*, Arm. *gruan*, which seems to be the English *ground*; Russ. *gran*, grain, and a corner or boundary. In Scotch *grain* is the branch of a tree, a stem or stalk of a plant, the branch of a river, the prong of a fork. In Sw. *gryn* is *grain*, *grann* fine, *gren* a branch, and *graens* a boundary; Dan. *gran*, a grain, pine tree; *green*, a branch, a spring; *graendse*, a boundary, Goth. *gran*, Dan. *graan*, grain; Germ. *Gränze*, Dutch, *grens*, a boundary.”

How the Keltic languages stand with respect to the Greek we do not know, and have not Dr. Pritchard’s work at hand; but the English *ground* is probably connected with *χῡρον*, and most assuredly has nothing to do with *granum*. The Scottish *grain* is equally foreign to the class. The Swed. *grann* and *gren* are of another family; and the Dan. *gran*, grain, is not the same word in origin as

gran, green. All the words with the signification of boundary are to be rejected for the same reason. In short, the entire article is valueless as an etymological deduction.* Dr. Richardson is far superior. There are three kinds of *grain*, "1. from the Lat. *granum*; 2. from the A. S. *grenian*, to grow; 3. A. S. *geregnan*, to dye, stain, or colour." But we still want the meaning of *granum*. Professor Pott classes it under the Sanskrit *jri*, to break or bruise, to bray; to grow old; observing that the sensible conception of the root lies in *a-jirna*, qui non bene concoxit; whence probably (he continues) the Slav. *zrnaw*, a millstone; Lith. *girnos*, handmill; Goth. *quairnus*, id. a quern; Slav. *zesno*, a grain; Lat. *grano*, Goth. *hauru*. The original sense may also be that of bruising to pieces; as *jul* is explained equal to *jur* through *pishi* (*pinere*, whence *pistrina*). A related root in *ch*, gives *chirna* (scissors), *churna*, dust, *churnaj*, to bruise, to break.*

It is exceedingly unpleasant to differ from a man who has attained a merited eminence. The reasoning, where it is intelligible, is not satisfactory. The conceptive idea of *quern*, a handmill, may be a turning round, and, if so, the Sanskrit root, *ghurn*, to turn round, furnishes *quairn-us*, *quern*, and also *churn*. If *granum* and *corn* be named from roundness, *ghurn* is equally their root.† It is observable, that the Sanskrit name of corn, grain, and also rice, is not founded on this rotundity of the thing, but is altogether different, *dhanya*.

With corn, they both connect *acorn*, and give to it exactly the same derivation, from the A. S. *ac* or *æc*, an oak, and corn. "Oak-corn, the corn of the oak," says Dr. Richardson. Fisher writes oke corne: "They weren wōnt lightly to slaken her hunger at evin with akekornes of okes." — Chaucer, *Boecius*, b. ii.

From this quotation it would appear that Chaucer did not understand the word to mean corn of oaks, since he says acorns (*i. e.* fruits) of oaks. The following observations on this common fallacy in the etymology of the word, are instructive:—It "is violent enough, even upon Anglo-Saxon principles; but the theory is discredited by the existence of the word in other languages, in such a form as to throw the utmost doubt on the identity of the alleged compound with its component parts. Thus, in Icelandic, *akarn* is the word answering to *acorn*; but the Icelandic *akarn* cannot with any propriety be derived from its supposed elements, of which the forms in that language are *eik*, *quercus*, and *korn*, *granum*. The Gothic *akran*, *glans*, *fructus*, is most probably the original, and is most certainly derived from *akrs*, *ager*. It thus means literally the produce of the earth, and has only become applicable to the fruit of the oak, as being a distinguished article of diet in that stage of society

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."‡

* Etymologische Forschungen, I. 227, 228.

† If rotundity be the prevailing or forming idea, we must refer to the same root *крав-ior*, *cran-ium*, Old Norm. *hiarn-r*, Germ. *Hirn*; and, should this be the case, *cornu*, *hauru*, Goth. and *korn* in A. S., Old Norm. and Germ. and English, whence *cornet*, and perhaps *colonel*, a word taken from the Spanish diminutive *coronetto*.

‡ Blackw. 1840, p. 205.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THREE historical novels have been recently published; two within the last few weeks, and the other a short time before them. We speak of them together, as all treat of the same subject, and fix the same period for the description of their scenes; namely, the time of "The Great Rebellion." We shall first speak of the one whose author appears for the first time as a writer of historical romance; and we shall then introduce our readers to the other two, premising that one is from the pen of an old favourite, whose name is at once its own letter of recommendation; and the other from a lady with whose name we were previously unacquainted, but whose work bears a singular resemblance, in respect to some of its incidents, to that on the same subject by Mr. James.

To begin then with the first :

Dunster Castle; an Historical Romance of the Great Rebellion. By J. T. HEWLETT, M. A., late of Worcester College, Oxford. In three volumes. London : Henry Colburn, publisher.

To criticise an historical novel is always an ungracious task, for such a book never can be what it professes to be. If it adheres rigidly to historical facts, it is in danger of being as dull as an old gazette; and if it embellishes them by fiction, it is no longer historical—it is a glass that distorts, not reflects, the images which it pretends to convey.

In the present case, however, we are relieved from some of this difficulty, as the author in his title-page informs the reader that the volumes which he is about to peruse are in fact volumes of romance: under which circumstances, the writer may claim the privilege of rejecting such relations as might interfere with the plot of his narrative, and of embellishing and heightening his description of actual events according to his fancy, and as the interest of his story might require.

The present work, however, has higher claims to the adjunctive title of historical, than its substantive name would lead us to expect. If it does not describe the events with the accuracy and impartiality which is the office of history, it portrays in vivid colours the feelings of the times of which it treats; and this information, although conveyed by the agency of a romance, is not less valuable and instructive than a knowledge of the events themselves. It becomes a history of mind, instead of matter; and, viewed in that light, it may take its place by the side of history herself, as a handmaid and an illustrator.

Among other objects of the author in the present work, is that of contrasting the hearty and joyous spirit of old English pastime with

the rigid and sour restrictions on mirth, attempted by the growing puritanism of the time; and the author takes occasion to touch on this point in the commencement of his first volume. We shall extract passages, as explanatory of our meaning, and as specimens of the author's style. We must premise that the hero of his tale has taken measures for secretly attending a revel on the first of May, at Culborne, after all such profane and wicked pastimes had been "forbidden by act of parliament." The following is a description of a May-day revel, as it took place on the coast of Somersetshire, two hundred years ago:—

"There he found the gipsies preparing for the amusement of their expected customers, by making circular holes in the ground, and driving their stakes into the centre of them. The minstrels had formed a sort of temporary theatre under a large oak, by suspending coloured canvass hangings from the lower branches, having taken care to secure a smooth surface within a few yards of them, whereon the lads and lasses, who were so disposed, might figure in the mazy dance to the sound of their music. Beyond them again were the morris-dancers, seated round a pannier, which contained the handkerchiefs, sticks, and the fool's bâton and bladder, and other auxiliaries of their simple art. The wrestlers were, as Master Jenkins had said, in a tent by themselves, arranging the sports of the day, in which they were to take a prominent part.

"Julian looked in upon them as he passed by, but was bidden by Master Alloway to 'look after his own concerns, and not to trouble himself with what did not belong to him.' At any other time the butcher would have been greeted on the head with a blow of the stout ashen beating-pole, which the seeming forester carried in his hand, in return for his insolence; but he was suffered to go unpunished for reasons which may be easily divined.

"Julian turned away towards the platform, which was a sort of turf mound, raised about three feet above the level ground, in order that all the spectators might see the wrestling and the back-sword playing to advantage. In the centre of the green was erected the May-pole, of tall, smooth, polished wood, tapering away to a fine point, to which was suspended by gay-coloured ribbons a huge leg of mutton; he who could reach it and take it down was to have it for his pains. At its foot were placed some half dozen sacks, in which a race was to be run round the green, and a large hand-bell for the sport called jingling.

"Without the green, and under the shadow of a large tree, was a small table, converted into a stage, on which Dr. Graveboys had taken his station, ready to sell his nostrums when his easily deluded customers should arrive; and by his side stood Master Jansen, trumpet in hand, with the box of medicines suspended in front of him by a broad strap which passed over his shoulders."

* * * * *

"To this proposition, Alloway, after holding out a long time, at last consented. He left the tent, with his pipe in his mouth and his black jack of ale in his hand, and was followed by the others to the platform, where the single-stick players had already taken their station, to commence the sports of the day.

"Master Richard Luckes, who presided over the play, called the combatants by name, beginning with the less skilful, who quickly drew blood from each other's crowns, amid the shouts of the bystanders, and gave place to others more skilful in the use of the basket-stick.

"After an hour's play, which was pronounced most excellent by the best

judges, the platform was left in possession of an old man, who had had one of his eyes knocked out, in a severe struggle which he continued after he had removed the eye, and found that 'there was no blood.'

"This man was the champion of the country round, and no one cared to oppose him, so that he was putting on his upper coat, preparing to leave the platform and claim the prize, when Master Richard Luckes bade him wait while he summoned the company three times, to see if none could be found to try another bout with him.

"To the first summons, uttered in a clear loud voice, no one responded.

" 'It is of no use,' said one of the beaten players wiping the blood from his forehead; 'his weapon flies quicker than the eye, can follow it, and before you can stop it — crack! your eyes flash lightning, and your crown is broken.'

" 'You may as well strike at a Will-o'-the-wisp,' said another. 'He was here before you, and when the blow descends, hey presto! he is there behind you; the devil aids him, I think.'

" 'Devil me no devil,' said Giles Tudball; 'if I did not despise the childish play, I would try a bout with him myself for the honour of Minyeard. Can no one be found to risk a cracked crown?'

"A dead silence followed, and the old man chuckled and looked round triumphantly.

"The summons was uttered for the second time, but produced nothing but a low murmur from the spectators.

" 'For the third and last time,' said Richard Luckes, 'I pronounce the stage in possession of old Master Castle, the sheep-drover of Berkshire, and the prize to be his, if no one will come forward for the honour of Somerset.'

" 'Stand aside there,' called out Will Bowering. 'Make way, make way,' shouted the crowd, closing together instead of falling back, that they might get a sight of the individual who was rash enough to try conclusions with the veteran. Aided by Giles Tudball and some dozen more, two young men, the one dressed as a forest-keeper and the other as a sailor, forced their way through the crowd to the side of the turf-stage. The former took his station at the side, and the latter sprang lightly upon the platform, and took a basket-stick from Master Richard Luckes.

" 'It is the student of Dunster,' shouted those who knew Hugh de Mohun.

" 'Ay, and if Master Parson Snelling have driven learning into his head, the Berkshire sheep-drover will not be long in making a hole whence it may ooze out again with his hot blood,' said Master Alloway.

" 'And all the better for you, butcher,' said one of the wrestlers, 'he will be the better qualified to try a fall with you, when his strength is a little reduced.'

" 'In the name of Heaven,' said the fair hostess, Mistress Luckes, 'the young wildgoose is not going to risk his handsome head in a struggle with a man who has cracked as many human crowns as he has paid crowns of silver for Forlock sheep!'

" 'That will he,' replied Master Jenkins; 'he hath but little regard for life or limb when honour is at stake.'

" 'Then I will e'en seek Master Graveboys, and bid him spread a plaister, while I prepare my scissors to cut off some of those flowing locks, from which he has withdrawn his woollen cap to make his fate the surer,' said Mrs. Luckes.

"As she said, Hugh de Mohun, after selecting a weapon, and shaking the hand of his adversary to prove that no malice existed between them, threw off his cap according to the rules of the game. His long dark hair, which

had been partially confined by it, fell down over his ears and nearly rested on his shoulders.

"Keep a ready hand, a quick eye, and an active foot, Hugh, or the old man will be too much for you," said Giles Tudball.

Hugh smiled and took his ground. His right foot was slightly advanced, and his stick held in such a manner as to be ready to protect his head, or to assail his adversary.

"A long pause took place, amidst a breathless silence; both stood on the defensive, and seemed unwilling to give the first blow: at length Hugh dropped his stick a little, and, quick as lightning, the old man, seeing what he thought an opening, struck at his head. Hugh sprang back, the turf received the blow, and, before the old man could recover his guard, Hugh, instead of striking St. George, as the blow at the head is termed, gave point as if his stick had been a rapier. The old man staggered, and fell on his back. Master Richard stooped over him, and found that his scalp had been abraded for about three inches, and that the blood was running from the wound in a decided stream.

"A loud shout rent the air, when the fact was made known, and, amidst reiterated cries of 'Somerset for ever!' Hugh was declared the victor. The three challenges were again given out, but no one replied to them. The prize, a new hat of the sort worn by countrymen, was given to the victor, who insisted on Master Castle wearing it for his sake, and to hide the ugly wound on his hitherto invincible head.

"The old man accepted the hat, saying that he had been fairly beaten, but by a trick that he had never seen practised before.

"'Thanks to my fencing-master,' said Hugh, as he jumped from the stage, 'I have achieved a very easy victory.'"

* * * * *

"Next followed a race after a huge pig, with a very short and well-soaped tail. This afforded most excellent sport, as the animal, being used to his native woods, in which he gained his autumnal and winter livelihood, was very active, and led his pursuers a dance that they did not forget for many a day. After being chased for nearly an hour, he fairly gave them the slip, and they returned to the green with torn clothes and wounded limbs, to be laughed at by their friends.

"Then came on the jingling-match, which is thus played. Six men toss up which of them shall bear the bell; he upon whom the lot falls strips to the waist, and fastens the bell to his loins by means of a strap or handkerchief.

The others are blindfolded, and placed at a certain distance, in a circle, from the jingler. As soon as he moves, the bell rings, and all rush forward and try to catch him. His business is to elude them, which he does by every means in his power; and, if he can avoid being caught for ten minutes, he has life prize; if not, the man who takes him becomes the jingler in turn, and so on, until one succeeds in baffling his pursuers for the required space of time. The fun consists in the blunders which the blinded make, in running against and catching one another instead of the bell-man; and in tumbling over obstacles which he throws in their way. The more they are baffled, the more the people laugh and enjoy the sport.

"When this was ended, the running in sacks commenced; and when the victor had received his reward, a space of an hour was allowed to those of the wrestlers who had joined in other sports to recover their wind, previously to entering the ring to decide the most important part of the day's sport."

The sports are interrupted by a party of persons, under the authority of the Parliament, who are thus described:—

"The crowd, who were gazing on in deep silence around the wrestlers' ring, and anxiously waiting for the players to commence the last good-naturedly conceded trial of skill and strength, were suddenly roused by a stentorian voice, calling to them, in the name of the Parliament of England, to abstain from forbidden sports and pastimes.

"They turned to look at the speaker, and saw a tall gaunt figure dressed in a sort of half military suit of shabby leather. He wore a rusty breast-plate over his chest, and an iron cap, fastened under his chin by a leathern thong, upon his head. In his right hand he carried a long pike tipped with steel, and in his left he held what seemed to be a parchment writing. By his side walked a thin, weazen-faced man, clad in a suit of dark brown, with a short cloak of a sad colour on his shoulders, and a high-peaked felt hat, with an enormous breadth of brim, upon his head. His hair was closely cropped, and made his ears appear of an unnatural size; upon his neck was a broad falling collar, and upon his shrivelled legs a pair of large, loose, calfskin boots; his right hand was supported by a strong, crutch-headed stick; and under his left arm he carried a large black-bound bible, whose covers were kept together with a pair of enormous silver clasps.

"Behind this pair of strange-looking figures followed six men, dressed and armed like their gaunt leader, and casting sour and morose glances upon the assembled revellers."

Master Pym appears on the scene:—

"Master Pym, stationing himself as nearly as he could in the middle of the green, close to the raised platform, drew from his pocket a piece of parchment, bearing a twin-like resemblance to the skin carried by the bailiff, Roger Priver, which Alloway had torn into shreds. He opened it deliberately, and, as he held it closely to his eyes, which some sixty years' use had rendered somewhat weak, the better to read its contents, the said bailiff, dripping with wet and exhausted by the ill-usage he had met with, laid his hand upon his knee, and begged him to seize the transgressors of the law before they could make their escape.

"Not so, good bailiff; I will not follow their example, but will proceed legally. I was bred to the bar, and require not to be taught my duty. Did I not impeach Buckingham and Mainwaring, and conduct and bring to a happy issue the trial of the Lord Strafford? and have I not successfully resisted the illegal attempt of Charles Stuart to arrest me and four other members of the Parliament within the House of Commons? Back, good Master Priver, and let me not, I pray thee," said John Pym, in a voice drawlingly slow, but firm.

"Master John Pym, although he had from the commencement of his parliamentary career universally opposed the royalists, and taken an active part with Mr. Hampden and those who resisted the payment of the ship-tax, was gentlemanly in his demeanour, and mild in his manners and language, until he had rendered himself so obnoxious to the king, that he came into the house, shortly after the assassination of Buckingham, to seize him and four other members. Pym escaped the danger, and absented himself from the house for a while. When he returned, a change was observed in him: he was more severe in his looks, and his language was violent: he took the lead of his party, and when the impeachment of the Lord Strafford was determined upon, he untiringly persevered in his attempts to secure his condemnation and execution. He was also the bitterest enemy of the established church, and lost no opportunity of assailing the bishops, and the deans and chapters; and of encouraging those who, under the pretence of their being remnants of papistry, sought to remove the communion tables and the rails which surrounded them from the eastern ends of the churches. Nothing, in

fact, was proposed to injure the church in which he was not a prominent actor. Of all the enemies whom Archbishop Laud had, none was more perseveringly bitter than John Pym, although they were contemporaries at Oxford; Laud being a member and president of St. John's College, and Pym a student of Broadgates Hall, now Pembroke College.

"As a country gentleman, Pym was much beloved: he was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and a considerate landlord to his tenantry. As a neighbour, his company was sought after and appreciated by those even who differed from him in politics, until after the execution of Strafford, when he suddenly found himself shunned by all who had previously courted his society.

"He grew morose and peevish; seldom appeared in Somersetshire, and made the leadership of his party in the Commons an excuse for absents himself from his family. His moroseness increased, too, greatly after his intercourse with the Scottish Covenanters, who were referred to him as the most powerful person upon whom they could rely to advocate their claims."

A Parliamentary visit:—

"Whether Master Pym cometh hère as a friend or a foe, I know not; though, judging from the number of well-armed followers, wherewith he visiteth my poor house of Ashley-Combe, I may be excused from having my suspicions—he is welcome as a neighbour," said Master Bachell, addressing Pym.

"Pym raised his hat and bowed.

"Would it please you to alight, and partake of such refreshment as my house affords?"

"Such in part is my intention, for we have ridden far and fast," said Pym.

"It is done in a truly neighbourly way, to call as you pass, and bring some few score of followers with you, to test the contents of our larder and our cellar. I hope there be viands enough to supply all with what they may need; at all events, they shall be welcome to what they can find," said Master Bachell, with a smile, which was not responded to by any one of the company, all of whom wore a morose look on their faces, and sat like statues on their horses.

"Master Bachell, when I said that it was my intention to alight, and to take somewhat to refresh me, I meant not to imply that your hospitality was to be taxed for that purpose. We have wherewith to refresh ourselves, as our sumpter-horses will speedily arrive. You will consider yourself my prisoner, and on your parole—if so it please you: if not, I am here in sufficient force to take and maintain possession. Choose you which you please, imprisonment in your own house, or partial freedom upon such terms as I shall dictate," said Pym.

"I pray you come within, where we may talk this matter over," said Master Bachell. "I will not, however, take you by surprise, but inform you that I have some friends within my hall, to the number of half a score. Do you therefore select from your band so many as shall equal them in number, and be deemed by you a sufficient escort."

"I will do so," said Pym, as he bade half a score men dismount and accompany him within. The rest remained on horseback, drawn up in front of the mansion.

"I will show you the way," said Master Bachell.

"I need not your showing, sir," said Pym; "I am no stranger to this locality."

"I crave your pardon—I ought to have remembered, that John Pym

and myself once met as friends; and that, since he hath turned out a disloyal person, he hath once visited this our house, and partaken of its poor refreshments.

"It is well remembered, Master Bachell. The occasion of our last visit, as I shall shortly explain, has led to this our present meeting. Open me those doors," said Pym, pointing with his sheathed rapier to the doors that led into the hall.

"They are already open—enter, sir, I entreat you," said Bachell, bowing lowly, in mockery, as he flung the door aside.

"I am glad to see that two more are in our presence, whom it much concerneth me to meet," said Pym. "If our eyes deceive us not, yonder stand your son Julian, and Master Luttrell of Dunster."

"King Pym with a vengeance! he useth the *our* most majestically," whispered Julian to Master Luttrell.

"Silence, and let us see whither all this tends," replied Master Luttrell.

"Would it please you and your followers to partake of our humble fare? it is sound Bordeaux, and will not add to the sourness of those gentlemen's looks," said Bachell, with mock deference.

"I have said before that we have provisions of our own," answered Pym. "But now to business. We arrest you, Master Thomas Luttrell—you, Master Bachell, and your son Julian, together with another, whom we see not here at present, in the name of the Parliament, for unlawful deeds done at Culborne revels. As we said but now, before we entered this house, we will give you freedom on your parole, if you will pledge your honour to abide by it."

"Master Pym," said the elder Bachell, "I told your before, on the occasion to which you have alluded, that neither Master Luttrell nor I had anything whatever to do with those revels; and what I said then I now repeat, that if you can produce any warrant, bearing the King's signature, for my apprehension, I will submit myself your prisoner without a murmur."

"And I," said Master Luttrell.

"And I, too," said the younger Bachell, "but not till then."

"Gentlemen," said Pym, "listen to me."

"Speak, then, us to your equals: do not king it over us with your *we*s and *ours*, and we will listen," said Julian.

"Gentlemen, listen to me," continued Pym, not heeding the interruption. "I am here with such a force, and so well disposed, that you are at my mercy. It is not my intention to do you any wrong. I am here to take prisoners the parties to whom I have already alluded, and promise them, in the name of the Parliament, an impartial hearing, without any personal restraint, if they submit."

"And what if we do not?" inquired Bachell.

"Then it will be my painful duty to resort to measures I would willingly not adopt," said Pym. "Though you dwell so far from the busy world, you cannot but know, gentlemen, that Charles Stuart's support of episcopacy in this land, and his attempt to impose a ritual and certain form of worship upon the land of his fathers, have already brought him into such contempt, that he retains but the name of a king, and that all real power is vested in the Parliament, who, for the good of the nation, have taken the government into their hands."

"We know," said Julian, "that a set of canting knaves have——"

"Silence, Julian; let us hear all that Master Pym hath to advance before we reply to him," said his father.

"Armed with the authority of that Parliament, of which, as you know, I am an humble member, as the representative of Tavistock, I am here, as I said before, to claim my prisoners."

"Can you produce your warrants, supposing that we should feel in-

clined to yield ourselves to the usurped powers of a 'disloyal House of Commons?' said Master Bachell.

"Thou knowest that they have been destroyed," said Pym.

"By whom?" asked Master Luttrell.

"Would that I knew!" said Pym.

"Have they been duly served, or how?" said the elder Bachell.

"Master Bachell, Master Bachell," said Pym, 'this is worse than trifling. The consequences will be heavy. Where are Roger Priver and Master Brown? Where hast thou them concealed?'

"I pledge you mine honour, as a gentleman, that I have seen neither of them since the day on which, with Master Luttrell, I released them from the mines in Dunkery Hill. Nor have I heard aught of them, saving that you had taken them under your especial protection, and sent them on some errand to the town of Taunton," said Bachell.

"Nor have I," said Julian, 'though I would gladly have met with them, and repaid them for their insolent behaviour, when you last visited this house.'

"To you then, Master Thomas Luttrell, I must apply for their safe restoration, for I have information of their having left my house at Cutcombe for the town of Dunster," said Pym.

"I will pledge you my word, as a gentleman, that I know no more of them than you yourself do," said Master Luttrell.

Pym looked at each steadily, for some moments; but neither quailed beneath his gaze.

"You will not deny, Master Bachell, that you have seen my lieutenant Mauworth, within these few days?" continued he.

"Assuredly not. He was here as a messenger, some three or four days since," said Bachell. 'I gave him what refreshments he stood in need of for himself and his beast, and he returned, as I presume, and as he informed me he should do, to perform his duties as the guardian, in your absence, of Mistress Pym and your children.'

"And the packet which he brought? I would demand of you the nature of its contents, and what hath become of it," said Pym.

"I do not hold myself accountable to Master Pym for any messages or parcels that may be sent to me, even though their delivery be entrusted to the hands of one of his own followers," said Bachell.

"Tis well. You have doubtless destroyed the warrants, which by some means at present not known, were abstracted, as I believe, from Priver's saddle-bags, and, as a drug-seller in Taunton will testify, were re-directed to yourself through the agency of one Jansen, and delivered to you by Mauworth, though he was ignorant of what he bore to you. Know you where Mauworth may now be found?"

"I do not," said Bachell, 'as I have already told you.'

"Then I will inform you, Master Bachell; my faithful follower is lying a murdered corpse at the mouth of Dunkery mines."

A deep groan burst from the soldiers, and Pym passed his hand across his eyes as if to remove a tear. The party around Master Bachell looked at one another, as if to ask the meaning of the news.

"How say you, honest Mauworth murdered? are you assured of the truth of what you assert?" inquired Master Bachell.

"I saw his body with mine own eyes," said Pym. 'I had not known of his fate, perhaps, until the crows had devoured him, had not a shepherd found his mutilated corpse by a mere chance.'

"Who can have done so foul a deed!" said the elder Bachell. 'I give you my word, that I will use my best exertions to discover the murderer and bring him to punishment. I will also give orders that his remains be conveyed home for decent interment.'

" 'That is already cared for,' said Pym; 'but I thank you none the less for your friendly offer, and readily acquit you of all share in, and knowledge of, the horrid crime.'

" 'You could do no less, on the assurance of my father's ignorance of it from his own lips,' said Julian.

" 'I am not here, young man, to receive instruction in my duties from, or to bandy words with, you. But now to business. These gentlemen, many of whom are known to me as my neighbours, are at liberty to depart, with this advice, that they keep peaceably at home, or enrol themselves under the banner of the Parliament; but Master Bachell, his somewhat hasty son, and Master Thomas Luttrell, must submit to remain my prisoners here, or to give me their word, as honourable gentlemen, to appear before whatever tribunal, and at whatever time, Parliament may name, then and there to answer for the offences with which they stand charged.'

" 'I, for one, shall not yield myself a prisoner, neither shall I pledge my word to obey a set of rebels,' said Julian.

" 'Nor will we quit this hall, and leave our friends to the mercy of Master Pym and his crop-eared knaves,' said one of the gentlemen.

" 'Silence, my son; and do you, my friend, use no provoking words, which may lead to serious consequences. Master Pym will listen to me and to reason,' said Bachell.

" Pym looked grimly upon Julian and the other speaker, and bowed to Bachell, as if prepared to hear what proposals he had to make.

" Master Bachell, whose object was to gain as much time as he could, to enable Alick Pearson to give notice to their friends of the difficulties with which they were surrounded, began what is now termed 'speaking against time.'

" 'Master Pym,' said he, 'will pardon me, if I again ask him if he hath a legal warrant for what he is now proposing to do?'

" 'None,' said Pym; 'I act upon my own responsibility, in the name of the Parliament, and backed by an armed force furnished me by them for this purpose.'

" 'Is the law then, a dead letter, that an Englishman's person and safety are no longer regarded?' said Master Bachell; placing his hand upon Julian's shoulder to restrain him in his seat."

Pym's defence of the Parliament :—

" 'The government of this realm, nay the nation itself, is, and hath been for some time past, in an unhealthy state. The man, Charles Stuart, hath been found incapable of administering to its safety, and, moreover, guilty of supplying it with poisons in the place of medicaments. We, the Parliament, as the representatives of the people, have undertaken to purge it of its impurities, and to restore it, with the blessing of God, to its pristine soundness,' said Master Pym.

" A grunt of applause, something between a snuffle and a groan, was uttered by the troopers.

" 'And wherein hath the king—the man, Charles Stuart, as you most disrespectfully term him—shown his inefficiency?' inquired the elder Bachell, throwing such a look upon his friends, as showed them the intention with which the question was put.'

" 'I will expound to you,' said Pym, 'and hope, by the few reasons I shall offer, to convince you of the truth of the assertions I have made.'

" 'Would it please you to be seated?' said Julian; 'the time required to convince us of the propriety of disloyalty and rebellion will be of so long duration as to cause your legs to ache, if you remain standing upon them.'

" Pym scowled at Julian, but did not reply to him. He then placed himself in such a position that he might address the gentlemen and his

troopers at the same time, without turning his back upon either party. After a loud cough to clear his voice, he turned his eyes up to the ceiling, and thus commenced a long harangue, which we will endeavour to curtail as much as possible.

"You would hear, gentlemen, the reasons on which we have come to a conclusion that he who is called the King—"

"Is the King," said Julian.

"That he who is called the King, is unworthy to rule the land. I will enumerate them."

"We look upon the man, Charles Stuart, as depraved,

"Firstly—in his unadvised moving into Spain; in his obstinate long stay therein, when, it was manifest to all the world that the Infanta would not be his; in his unnecessary submission to the Pope, and his precipitate embarkment at St. Andrews, where he was likely to be cast away.

"Secondly—we look upon him as depraved in his sudden breach with Spain; for his shedding of the blood of Englishmen at Amboyna, for mere baubles; in lending nine ships to the French, to help them to cut the throats of the Protestants.

"Thirdly—in breaking with the French without sufficient cause assigned; in the continual abuse of all his allies; in patching up an inglorious peace with Spain, and in the betrayäl of all those nations which had cast themselves upon this nation for protection.

"Fourthly—as depraved in the imprisonment of his loyal subjects; in posting, pilloring, and splitting of the ears of godly divines; in the introduction of idolatry; in oppressing the nation, by pressures, monopolies, the exaction of ship-money, and all such grievances.

"Fifthly—in breaking with his people, by dissolving their Parliaments at his pleasure, and thinking to wrestle, with his own single brain, against so many hundreds of representatives, who possess the whole marrow and quintessence of the nation's wisdom."

The troopers here uttered a most flattering and assenting grunt. Julian burst out into a loud laugh. Pym heeded neither the one nor the other, but proceeded:

"Sixthly—we look upon the man, Charles Stuart, as depraved and unworthy to rule, in having shielded the Duke of Buckingham,—in having resisted the impeachment and punishment of Strafford—"

"The more mad in having signed his death-warrant," said Julian.

"In upholding the papistical Archbishop of Canterbury, and trying to thrust down the throats of the Scots a ritual and ceremonial which they abhor and detest.

"Seventhly—we abjure, abominate, and from our hearts do detest the man, Charles—"

"I cannot, as a loyal man and a good subject, submit to listen longer to these foul calumnies," said Master Luttrell.

"Nor I—nor I—nor I—," said the gentlemen, rising in a body.

"I will thrust them back down his throat with the hilt of my rapier," said Julian.

"We do from our hearts detest the man, Charles Stuart," continued Pym, not heeding the interruption, "because he did come down to our House of Parliament, in person, to seize my unworthy self, with Sir Arthur Haselrig, and Hampden, and Strode, and Hollis, and did precursorially place in the pillory, and deprive of their ears, Pryme the barrister, Burton the divine, and Bastwick a physician."

The author describes the celebrated antiquarian, Anthony Wood, in his youthful days at Oxford, and makes use of him to introduce the following account of the antiquities of the University:—

"Now then, Master Hugh, follow me and I will show you places worthy of being seen. Folks call me an idle good-for-nought, because I confine not my studies to books; and even Master John Mayland, the Archididasculus of the school in New College, accuses me of being *somno gravatus* when I am pondering on matters which he despises, because he is ignorant of them. I am thankful that certain parties have occupied the New College gardens as their training ground, and so obtained an unlimited holiday for us boys, who preferred seeing the sober citizens taught to trail pikes and use martial weapons, to learning Greek and Latin."

"Hugh smiled kindly on the boy, who, with hasty steps, led him by the Blue Boar Lane into Saint Aldate's, at the top of which stood the conduit, called Carfax. As Hugh had frequently seen and admired the handsome structure, he would not stop to listen to Anthony's account of its founder and builder, and of its having been presented to Laud the Chancellor as a nuisance, inasmuch as it obstructed the passage of vehicles, and afforded a lounging spot to the usual occupants of Penniless Bench hard by."

"Nay, an' the conduit, though it be well supplied with fluid, be a dry subject to Master Hugh, we will on, and, passing down the Butcher-Row, pay a visit to yon noble tower," said Anthony, pointing to the old Castle.

"I will with you there gladly," said Hugh, "for I am anxious to inspect so noble and so ancient a structure."

"If these walls could speak," said Wood, as they entered a low archway leading into the tower, "they would tell us many a tale of woe. You see that a captive would have but small chance of escaping through the strongly-barred openings formed in these walls, which are of solid masonry nine feet in thickness."

"It makes me shudder," said Hugh, "even to look upon them."

"And yet it was here that Offa, Alfred, Harold Harefoot, and others, held their Saxon courts," said Anthony; "and in after-times, there is good reason for believing that a college was formed here under the wardenship of the canons of Osney Abbey. It is now used chiefly by professors in *arte surripiendi*, under the wardenship of our friend the gaoler here, although he sometimes hath under his charge certain scholars of the University, who have chanced to offend against the statutes, and incurred the displeasure of the Vice-chancellor."

"I would fain climb yonder mound of earth, which seems to have been reared for the purpose of overlooking the gloomy tower that we have just quitted," said Hugh.

"It would but ill repay you for the toil," said Anthony, "for the prospect it affords is not more extensive than that seen from the tower. It contains a wide and deep well, by means of which the castle is supplied with water. Let us on to objects better worth our inspection."

"But tell me first," said Hugh, "by whom those buildings below the great tower are occupied."

"They are shortly to be garrisoned by the King's troops, at least, by so many of them as can conveniently be received within them, under the command of Colonel Legge, the governor of the city. Preparations are already being made for their reception."

"Enough," said Hugh; "now lead on, for I see that you are waxing impatient."

"Give our guide a gratuity for his services, and follow me," said Anthony.

"Hugh gave a trifle to the gaoler who had showed them over the tower, and followed the boy towards the river-Isis, or rather a branch of it, which flowed immediately under the city walls. They crossed it by means of a bridge of stone, and, turning somewhat to the left, went through some small

and rather wretched-looking buildings, towards a tall tower, surrounded by the ruins of what had evidently been a large religious edifice.

" 'This spot,' said Anthony, 'is called the Mamel; yonder, on our right hand, stands the church of St. Thomas; beyond it once stood the Abbey of Osney. I have brought you hither to show you the remains of that noble building, now, alas! a mere mass of ruins.'

" 'It must indeed have been a splendid structure,' said Hugh, as he gazed on the remains; 'great, doubtless, was the piety of its founder.'

" 'Ahem!' said Wood, with a peculiar look, 'its founder, if report speak truly, was one Edith, a concubine of our first Henry, who, to atone for her sins and make her peace with Mother Church, induced Robert D'Oily, who made an honest woman of her by taking her to wife, to build a priory here for the Canons Augustines or Austin Canons. It afterwards became an abbey; but our eighth Harry, who interfered somewhat rudely in church matters, transferred the dean and his six prebendaries, with all their inferior officers, willy nilly, to the conventual church of St. Frideswide, which was metamorphosed into a cathedral, and stands, as you know, within the walls of King Henry's College, now called Christ-church.'

" 'Were there not many more religious edifices in and near Oxford which have shared the fate of this pile?' asked Hugh, as they walked from the spot.

" 'There were several: yonder, immediately before us, on the margin of the Isis, stand the remains of Rewley—a monastery built by Edward, Earl of Cornwall, for monks of the Cistercian order, who had it in charge to pray for the soul of his father Richard, king of the Romans. Then, as to Friars, Oxford must have swarmed with them, for there were the Austin Friars, or Friars Eremites of the order of St. Austin, who had their dwelling in Holywell or Holy Cross, where Wadham College now stands; the Dominican or Black Friars were located on an island, near the water-gate, below the church of St. Ebbe; here also settled the Franciscan or Grey Friars: the Carmelite or White Friars took up their abode opposite to us, where Gloucester Hall stands, but Edward the Second piously resigned for their use his palace of Beaumont, a little way beyond. The Crouched or Crossed Friars dwelt at the first near Broadgate Hall, but afterwards removed near to St. Peter's church, in the east of the city. The Friars de Sacco had their residence near to the Castle and western gate, while the Trinitarians occupied a monastery built upon the spot where New College now stands.'

" 'All pious men, doubtless,' said Hugh.

" 'An' they did what was required of them they could have had but little time for going astray, seeing that they were to attend service seven times in the twenty-four hours,' said Anthony. 'They began at two o'clock in the morning with their *nocturnals*; then at six came the *matins*, at nine the *tierces*, at noon the *sext*, at three, after noon, the *none*; *vespers* were at six, and the *complins* soon after seven, when they were ordered to bed. As they had to get their meals and perform sundry private matters between services, you will agree with me that they had but little leisure for indulging in worldly amusements. But enough of this—the day is drawing to a close, and it were as well for us to be within the city-gates before they are shut for the night.'

" Hugh followed his guide, and they arrived just in time to enter the western gate before the warden, an officer appointed by the University, who claimed the right of watch and ward over the town, had shut the portal. Having done his duty, he resigned the key to the party of soldiers who, with the permission of the Vice-chancellor, were posted there as a guard.

" Anthony Wood turned to the left down a narrow lane, immediately behind the church called St. Peter le Bailey, and about a hundred yards beyond the church pointed out to Hugh a small low building.

" 'Know you the name of this Hall, Master Mohun?'

" Hugh confessed his ignorance.

" 'This, then, is called New Inn Hall: it is one of the many houses licensed to receive students who cannot gain admission into any of the colleges. The Latin name, as you may guess, is *Novum Hospitium*; with its *Principalis, Magistri, Baccalarei, Communarii, and Famuli*, it holds but some thirty souls, nor should I have drawn your attention to it had it not become a place of some importance, seeing that here the royal mint is located. Hither are brought the services of plate belonging to various colleges, to be coined into crowns, having a view of Oxford city under the horse, half-crowns, and other silver pieces. In gold they coin the *unité* worth twenty shillings, the half *unité*, and the treble *unité*, which, as its name imports, is worth three pounds: all these have for their *legendum*, "Exsurgat Deus; dissipentur inimici!"

" 'And who are employed in the coinage, citizens or strangers?' inquired Hugh.

" 'The citizens of Oxford make money, it is true, Master Hugh, but by the exercise of their honest callings. The makers of money for Prince Charles were imported hither from Aberystwith, and are skilful men.'

" 'Have all the colleges shown their loyalty by contributing to the necessities of their royal master?'

" 'All, it is reported, save the society called Jesus College. Men say that the Welshman who presides over that body has intimated a wish to have better security for the loan of the college bowls and flagons than the word of Charles Stuart.'

King Charles at Oxford : —

" The vice-chancellor had just concluded his address as Hugh gained the side of the throne. The King then rose, and in a tone and manner the sincerity of which could not be questioned, thanked the loyal University for the zeal it had always displayed in his behalf, and for the seasonable supplies it had granted when other resources had failed him. He then raised the vice-chancellor from his knee, on which he had fallen to salute the King's extended hand, and an officer, preceding the deputation to the door, dismissed them highly delighted with the graciousness of their reception, and eager to give further proofs of their love to the King by making him additional loans of plate and moneys. Brent, as he passed Hugh, scowled at him, and seemed disposed to ask him what business he had there.

" Hurstmonceaux stepped forward and bowed, hoping to catch the King's eye, and intending to lead Hugh to him; but, before he could succeed, the Prince of Wales, who had been sitting beside his father, a little behind the chair that did duty as a throne, stood up and whispered a few words in the royal ear. The King smiled, and nodded assent, as it seemed, for the boy came forward, and, taking Hugh by the hand, led him to his father and presented him as his companion from the West, and one desirous of bearing arms in his cause.

" Hugh fell on one knee and lightly kissed the hand extended to him.

" 'Rise, young sir, we owe you our thanks for your kind and prudent attendance on our son. You would leave the peacefulness of a college life and the delights of study to take a share in the dangers that beset us. We will not say it is well, but your wish shall be gratified. Do you, my son, present your friend to your cousin, the Prince Rupert, and request him, in our name, to place him in his own regiment and immediately about his own person.'

" Hugh bowed, and the Prince of Wales led him up to Prince Rupert, who was standing behind the King, and busily talking with Sir John Biron and another officer.

"The Prince of Wales thrust Sir John aside, and presented Hugh to his cousin, informing him of the King's wishes.

" 'Most gladly will I do so,' said Rupert, speaking in good English but with a foreign accent. 'I like the looks of your young friend.'

" 'He is zealous in our cause,' said the Prince, 'and is moreover a good judge of dogs and horses. He has pledged himself to secure me the finest gazehound I ever looked upon.'

" Rupert smiled on his cousin, and, turning to Hugh, said, 'You will use all dispatch to procure your arms and accoutrements, and join me at Abingdon, where we purpose to quarter ourselves for the present.'

" Hugh bowed, and retired with the Prince of Wales, who kept him in conversation for some time.

" While this was going on, the King made a sign to Hurstmonceaux to approach him.

" 'Tell us if you can,' said he in a whisper, 'whom that young man, Hugh de Mohun, so closely resembles as to make us believe that we have known him before.'

" 'I cannot tell your Majesty: in figure and in voice he oft reminds me of—of—my master—his Grace of—' said the captain, hesitating.

" 'Buckingham, you would say,' said the King sighing.

" 'And yet in feature he resembles him not. I have been trying to recall to my mind, among the many ladies with whom his Grace was somewhat'—

" The King looked serious, and coughed.

" 'Acquainted—' said the captain demurely, 'a face resembling that young man's, but hitherto unsuccessfully.'

" 'You may leave us,' said the King; 'but should your memory serve you so far as to enable you to recollect the personage to whom we allude, inform us of it.'"

The above extracts will serve to show, imperfectly indeed, something of the style and merits of this work, which is so far superior to most of the dull compilations purporting to be historical, but which are neither historical nor amusing, that we cannot do the author of "Dunster Castle" the injustice to class it among the many publications which almost daily issue from the press under similar titles. It is a work which stands out by itself from the ordinary class of books which assume the name of historical, and which, from the information which it conveys of the habits and feelings of the people at the time of the "Great Rebellion," and from the gratification which the perusal of its pages affords from the interest of its story, will, we do not doubt, meet with the high favour which it deserves in public estimation.

We regret that we are obliged to postpone our notice of "Arrah Neil," by Mr. James, and of "The Levite," by Miss Murphy, until our next Number.

Poems. By WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM. London: Longman, Brown, & Co.; and Illingworth & Hicks, Wakefield. 1845.

This is a collection of poems, the first of which was published, it appears, in 1841. They are now bound up together, and form a handsome volume. We shall take them in the order in which they appear in the book.

The first portion of the poems is intitled "Traveller's Thoughts, or, Lines suggested by a Tour on the Continent in the Summer of

1835," and was published in 1841, to which is prefixed the following modest preface, under the title of "Advertisement": —

"All that the author of these stanzas has attempted, is to lay before his reader a rough sketch of those objects with which he felt himself the most interested, and at the same time, to convey the train of thoughts they severally awakened in his mind.

"Five years have now elapsed since the author (then a minor) visited the Continent, and he is fully aware, that during this period of time, not only many objects herein described may have changed their aspect and character, but that his own views have also undergone considerable alteration.

"Notwithstanding this, he prefers incurring the charge of puerility in thought and expression, to attempting anything like such a revision of the poem, as would render it an index of his present tone of mind and feeling, were the same objects again presented to his view.

"With this determination, his efforts have been chiefly directed to effect some little improvement in the versification and general arrangement of the poem: but even in this respect, the author is fully aware of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of giving a finish to what was originally intended as a mere outline; and he must therefore request the reader will bear in mind, that 'a rough sketch' is all he must look for in the 'Traveller's Thoughts.' "

The poems to which these "thoughts" give rise comprise effusions on "France," "Switzerland and Italy," "Geneva," "The Pass of The Simplon," "Maggiore," "Milan," "Como," "Lugano," "The Pass of St. Gothard," "Lucern," "The Rhigi," "The Fall of The Rossberg," "The Glacier of Rosenlaui — The Wetterhorn," "Jungfrau," "The Staubach," "The Giesbach," "Farewell to the Alps," "The Rhine, Belgium, &c." "Baden-Baden," "Heydelberg," "The Rhine," "Aix-la-Chapelle," "Waterloo," "Antwerp," and some lines under the head of "Conclusion."

It is not easy to select from this variety an extract which we can confidently pronounce as the best — for all are good; — but we shall endeavour to cull some portions of the flowers which are spread before us, so as at the same time to convey an idea of the author's poetical powers, and to gratify the reader. From France we take only one stanza to show the feeling with which it is written: —

"I saw one desolate — one nameless grave,
Amidst the motley heaps that fold the dead:
It told no triumphs of the sleeping brave,
For here, no marble reared its sculptured head;
O'er the dark earth a lonely woodbine spread,
And sweetly blossomed on the mouldering clay;
Methought, 'twould more adorn some widow's bed,
Than mark the spot where he unhonoured lay,
The wayward child of war! the gallant, hapless Ney!"

We can give only the first stanza on "Mont Blanc and Chamouni," (the whole of which description is written in a most energetic style,) in order that we may reserve space for the beautiful song with which the poem concludes.

The Invocation begins thus: —

"Mountain of mountains !—

—Wonder-working God !
 Thou hast upreared a throne ! Thou canst reveal
 Thyself in outward shapes — ye who have trod
 Where now I am, with me have lived to feel
 What none can well express, nor yet conceal,
 The presence of a God — a consciousness,
 That here Omnipotence hath set his seal —
 Hath played with worlds — hath rent them — little less
 Than such are piled around, transfixed and motionless."

And this is the sweet song of the children of the mountains : —

1.

"Sisters ! Sisters ! haste away !
 Leave the misty vale below ;
 Watch the trembling rainbows play,
 Where the voiceless torrents flow ;
 Climb where Alpine roses grow,
 Seek them on the glacier's side,
 Pluck them while they freshly blow,
 Twine them for Chamouni's bride.
 Brightly dawns the blushing day ;
 Sisters ! Sisters ! haste away !

2.

"Sisters ! Sisters ! softly creep,
 Azure gulphs are gaping wide,
 Hand in hand, then downward peep,
 Dancing round their slippery side ;
 Cross the rugged icy tide,
 Climb where crystals strew the ground,
 Seek them for the Hunter's bride,
 Set them in her garland round :
 Thus shall we beguile the day,
 Sisters ! Sisters ! haste away !

3.

"Sisters ! Sisters ! where ye go,
 Singing thus we follow you ;
 Daughters of the spotless snow !
 Seeking berries bright with dew,
 Plucking those of crimson hue,
 Offerings for our mountain bride,
 Gems, and fruits, and flowerets too,
 We will bring at even-tide !
 Home return at close of day,
 Sisters ! Sisters ! haste away !
 * * * *
 * * * *

4.

"Brothers ! Brothers ! haste away !
 Clouds enwrap the mountain's brow,
 See ye not the lightnings play,
 Wildly leaping to and fro ?

Where the flaming glaciers glow!
 Peal on peal, the thunders break!
 Deeper now the torrents flow!
 Hark ye! how the echoes wake!
 Quickly cross the frozen sea;
 Sisters! Sisters! where are ye?

5.

"Brothers! Brothers! have ye seen
 Flowerets scattered o'er the ground?
 Can ye trace where such have been,
 Haply some are strewed around?
 Forward! Forward! Hark! a sound —
 Avalanche has burst his way!
 Hill and valley now rebound!
 Hapless wanderers! where are they?
 See ye footsteps in the snow?
 Brothers! Brothers! forward! ho!

6.

"Brothers! Brothers! forward! hasta!
 Steps are here — but none come back!
 Leading to that fearful waste,
 Avalanche's wonted track!
 Pines are shattered, scathed, and black,
 Trembling since the Spoiler crossed —
 Blindly forward! though ye lack
 Every vestige of the lost:
 Sisters! Sisters! do ye live?
 Avalanche shall answer give!

7.

"Brothers! Brothers! rocks are riven
 Mark ye not the rude death-blow?
 Those ye seek are now in heaven,
 Such ye ne'er can meet below.
 Harken, Brothers! seek not now,
 Seek not here, for they are not!
 Sepulchred in spotless snow,
 Mourn their early, hapless lot:
 Sister-spirits! softly sleep!
 Brother-spirits o'er ye weep."

The "Rhigi," which is descriptive of the scenery of Switzerland, is a short but most beautiful poem; we do not like to abridge it; but we cannot refuse our readers the pleasure of reading the exquisitely beautiful little poem which follows it.

THE RHIGI.

"The toilworn Pilgrim stands on Rhigi's brow;
 He views a threatening cloud enwrap her side;
 'Tis rolling on — 'tis red — 'tis rending now —
 Ha! see! how bright, how swift the lightnings glide
 With vivid glare into the foaming tide!

Now here — now there, they skim the burning lake!
 Dense rolls the flame-fraught canopy and wide;
 Beneath — around, how wild the thunders break, —
 Tremble the eternal hills, the ancient mountains quake!

“The first wild crash hath passed! ’tis silence here;
 Yon startled mountain now has caught the roar —
 Now backward flings her echoes on the ear,
 Their lengthened peal rolls louder than before,
 So full, so deep, so dread, her thunders pour:
 Then thousand voices, mingling, rend the skies;
 They feebler grow; — but one is heard — ’tis o’er;
 Hlist! ’tis but fancy — no — afar where rise
 Yon peaks, the last faint echo wakes again, and dies!

“’Tis gone! that lurid cloud has spent her life;
 She leaves the world to Darkness and to Sleep.
 But list! yon drowsy chime from unseen spire!
 How soft, how sweet the sound, as zephyrs sweep
 The distant vesper, tinkling o’er the deep!
 ’Tis hushed — but hark! a second yet more near,
 Peals forth with silver tone beneath yon steep;
 Its warnings cease, but rouse another here,
 And numbers still around entrance the wakeful ear!

“When every bell has spoke the midnight hour,
 And all is lulled to rest; when moon-beams play,
 Where crags on crags in twilight grandeur tower,
 Even higher far than hunter climbs by day,
 Tell’s shade is seen to glide, the peasants say,
 From rock to rock; high o’er the sleeping lakes,
 His deathless shafts are heard to wend their way:
 The eagle flaps her wings, and screaming wakes;
 The chamois dreads their sound, and forth from covert breaks.

“’Tis early morn; the East is streaked with light;
 A lingering mist o’erhangs the pallid West;
 The mountain’s feet lie wrapped in drowsy night;
 The lakes sleep shrouded in a cold, grey vest;
 The universal world seems still at rest.
 Ha — see! yon frozen peaks have caught a ray
 Of new-born light, which fires each icy crest.
 Then downward steals as heralding the way
 Of the all-glorious orb, the Exhaustless Fount of day!

“He comes! he comes! in splendour, youth and pride,
 Untamed — undimmed — and hark! the Alpine horn!
 Gold-fingered Light hath touched the mountain’s side:
 Again the goat-herd Minstrel greets the morn!
 From Rossberg’s heights his matin song is borne;
 The lakes, blood-red — in amber, dight the plains;
 The night-shroud gone; bright jewels now adorn
 All nature’s realm; nor yet one spot remains
 In drowsy sleep. Awake! fresh vigour swell my veins!

"Awake! my soul, arouse! and revel now,
 In pure, unmingled joy, thy years allow!
 While Life, and Youth, their day-light dreams bestow!
 While still unmixed with care, untinged with woe,
 The life-blood's first, fresh, joyous currents flow.
 Methinks, I feel the magic of this land
 Of palaces, and seas of ice, and know
 What rapture is, where floods by fairy's wand,
 Wave into silence all, and melting kiss the strand!

Wild clime! where rivers rob their hue from heaven!
 Where hoary mountains blush at even-tide;
 Where icy thunderbolts the rocks have riven;
 Where roses blossom on the glacier's side;
 Where fire-flies flash, and o'er the torrents ride;
 Where Night, with death-pale Iris, loves to roam;
 Where Tell's wild spectre still is seen to glide,
 Where Nature's Babel rears her guiltless dome;
 Where Freedom, aye and Love, have ever found a home!

"Yes! Freedom's home — nor less the home of Love!
 If ever such hath blessed this world of woe,
 If love on earth, as pure as that above,
 Can burn as bright in woman's heart below;
 If streams, that here in virtue's current flow,
 As heavenly waters, can as stainless be —
 Say — where the land their image can bestow?
 Say — where the home of Love and Purity?
 If such may be on earth — Helvetia — 'tis with thee!"

Then comes

THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

1.

"'Twas on a smiling autumn day,
 The sweetest in the year,
 When Beauty shed her brightest ray,
 Unsullied by a tear,
 That Conrad led his blushing bride
 Up the Rossberg's sunny side;
 That morn had seen the silken knot
 Unite for aye their lot.

2.

"The bridal train were wild and gay,
 Full many an air was sung;
 Full many a floweret fresh and gay,
 Before the bride was flung;
 The path was strewed with every sweet,
 As Youth and Health, with flying feet,
 Ascending sought some shady bower,
 Where Love might rule the hour.

3.

"An aged pair, with cautious tread,
The hindmost in the throng,
Now climb the steep — now slowly thread
The thicket's maze along :
Their tardy limbs could ill compete
With Mirth and Beauty's winged feet.
Yet were they gay, for Time had cast
No sadness o'er the past.

4.

"Now midway up the mountain's brow,
Sate Conrad and Clorine,
Nor saw, I ween, the vale below,
So late with rapture seen :
He stole a kiss — he begged a flower,
The sweetest, richest bridal dower !
He whispered love — he dreamed of joy
For aye without alloy.

5.

"Ill-fated hour! too transient bliss!
Alas! Love's latest breath!
Ah! was it then his parting kiss,
Embracing but in death?
Little ye thought that last, sweet smile,
The frown of Fate would so beguile!
Little ye deemed that gentlest sigh
Fell on eternity!

6.

The vulture screams! her brood forsakes —
The pines are trembling wide —
The mountain shudders — totters — breaks —
Then falls into the tide,
A darkened, shapeless, mingled mass,
The chaos of the form that was,
Heaped, and pent, and strewed around,
A tomb without a bound.

7.

"Of all that joyous bridal train,
But two to tell the tale,
The childless, aged pair remain,
Their children's lot to wail :
They saw the yawning chasm rend,
The rock-rent Avalanche descend,
When rose one shriek — they heard no more —
'Twas drowned in Rossberg's roar!"

"The Giesbach" contains the following impassioned song, which partakes of the character of the land whose soul-stirring scenery has given it birth :—

"Land of mountains! land of snows!
Joyous land of Liberty!
Where a Spartan spirit glows,
Spirit of Thermopylæ!
Where's the Tyrant? Where's the Foe?
Stranger, tell me, dost thou know?
Graves are all I now can see,
Trampled on by Liberty!

• CHORUS.

"Where's the Tyrant? &c.

2.

"Nature's children, wise and brave,
Are you men as once of old?
Is there one would be a slave?
One he bought by paltry gold?
By the fane, where Gessler fell;
By the sacred shade of Tell;
By the flash, that scathes the fir;
Still we are the men we were!

• CHORUS.

"By the fane, where, &c.

3.

"Now that battle's strife is o'er,
Crowning you with victory,
Will you revel evermore,
Plunged in slothful luxury?
Stranger, tho' we live in peace,
Hunters' perils never cease,
Perils thou mayst vainly guess,
Mid our frozen wilderness!

• CHORUS.

"Stranger, tho' we, &c.

4.

"Stranger, here 'twere vain to woo,
Ere the swain had learned to war;
Ere his aim fell dead and true,
'Mid the Chamois from afar;
Switzerland has Spartan games,
Lovers there contend for dames;
Winners there may wooers be,
As in days of Chivalry.

• CHORUS.

"Switzerland has Spartan, &c.

5.
 "Tell us not of coal-black eye;
 Tell us not of sable hair;
 These but speak too mournfully,
 Alpine damsels should be fair;
 Fair we ween, with eyes of blue,
 Locks of orient, golden hue,
 Hearts whose every beat is free,
 Fetterless as Liberty!

CHORUS.

"Fair we ween, &c.

6.

"Land of mountains! Land of snows!
 Joyous land of Liberty!
 Where a Spartan spirit glows,
 Spirit of Thermopylae!
 Where's the Tyrant? Where's the Foe?
 Stranger, tell me, dost thou know?
 Graves are all I now can see,
 Trampled on by Liberty!

CHORUS.

"Where's the Tyrant? &c."

In making these extracts we find we have been beguiled by the magic of the poetry into extending our notice of the volume further than our limits warrant; for we have already found much to select, and we have not proceeded further than the first of the series of poems which the volume contains. We have to speak of "The Victim," a tale of the Lake of Four Cantons; "Sandal in the Olden Time;" "Henrie Clifford and Margaret Percy, a Ballad of Bolton Abbey;" "The Siege of Granada," a dramatic poem of great merit; "Strafford," a tragedy; and "Oliver Cromwell," a sequel to "Strafford," a drama of some pretensions; with other pieces. — But as we do not know how to abridge the passages which we have already marked without curtailing the pleasure of our readers, we must reserve the remainder of the book for a second notice.

The Pupal Jewel in the Protestant Crown: an Historical Note illustrative of the Fac Simile Bull of Leo X., conferring on Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith. London: Henry Kent Causton and Co., Birch Lane. 1845.

A most curious and learned treatise on the subject of the title of Fidei Defensor appended to the title of the Sovereign of Great Britain. To all lovers of black-learning, this book will be a great treat. It is remarkable, however, that the notes are by far the most interesting part of the work; we extract the following as specimina:—

"Parl. Hist. v. iii. pp. 9—12. M. Rapin, in the *Acta Regia*, dates the

whole of the successive political events of this period (1510) as arising out of the league of Cambray, against the republic of Venice in 1508; the chief allies being Pope Julius II., the Emperor Maximilian I., Louis XII. King of France and Duke of Milan, and Ferdinand, King of Aragon and Naples, and Administrator of the Kingdom of Castile. Without considering the separate interests of these princes in this alliance, it will be sufficient to note the double design of the Pope, who, pursuing the project of his predecessor, Alexander VI., contemplated the reuniting to the Papedom of all the dominions which had been obliterated from it during the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelins. He had already, in 1506, begun to make himself absolute master of Bologna, after he had expelled the Bentavoglios, who had usurped that dominion; and, further to proceed with his views of aggrandizement, it was necessary for him to take Ferrara from the duke of that name, to dispossess the Venetians of Ravenna, Fienza, and Rimini, and to dislodge other princes and lords from the other towns of Romagna; but as this could not be done while on the one hand the Venetians, and on the other Louis XII., who was master of the Duchy of Milan, were in a condition to oppose his plans of dispossession, he resolved first to ruin the Venetians, and then to drive the French out of Italy.

"The former of these objects was attained by the victory of Agnadell or Giradadda, in April, 1509, gained by Louis XII. over the army of the Venetians, by which the State of Venice was reduced all at once to the two towns of Venice and Trevisa.

"Thus in possession of the towns he coveted from the Venetians, Julius turned his attention to the accomplishment of his second object — the expulsion of his ally, the French King; and though the design might seem desperate indeed to an ordinary politician, the supreme head of Christ's Church on earth, in no way daunted, formed the following scheme for the accomplishment of his object. 1. He resolved upon an accommodation with the Venetians, who were no longer in a condition to hurt him; and afterwards to make a league with them against France. 2. To procure a peace between Venice and the Emperor, in order to draw off that Prince from the interest of Louis XII. 3. To induce the Swiss to invade the Duchy of Milan. 4. To bring Ferdinand into the league: and 5, to engage Henry VIII., the new King of England, to break with France, and to make a powerful diversion in Picardy.

"His peace and league with the Venetians were not the most difficult to accomplish, and were both concluded early in the year 1510: but the peace between the Emperor and the Venetians it was not possible for the Pope to bring about, though he accomplished so far as to induce the Emperor to abandon the French King. By his agent the bishop of Sion, the Swiss were rendered the mortal enemies of France: nor did King Ferdinand require abundance of solicitation to join the league of the Pope and the Venetians against the same power: and though it did not seem so easy a task to engage the King of England to break with Louis XII., yet that also was ultimately accomplished, though not till the year 1512. Amidst all the duplicity necessarily employed in these negotiations, not the least remarkable was the address of the Pope, in pretending to the world that the French monarch was all the while the aggressor; though, nevertheless, having been attacked by the Pope without provocation, Louis certainly was not sparing in retaliation, political and belligerent. He not only was instrumental to the assembling of the Council of Pisa, in which the deposition of the Pope was proposed; but he caused certain medals to be struck, with the inscription, '*Perdam Babylonem*,' I will destroy Babylon; and on others '*Perdam Babylonis nomen*,' I will destroy the name of Babylon. 'This,' says Onuphirus, in his life of this Pope, 'so offended him, that by his Bull

he took away the title of *Christianissimus* from the French King, and offered the same to King Henry VIII.'

"Of the character of this Pope, the same author observes, that he was more famous for military glory than became a Pope. — He commanded his army in person against the French, and as he marched over a bridge on the Tiber, cast into it the Keys of St. Peter, and called for the sword of St. Paul. Monstrelet observes of him, that 'he left the chair of St. Peter, and took upon him the title of Mars, the God of War, displaying his triple crown in the field, and spending his nights in the watch. What a godly sight it was,' he enthusiastically exclaims, 'to see the Mitres, Crosiers, and Crosier-staves flying up and down the field! Sure no devils could be there, where benedictions were sold so cheap!'

"'Bold, enterprising, ambitious, and indefatigable,' writes a more recent and philosophic author, 'he neither sought repose himself, nor allowed it to be enjoyed by others. In searching for a vicar of Christ upon earth, it would indeed have been difficult to have found a person whose conduct and temper were more directly opposed to the mild spirit of Christianity, and the example of its founder; but this was not the test by which the conclave judged of the qualifications of a pontiff, who was now no longer expected to seclude himself from the cares of the world in order to attend to the spiritual concerns of his flock. Julius II. is therefore not to be judged by a rule of conduct which he neither proposed to himself, nor was expected to conform to by others.'—*Roscoe, Life of Leo X. v. ii. p. 152.*

"Christopher Bambridge, archbishop of York, representative of England at the Court of Rome, was presented with a Cardinal's Hat; and while the Pope employed direct means to interest Henry to active measures in his behalf, and also to intercede with his father-in-law, Ferdinand, King of Aragon, for the like purpose; both were working on his fears of the increasing and aggressive power of France. The original correspondence of King Henry and Bambridge is in *Bib. Cott. Vitell. B. II.*"

"*Dat. Romæ, apud Sanctum Petrum, sub annulo piscatoris, die 5 Apr., 1510. Reg. Warham, fol. 26, b.; Wilkins, Concilia, v. iii. p. 652.* A complimentary notice of it is also conveyed in an epistle to Henry VIII. from Pet. Isualles (Card. Reginus), Gov. of Rome, dated 8 Apr. *Bib. Cott. Vitell. b. 2.* The golden rose was instituted to commemorate a miracle in the Romish Church in the 12th century (*Mabillon*). 'Since when it had been customary for the Pope to consecrate a Golden Rose with much ceremony on Rose or Midlent Sunday, which was usually presented to some person of distinction, at home or abroad. Subsequently to the presentation to King Henry, at the commencement of the Restoration, Leo. X. sent a consecrated Rose by his Legate, Charles a Miltitz, to Frederic, elector of Saxony, in order to induce him to withdraw his protection from Luther. *Hildebrand, de Dieb. Sanct. Hampson, Medii Ævi Kal. v. ii. p. 95.*'

"The French Kings, says Selden, have from ancient times to this day been known by the addition of *Most Christian*. When it began in them is uncertain. Some fetch it from Rome to Charles the Great, but if so, it should rather have remained in the Empire. 'Some refer it to the Council of Orleans, held under King Louis or Clovis, their first Christian King, about the year D., but there are no words in that Council to this purpose; and although the French King hath this title from ancient time fixed on him, and given in solemn expression of his name, it is in the *second and third person* only, and not in the first; for he uses it not in the style of his letters, commissions, or grants; but others give it him, and he is known and expressed by it, often alone, without more addition to it, *Le Roy tres-chretien*. And in the old Register of the Court of Rome, where the Kings of Christendom are in a catalogue, though none else have any addition, the King of France is there noted, *Rex Francorum Christianissimus Coronatur et inungi-*

tur. Divers letters also of the Pope have anciently stiled him with that title, and some of them as old as Pepin's time; yet some take it to have been given by Pius II. to Louis XI. of France, and it is said that Pope Alexander VI. had purposed to have transferred it from France to Ferdinand V. of Spain. *Tit. Hon. ch. v. pt. i.*

"The attribute of *Defender of the Church*, says the same authority, came not to the Emperor by such means as that other did to Henry VIII. The reason why it is so specially given to the Emperor (but not in his ordinary style), is because, at his greatest and last coronation, which is to be performed by the Pope in person, he takes a solemn oath which binds him to be *Defensor Romanæ Ecclesiæ perpetuus*.—*Ibid.*"

"The King and the Cardinal (Wolsey) were both addressed 'Your Grace.' In the third person, 'His Grace,' 'the King's Grace,' and 'His Highness,' alike referred to the King. Some of the original letters in *Bib. Cott.* are inscribed, 'To the King's Most Noble Grace.'"

"An attempt was made to bring Henry into the schismatical views of the Synod against the Pope: there is extant the original letter of the five Cardinals of the Conciliabulum summoned at Pisa against Julius II. to Henry VIII., suggesting the necessity of their proceeding to some strong measures, and referring for further explanation to Ja. Montero, their agent; it is dated Pavia, Nov. 25. 1510. *Bib. Cott. Vitell. B. II.* Two other letters to the King, one from four of the same Cardinals, and the other from the Cardinal S. Crusis, are also in the same volume."

"The Schismatical Synod met at Pisa, 1st Sept. 1511. The league between Pope Julius II., the King of Arragon, and the Venetians, 'with the approbation and consent of the King of England, and with the participation of Cardinal Bambridge, his ambassador,' was concluded at Rome, 4th Oct. 1511. (*Bib. Cott. Vitell. B. II. Rymer, Fœd. t. vi. p. i. p. 23.*) By the terms of this treaty, it was made to recover for the Pope, not only the city of Bologna, but also every thing that belonged mediately or immediately to the Church. The treaty of alliance between Henry and Ferdinand, for the defence of the Church, bears date London, 17th Nov., 1511. 'The two Kings,' says M. Rapin, 'seem to breathe nothing but the glory of God, and the welfare of the Church; meanwhile Henry's true aim was to conquer Guienne, and Ferdinand's to deceive his son-in-law, and to seize Navarre, under pretence of defending the poor oppressed church.' *Acta Regia, v. iii. p. 150.*—'There is not a single clause in the treaty,' adds the same author, 'which did not tend to Ferdinand's aim; though it was not possible for Henry to perceive it until the object was accomplished.' *Ibid.* In pursuance of this treaty, in the following May, Henry sent to Spain 6000 men under the command of the Marquess of Dorset; a thousand archers had also previously been sent for the defence of the Church, under the command of Lord Darcy. The commission is dated Canterbury, March 8. 1511. A commission also to Sir Edward Howard to command the fleet intended for the defence of the Church is dated at the Knoll, April 7. 1512. (*Rymer, Fœd. v. vi. p. i. p. 30.*) By an indenture between the King and Sir Edward Howard, executed on the following day, it appears that the Admiral was to have under his command in the service 3000 men 'harnessed and arraigned for the werre, hymself accounted of in the said pomber, over and above 700 souldours, maryners, and gonners, that shall be in the King's ship called the Regent.' Of these 3000 men, 18 were to be captains, 1750 souldours, 1233 maryners and gonners. The Admiral was to have for the maintainyng himself and his dietts wages and rewardes 10s. per day; captains 1s. 6d.; souldours, maryners, and gonners, 5s. for wages, and 5s. for victualls per month of 28 days.—*Ibid. p. 31.*"

"This was the treaty of Estaples, Nov. 3. 1492. (*Rymer, Fœd. t. v. p. iii. p. 51.*) By the articles of convention Charles VIII. engaged himself to

pay to Henry 745,000 crowns of gold at several terms, viz. 25,000 livres Tournois, every half year till the whole should be paid. (*Ibid.* p. 54.) The same collection contains the oath of Charles to observe this treaty; taken Dec. 6. 1492, at Plessis, near Tours (*Ibid.* p. 54.); and by a public instrument executed at the castle of Amboise, Dec. 13. 1492, Charles subjects himself to excommunication in case he should not fulfil his part of the said treaty (*Ibid.* p. 55.); and June 18. 1493, at Rome, a petition, signed by the ambassadors of England before a notary and witnesses, to Pope Alexander VI., prayed that he would excommunicate either of the two Kings who should violate the treaty of Estaples (*Ibid.* p. 54.); but as this was an ex-parte solicitation of a matter in which two were interested, the Pope answered that he would stay till the King of France made the same request; and thus matters stood for several years. In the mean time Charles VIII. died, and his successor, Louis XII., pursuing the same policy, confirmed and ratified by bond and oath to respect the treaty of Estaples, and to continue the payments of the 745,000 crowns, by instruments, dated at Westminster, June 24. 1498 (*Ibid.* p. 123.), and July 18. at Paris (*Ibid.* p. 125.): and it was formally approved by the nobility of France, representing the States General, assembled at Nantes, Jan. 15. 1499 (*Ibid.* p. 134.). Henry's attestation that the treaty was approved by the parliament on the 27th October, 1495, is dated at Westminster, April 7. 1499 (*Ibid.* p. 135.). In the following year, Louis, constant in his good faith, joined in the solicitation required of his predecessor; and at Rome, in the calends of February, 1500, a Bull of Pope Alexander VI., granted at the joint request of Louis XII. and Henry VII., threatened excommunication to either of the two Kings who should break the treaty of Estaples. Moreover, to convince his ally of his sincerity, if possible, by additional invocations on his head, another Bull of the same Pope (granted at the request and cost of the French King himself), dated at Rome the day before the Ides of June, 1500, threatened excommunication against Louis XII. if he failed in any of his payments. Surely our money-grasping monarch, exceeding Shylock's bond of flesh, had multiplied security on the soul of his ally: accordingly, to the death of Henry VII., the half-yearly payments were duly received from France, and the acquittances given (*Ibid.* p. 263.) In the mean time so much importance was given to this treaty, that in 1495 and the following year, there were several approbations and confirmations of it by the provinces, cities, and corporations of France (*Ibid.* pp. 80—104.) At the death of Henry VII. in 1509, the treaty of Estaples terminated by natural expiration, being stipulated only to exist till the death of the last survivor of the contracting parties. It was however renewed by Henry VIII.,—only to be speedily broken,—by a treaty of peace and friendship between the crowns of England and France, dated at London, March 28. 1510. — *Rymer, Fœd. v. vi. p. i. p. 9.*

The History of England from the earliest Period to the present Time.

Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By MISS JULIA CORNER. Dean and Co., Threadneedle Street.

THIS concise history of England is well written, beautifully printed, and judiciously arranged; and were it not for the political and party opinions insidiously introduced into its pages, we should bestow on it unqualified approbation. But we cannot sufficiently condemn the practice of engrafting on that which ought to be an impartial narrative of dates and events, the one-sided views of particular parties on the current questions of the day. Such an abuse of history is on all occasions to be reprobated; but more especially when the book is

written for young persons, as its title indicates, and which, for the reason which we have stated, is in our opinion one of the worst books of the kind which could be placed in their hands.

An entirely original System for acquiring the French Language.

By M. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN (de Paris). Fifth edition. London : Souter and Law, 131. Fleet Street. 1845.

WE are induced to notice this book, not because it is a better grammar than many of those previously published, but on account of the very ingenious plan of acting on the system of Locke, by the contrivance of pellucid paper, on which is printed the English translation of the French words to be seen underneath ; and it must be allowed, that the contrivance is the means of saving much time and trouble to the learner. The author very properly, in our opinion, warns the student against the delusion of attempting to acquire the pronunciation of the French language by any other means than the *viva voce* example of a teacher. On the whole, however, it is a good grammar as far as it goes ; and we can recommend it as an useful addition to the books of students and families.

A STATE SECRET.

IN a certain principality, near a certain river, and not very far from a certain city, there was once upon a time a venerable castle. It was built, as all castles ought to be, on a lofty eminence which commanded a view of the surrounding country. It had formerly boasted of battlements, turrets, bartizans, a moat, a gateway, a portcullis, and a keep, tall and perpendicular, like a stately dame of the time of Queen Bess. The adjacent country had been in days of yore covered here and there with very small villages, that had clustered round the lordly dwelling for protection; they had disappeared by degrees, and the space they once occupied was now converted into an extensive park well stocked with deer, possessing capital preserves, and every inducement to tempt the sportsman to frequent its glades.

Any castle, at the time I write of, had, like Darius in Alexander's feast,

" Fallen from its high estate,"

and instead of being parcel prison, parcel stronghold, with dungeons for evil doers, oubliettes, mysterious chambers, and awfully long galleries for the accommodation of family pictures, suits of armour, and ancestral ghosts, it had by degrees descended from the dignity of a baronial fortress, to that of château of a peaceful noble; and in lieu of steel-clad warriors with portentous frowns, and ferocious-looking attendants with hearts as iron as their head-pieces, Monsieur Le Comte de Clairval, in a velvet suit à la Louis Quatorze, now held sway. Times were changed; and a very lucky thing too it was for the times. "Grim-visaged war" had not only "smoothed his wrinkled front," but had also laid aside the plumed casque which used to envelope the caputs of the former Counts de Clairval, and had replaced it in the person of the present owner, with a peruke as flowing as any that had ever graced the head of "Le grand Monarque," himself.

But what in the name of common sense has this verbiage to do with your story?

Nothing truly; only "*par politesse*" and according to every rule of etiquette, we cannot enter into a gentleman's house and make ourselves at home there, without having previously made his acquaintance; particularly when the said house is a château, and the owner himself is a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Chamberlain to a Grand Duke, and, under the rose be it said, a species of spy for his august master. The Count de Clairval having thus made his bow to the audience, may now be dismissed; and here begins our story.

Imagine yourself, good reader, in the boxes of a well-filled theatre: the Orpheuses of the orchestra have scraped the finishing chord,

the prompter's bell has rung, the curtain rises slowly and gracefully, and we behold an apartment elegantly furnished in the fashion of the times of which I write, when Louis Quatorze was in his glory, and his gay cousin Charles of England was earning for himself the sou-briquet of "The Merry Monarch."

In the centre of the background we will imagine a large window, supposed to overlook the park; the walls of the chamber are painted *al fresco*, with subjects from Ariosto's enchanting poem "L'Orlando." Large mirrors reflect back in their clear depths every object of still life. Marble tables with richly gilded legs are covered with scarce articles of vertu, Indian fans, and pomander balls. A diminutive white poodle, with a silver collar and blue rosette, reposes on a crimson cushion; whilst a lute inlaid with mother of pearl, heavy *fauteuils* of gold and blue, a superb japanned folding screen, and a Persian carpet of gay hues, complete the picture as far as the accessories of still life are concerned. There yet wants living subjects to perfect the *tableau*, for the dear little poodle is snoring fast asleep.

Imagine then two young and undeniably pretty girls, one of whom is a *piquante* arch brunette, with laughing black eyes, hair as glossy as the raven's wing, or the plumage of a well-conditioned jackdaw. Her nose is *tant soit peu retroussé*, but one can never notice that defect (if it be one) on account of its vicinity to the most beautiful mouth that ever smiled on a lover, or breathed forth words like spoken music. She is attired in an open robe, *à la Valère*, of pale yellow satin trimmed with knots of blue and silver, and looped back at the sides with cords of silver, so as to display an under dress of white satin embroidered up the front with blue and silver. The sleeves, in the fashion of the times, are full, and divided into distinct puffs from the shoulder to the elbow by cords of silver and blue, and terminated by deep lace ruffles of such a delicate texture that it is scarcely possible they can be the work of mortal hands. Her dark hair, flowing in waving curls over a graceful neck and bust, is twisted with strings of pearl, in similar style to the *coiffeure* of the beauties of Sir Peter Lely. A silver spray is placed very coquettishly amid the countless ringlets, and a bouquet of gay flowers fastened in the centre of the long stomacher boddice. A pair of white perfumed gloves, embroidered, also in blue and silver, complete the costume, which certainly reflects no less credit on the young lady's *femme de chambre* than on the fair wearer herself. Thus attired for conquest, the pretty *naïve* Estelle de Valey reclines in a capacious arm chair, amusing herself with a gaudy-plumaged cockatoo on a perch near her.

The other inmate of the boudoir is a fair blooming girl, with a very interesting pensive countenance, and a slight graceful figure. She is clad in a dress, in fashion and material, the counterpart of Estelle's, but of a delicate pink, ornamented with point lace and pearl tassels; and amid her beautiful hair there glitters a circlet of brilliants. She is standing by a fanciful-looking gilt cage in which is a pretty white dove, who receives her caresses as a matter of course. Thus I present to you my two heroines, Estelle de Valey, Ernestine de Clairval.

the former, Coquetry with her cockatoo; the latter, Simplicity with her emblem dove.

"Well, Ernestine," said the lively Estelle, "how many sighs, and kisses, are you going to waste on that feathered insipidity?"

"How can you call my pretty dove an insipidity?" replies Ernestine.

"Don't sigh, Ernestine! giddy as I am, I almost envy your tranquillity, or apathy, or whatever it may be, that enables you to live so happily in this trim cage of yours, in which it is the pleasure of your sapient uncle, Count de Clairval, to shut you up, and oblige me to bear you company."

"Methinks the care of my noble relative has fitted up our apartment in a style seldom found in a private residence. What have we to complain of, Estelle? What more can you desire?"

"Every thing. Society, amusements, liberty; and, above all, admiration; and the last, to a young girl who has spent six months at Paris, is a most terrible deprivation."

"Have we not the best society, Estelle, that the neighbourhood can afford?"

"Such as it is, my dear. Country *Hobereaux*, with only two ideas; namely, how to acquire an appetite, and then how to satisfy it; for which laudable purpose they hunt or shoot one half of the day, and spend the remainder in eating and drinking. Then, as to amusements, we have your uncle's long stories, and the still more distressing affliction of neighbours' visits, to endure. But let us hope all these misfortunes are about to be remedied; the Grand Duke and the court have taken up their residence in the royal hunting lodge, or château. Of course, if there are any balls, presentations, or fêtes, we shall be there. I wonder if there is to be a reception at court to-night; otherwise, why has the Count desired us to be in full dress?"

"He expects visitors of rank; for many of the foreign ambassadors have been honoured with invitations to join the Duke in the royal hunt."

"The saints be praised! we shall have a chance of seeing some one in the shape of a presentable being; perhaps those dear, delightful, *attachés*, who are so busy about nothing; a treat we have neither of us had since we came here. Hark! I hear the huntsman's horn. The Grand Duke and his train must be in the neighbourhood."

Up springs Estelle from her seat, and darts to the widow; the full mellow tones of the *cor de chasse* are heard, nearer and nearer, as a train of gallant-looking cavaliers, attended by prickers, grooms, &c. galloped across the park.

"Only look, Ernestine! there they go; the Grand Duke, and his Excellency the French Envoy at his elbow. And there is the young De Laugun, on the chesnut horse, with a perfect forest of feathers in his hat. Is he not handsome? They do say that Mademoiselle de Montpensier is in love with him."

"What! Mademoiselle, the cousin of your splendid monarch, Louis Quatorze? Oh, Estelle! that must be pure scandal."

"Even so, my dear; but, unfortunately, pure truth as well; the

ladies of Paris are ready to run away with him; he is the terror of all husbands, and the detestation of all lovers."

"A very presuming *pefit maitre*, I make no doubt," said Ernestine, who had now joined her companion at the window.

"Ernestine, do look at that fat, clumsy, Baron von Hochstein! for all the world like a punchy Bacchus, bestriding a horse instead of a wine cask. Ah! there is little Albert de Marlis, a perfect Cupid—in his own estimation. What a love of a laced cravat he has! Who can that handsome cavalier in dark green be, who rides by himself? How earnestly he gazes up at the windows! I wonder which of us two he intends to fall in love with?"

"Most likely with neither; he has galloped on."

"The monster of insensibility! And he has not even vouchsafed to give us a second look. Now, without vanity, I think we are worth it. Here comes an excellent imitation of him, dressed almost the same. Ah! he, too, is looking excessively wo-begone. See, see, Ernestine, he has reined up his steed, and is so wrapt in contemplation, that he is not aware of the danger he runs of being ridden over."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Ernestine; "he will be thrown! his horse is rearing, and plunging! I dare not look;" and shrinking back in terror, she hid her face in her hands.

"Silly girl!" said Estelle, "he is safe; he is now riding to the pavilion, yonder, in your favourite walk."

"To the pavilion?" repeated Ernestine, again approaching the window, waving, unperceived by her companion, a handkerchief, a signal which the cavalier observed.

"Let us go to the saloon," said Estelle; "we shall have a better view of the *cortège*; they must pass close to the windows."

"I prefer remaining here; I have no pleasure in gazing, or being gazed at."

"As you please, my dear; you only lose one of the greatest delights a woman knows, that of being admired; one that I never had the philosophy to resist; therefore, adieu!" And away she ran, humming a lively air.

Ernestine having waited till Estelle was out of hearing, and then ascertained that no one was loitering in the corridor, carefully closed the door, and taking from its gilded cage the white dove, she fastened under its left wing a very diminutive billet, which had hitherto been concealed in her own fair bosom.

"There, my sweet messenger," she said, "fly away, and return quickly with the reply." Then kissing her feathered Mercury, she loosened her hold, and the bird flew out of the window in the direction of the pavilion, towards which the second cavalier in green had been seen to direct his steps. I don't think that was right! In fact, it was highly improper. To think that young ladies should write clandestine love-letters. Oh, shocking! to say nothing of the terrible indecorum of transforming little birds into aerial postmen, and defrauding the revenue.

Ernestine watched her dove, and distinctly saw it hovering over a clump of evergreens, in which the pavilion was partly embowered.

"He will receive my letter!" she exclaimed. "Dear, dear Hubert! If I had but courage to tell the Count of our attachment, I think he would relent in his favour. But my uncle is so prejudiced against inferior birth, that I dread to make the disclosure. I fear too, from some hints he dropped, that he has already selected the suitor whose hand I must accept."

Here pretty Ernestine sighed most sadly; no doubt she intended to make a pathetic speech; but a panel in the wall opposite (so contrived as to answer the purpose of a door) moved slowly to one side, and from the secret passage to which it led there stepped into the room the same gentleman apostrophised in Ernestine's soliloquy as Hubert, and the identical cavalier whose danger had alarmed Estelle.

On beholding him, the young lady, who evidently did not expect him *quite so soon*, uttered a joyful exclamation, and rushed into his arms. It was quite a *tableau*: the cavalier was young, handsome of course, and tall; with very orthodox dark chesnut hair, flowing in long curls over a point-lace collar. He was habited in a picturesque hunting suit of green. The cross and star of St. Hubert, the patron saint of the chase, was embroidered on the breast of his coat; his silver-mounted horn was slung across it; his *contreau-de-chasse* at his side, and his black, broad-leafed beaver looped up over the left temple, and overshadowed with long drooping plumes. Indeed, from the crown of the said hat to the tip of his riding boot, there never was a more perfect full-length of a lover in green and silver.

What he said, or did, there is not the least occasion to repeat; love speeches, like flattery, are (save to those whom they concern) the most insipid, verbose things in the world. Ernestine, when the joy of seeing him became calmer, now half-frightened and blushing, endeavoured to withdraw from his encircling arm; but Hubert, seemingly quite at home, took no notice of her embarrassment; but bringing forward a chair for her, and placing another beside it for himself, they sat down; and each having a great deal to tell the other, the conversation commenced. Poor Hubert Walstein, only the private secretary of the Saxon minister, had merely worth, talents, industry, little fortune, and still less court favour, interest, or friends. How had he dared, then, to raise his eyes to the beautiful niece and heiress of the Count de Clairval, chamberlain to the Grand Duke of Lorraine? Before Ernestine had been claimed and adopted by her wealthy uncle, and prior to the death of her father, who was but a poor younger brother, her happiest days had been passed at Dresden, under the care of Madame Walstein, the mother of Hubert; and the latter, from being the playmate of her childhood, had, naturally enough, become her devoted lover.

"Fathers have flinty hearts!" consequently uncles and guardians ought not to possess any of softer materials. Ernestine was right in supposing that her uncle had selected a suitable *parti* for her. The Count had already arranged, unknown to her, that she should marry a distinguished favourite of the Emperor, who held a high office at

the court of Vienna, and was supposed to have been sent on a secret mission to the French capital, respecting the treaty into which Louis Quatorze and his Imperial Majesty were about to enter, namely, the division of the Spanish territories in the event of the decease of the youthful king of Spain. The said *diplomât*, it was rumoured, was then *incog.* in the vicinity, and actually in the *suite* of the Grand Duke, and consequently one of those who had followed the royal hunt across the Park.

"But," said Hubert, in reply to the afflicting intelligence that Ernestine was destined to be another's, "let us not anticipate evils that may be averted; permit me to make myself known to your uncle, to disclose my love for you. I may be your inferior in fortune, but I am of a good, though not of a noble, family, the son of a brave officer who died in the service of his country. I may rise to an eminent station in the ministerial employ; for when I toil with the wish of deserving you, and the hope of obtaining you, I shall be certain of success."

"And in the mean time, while you are looking forward to becoming an ambassador, or an envoy at least, my uncle may have had the bad taste to prefer for his nephew-in-law a rich suiter unincumbered with the cares of acquiring fortune to a prime minister in perspective."

Ere Hubert could reply, a door banged to in the corridor; Ernestine started up.

"It is the Count!" she exclaimed.

"The Count!" repeated Hubert, jumping up, and kicking the sleeping poodle.

It was the Count sure enough, and, fortunately for the lovers, he was giving some directions to a servant in a sufficiently loud voice to apprise them of his approach, and thus give them a little time. Ernestine could just say, "Hubert, you must escape — fly —"

"Where to?" enquired the young gentleman, with quiet composure. "Not out of the window, I hope! Can I not hide somewhere?"

"I don't know where to put you. You couldn't contrive to stand inside this closet, could you?"

"Stand there!" exclaimed Hubert. "It is full of little China-monsters, that I should inevitably crash to pieces!"

Poor, puzzled creatures! they ran here and there in search of a hiding place. It was quite certain that a six-foot lover could not be crammed into a four-foot curiosity cupboard; nor poked behind a screen, which stood directly under a large mirror that reflected every object around with provoking distinctness. Nor was it practicable, even to save a lady's reputation, to toss him out of a window full thirty feet above the moat; where, though he would have escaped drowning (seeing there was no water in it), he must have broken his neck. At last, clever creatures! they hit upon the very plan they ought first to have thought of, the secret passage by which the gentleman had come in, and by which he could as certainly go out again. So Hubert (as they say of a man condemned to be hanged) went back to the place he came from, and closed the panel at the very moment that the door of the boudoir opened. Ernestine ran to a fauteuil;

snatched up a book, and was reading so attentively that she never saw the entrance of a voluminous peruke, and a court suit of purple and gold, on and about which fluttered some dozens of yards of cherry coloured ribbon, and fringe à discrétion, together with Mechlin ruffles, Jabot, and canons, besides a magnificent silk scarf, from which was suspended the golden key of office, and within which entourage of finery the august person of Hypolite, Count de Clairval, is presented to my readers. Ernestine started quite naturally when her uncle addressed her.

"So studious, my fair niece," said the Count, "perusing still *Le Grand Cyrus*? That Scudery must be endowed with magical powers to absorb you so completely. Why, are you not in the saloon, ma belle? Your sprightly friend, Estelle, is there, surrounded with lovers, making a fresh conquest at every repartee, and adding a new victim to her list with every smile."

"I preferred the solitude of my apartment," replied his niece.

"I thought I should find you here, I wish to speak to you; do not disturb yourself, my love." And the Count seated himself, threw up his eyes, and looking benevolent, said, "What an extremely lovely day!"

"Delightful!" replied Ernestine.

"Apropos, my dear child, you are looking uncommonly handsome; indeed, I may say, beautiful."

Ernestine, having often been told so, had nothing to say to such a commonplace truism; she merely bowed.

"It strikes me, my dear niece, that you are about eighteen.—Yes, certainly, eighteen is your exact age: I remember it from a remarkable circumstance. You were born just when his most Christian Majesty of France, then about nine years of age, was afflicted with a severe tooth-ache, in consequence of eating too many bonbons. Ah! historical associations, connected with domestic events, render the latter interesting and impressive. I am delighted, my sweet girl, to see you so perfectly every thing that an anxious relative can desire. You have naturally a *distingué* air (by-the-bye it is hereditary in our family); you dress with great taste, converse agreeably enough, dance delightfully, and sing divinely. Then I dare say all those little accessories of female excellence, such as morality, and propriety, and the rest of the virtues, to which some people attach great importance, and many do not, have been fully attended to by that worthy middle-aged lady, who had the honour of superintending your early education. It is remarkable now that I never can recollect her name. Madame—Madame Something."

"Madame Walstein," observed Ernestine, rather warmly, "was to me a parent and benefactress, my friend, when I was poor and helpless; and whatever my humble talents may be, it is to her kindness and instruction that I owe them."

"Charming! charming!" said the Count, "gratitude is so interesting in youth, especially when a proper regard to the object of it is observed. Madame Walstein, I now remember, was the daughter of a man of good family, consequently your gratitude was due to her, and

my forgetfulness is quite culpable. She is a person to be remembered."

Here the Count took snuff with the most elegant nonchalance, and looked with admiration at Ernestine, whose eyes had wandered towards the panel, and who, on perceiving her uncle's steadfast glance, gazed very intently on a full-blown cabbage rose, and then on a gigantic purple poppy, that were depicted side by side on the folding screen.

"Your eyes are really deep blue," said the Count. "I never observed that before. My love, you resemble your late mother; she would have been a celebrated beauty had she not thrown herself away on my younger brother." In justice to her loveliness, and the celebrity that might have been hers, it is my duty to give every possible attention to the welfare of her daughter and my heiress." The Chamberlain smiled benignly, — he had extremely well preserved teeth.

"What can all this tend to?" thought Ernestine. The Count continued: —

"I have therefore deemed it proper, my dear niece, to arrange a marriage for you (here he waved his cambric handkerchief). Do not alarm yourself; I assure you that your happiness has been fully consulted; fortune, birth, and station, will all combine in the gentleman I have selected as your husband."

"My lord," said Ernestine, starting from her seat, "I implore you —"

"My beloved little niece," said the Count, rising also, "you are worrying yourself for a mere bagatelle; this agitation is quite unnecessary, every thing shall be conducted with the decorum your rank requires; nothing will be hurried or neglected. The gentleman in question will be presented to you to-day; the marriage, most likely, will be declared to-morrow."

"My dearest uncle!" cried Ernestine, falling at his feet, "hear me! do not force me to marry, for I cannot love this stranger."

"Ernestine, you surprise me! this impetuosity is extremely plebeian. Did you ever year of any young lady of rank throwing herself on her knees, like a poor person without interest, who is petitioning perhaps for her husband's life. I must beg you will rise."

Ernestine obeyed, and the Count went on.

"You have made me forget the most important part of my information. — Ah! I omitted to tell you the name of the happy man you are to marry. It is the Baron Von Lindau, a colonel in the Austrian service, immensely rich, by no means old, and, I believe, handsome; of that you will be enabled to judge yourself. I have never seen him, but my royal master approves of the match, the Emperor consents, the Baron will be delighted, and I shall gain a great accession of political strength, for Von Lindau is an accomplished diplomat. You perceive, my dear, what a charming marriage this will be, to combine so many blessings."

"It will seal my wretchedness," sobbed Ernestine.

"Niece, I am shocked," said the Count, "your sentiments are in extremely bad taste. You mentioned just now, I think, something

about love. My dear child, that is, after all, a passion purely ideal and figurative, and always misplaced, save in a pastoral opera, or a nine volume romance. That reminds me I interrupted your reading; I will not intrude an instant longer. The Baron Von Lindau may possibly arrive here this morning; we must receive him in this room; I have reasons for wishing his visit to be a secret at present; therefore, in pursuance of my suggestions, he will find his way here through the secret passage that communicates with this apartment. The panel, I believe, is easily removed."

The Count walked towards it, but very fortunately for his niece, who clung to a chair to save herself from falling, the *cor de chasse* at that moment was heard.

"The royal suite are returning; I must pay my respects as they pass. *Au revoir*, my sweet niece," said the Count, gracefully kissing his hand to her, "I shall return in time to present the Baron to you." He then quitted the room.

"Hubert! Hubert! save yourself!" said Ernestine, rushing towards the panel just in time to be caught by her lover, who sprang into the room, and supported her to a chair.

"My Ernestine, fear nothing. Now indeed I feel how fondly I love you, and that love inspires me with courage to protect and rescue you. You shall not be sacrificed to the ambition of a heartless courtier, whilst Hubert Walstein has life to defend you." He was interrupted by a piercing shriek from Ernestine, who now fainted in good earnest, for at that instant the Count de Clairval re-entered the apartment. There was *un coup de théâtre*,—Mlle. de Clairval fainting in the *fauteuil*, Hubert in despair bending over her, and the Grand Chamberlain looking as surprised as his perfect good breeding allowed.

"She has fainted," said Hubert.

"I imagine that to be the case," replied the Count. "Do not, I beseech you, alarm yourself; it will be nothing I assure you;" and pulling a silken bell rope, a *femme de chambre* entered, by whose attentions Ernestine soon recovered.

"Suppose, my dear niece, you retire for a while to your apartment; the sudden appearance of this gentlemen has probably alarmed you," continued the Count in the softest and sweetest of tones. "I will apprise your friend, Estelle, of your indisposition; our guest," and he bent a very significant glance on Hubert, "will excuse your leaving us."

Ernestine obeyed; she gave a warning look at her lover, and, assisted by her attendants, left the room. There was a short pause, but the Count advancing with a species of sliding bow, smilingly observed,

"I owe you a thousand apologies for this awkward introduction; the sudden alarm of my niece prevented me from presenting you to her, a pleasure which I had long anticipated."

Hubert wondered when the Count was going to put himself in a rage, as under all circumstances he would be fully justified in doing. He stammered forth, in reply, his regret at having frightened the young lady.

"My dear Sir, it is I who must ever regret the terrible disregard of self-command that my niece has shown, particularly as I had told her, a few minutes previous to your appearance, that I expected the honour of a visit from you."

Hubert bowed very low; first, to hide his confusion; secondly, because he was entirely disconcerted by the Count's quiet politeness, and knew not what to say. The Grand Chamberlain continued—

"I need not ask why I see in this apartment a gentleman who is personally unknown to me; that," pointing to the panel, or rather to the aperture, ought to have concealed, "sufficiently explains. Excuse me for an instant: I must slide it back again; our interview is to be confidential, and loiterers might so easily overhear us."

The Count, stepping up to the wall, carefully replaced the panel, having previously peeped into the passage to assure himself that all was secure. During this, Hubert decided on his line of conduct. "I will," thought he, "say nothing until I have first heard him; and should he question me, I will tell the plain truth, and the Count, being a consummate courtier, *ergo*, a finished hypocrite, that will puzzle and mislead him more than the most plausible falsehood I could invent."

"I fancy now, that all is safe," said the Count, returning. "Do me the honour to be seated."

Hubert did as he was bid; and by way of employment played with the plume of his hat. The Count, like many other great men in similar circumstances, had recourse to his gold snuff-box, which he opened ostentatiously preparatory to commencing his discourse. After a preliminary hem, and a graceful inclination of the well-curved peruke and the head inside it, the Grand Chamberlain spoke.

"You had no difficulty, I trust, in finding your way here after my messenger had the good fortune to overtake you?"

"It was then from you, my Lord, that I received a billet this morning without a signature."

"Yes, from me; my servant tells me he was fearful of making a mistake; there were several gentlemen in the royal suite wearing the same costume as yourself, but of course the *Baron von Lindau*, though incognito, is easily recognised."

Hubert was diplomatic enough not to betray his surprise—he instantly perceived, that by a fortunate blunder, he had received a note intended for another, appointing him to meet a friend who could not receive him before witnesses. Imagining it to be from Ernestine, whom he sometimes met by stealth in the park, attended only by her *femme de chambre*, he had ventured into the château according to the directions the said billet contained, and was thus mistaken for his intended rival, Von Lindau. He thought it wiser not to undeceive the Count, who said,

"May I be permitted, Baron, to ask what you think of the young lady whom you surprised here?"

"She is the loveliest of her sex!" exclaimed Hubert; then suddenly checking himself, he looked vastly foolish.

"You charm me, my Lord; yes, my niece is by no means unpleasing: I merely asked you because the joint interests of our royal

masters require the inter-alliance of one or more of the influential families in their respective dominions. In yourself the Emperor has graciously selected the most distinguished of his favourites, whose alliance must confer honour on the proudest family in Europe. The Grand Duke, in doing me the honour of naming my niece as the bride he wishes to bestow on you, has made me the happiest of men. Am I so fortunate, Baron, as to have divined your wishes respecting this marriage? May I intimate to his Highness that you consent?" "My Lord," stammered forth Hubert, "I—I—I know not what to say!" That was very true.

"Yes, yes," replied the Count, smiling, "I can enter into your—*feelings*, he was on the point of saying, but he checked himself in time: courtiers having as little need of feelings as of sincerity or any other vulgar homely virtue, and he substituted *ideas*:—"your ideas; but the union will be, politically, so beneficial to both."

"But your niece?" said Hubert.

"Ah, my niece! she, of course, like other young ladies of her rank, marries to support that rank. It is a duty she owes to her ancestry, and one I trust that she will bequeath to her children. You imagine, perhaps, that her alarm and her fainting proceeded from aversion to you, or partiality for another."

"Mlle. de Clairval must often have inspired love, and may perhaps have felt it."

"My dear Baron, you are totally mistaken; my niece has been admired, but I have particularly requested her never to fall in love. She considers it as a plebeian foible, derogatory to those of superior birth."

"Indeed!" replied Hubert, with a sarcastic smile.

"There has been an idle report of an attachment between her and the son of an early friend, whom I have never seen; a certain Albert, or Ebert, or Alfred Walstein,—some name like that. But I am convinced it is untrue; for my niece has never mentioned his name to me, nor have I ever done so to her."

"What sort of person may this Albert, Ebert, or Alfred Walstein be?" asked Hubert, prepared to hear a very mortifying description of himself.

"A harmless young man, private secretary to the Saxon Minister, and, between friends, a person we must rid ourselves of. I have a plan in readiness, my dear Baron, by which I can effectually remove this young gentleman out of your way."

"I fear that you will find that rather difficult," replied Walstein, with most ambassadorial command of countenance.

The Count, smiling diplomatically, (no offence, I hope,) drew his chair nearer, and laying the tips of two fingers on the arm of the supposed baron, replied in the sweetest of tones, "I hold his fortunes, character, and almost his life within my grasp."

"How, my lord?" exclaimed the other, starting from his seat.

(To be continued.)

.VARIETIES.

Handwritten: Haug? M. J.

THERE are scarcely any opinions more erroneous than those which are formed of a man who is silent and reserved in company.

A man of this description is sometimes called an absent man, when his conduct often proceeds from timidity, and a too great diffidence of his own abilities; he is sometimes called sour and reserved, when perhaps his mind is oppressed with sorrow, and derives comfort from silence alone; or when, probably, he is conscious of his ignorance of the subjects started, and is unwilling to expose himself; — oftentimes he is said *to think the more*, when it happens that being unable to think or speak to much purpose, it is from this very motive he acts. For as Salario says to Anthonio,

“I do know of those,
Who only therefore are accounted wise,
Because they speak of nothing.”

A celebrated author, writing on the folly of spending time, observes, that Erasmus composed one of his most beautiful pieces while he was journeying into Italy, *ne totum illud tempus in quo equo fuit insidendum illiteratis fabulis teneretur*; lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without any regard to literature.

*Fugit interea
Fugit irreparabile tempus.
Alas! alas! why thus delay?
Can you restrain the passing day?*

Epitaph on a young man who died for love of a girl whose name was *Molly Stone*.

Saxum sed si molle fuisset
Non foret hic subtus sed superesset eam.

The following *admonitory* stanza was engraven on a Stone in the village churchyard of Llanvain, (between Usk and Caerwent,) and copied by a gentleman travelling through Wales.

Who ever hear on *Sunday*
Will *practis* playing at Ball,
It may be *beFore* Monday
The D——l will have you all.

On a Lord Mayor of London, who was in the habit of using the expression "this here" and "that there."

Here lies our late Lord Mayor,
Who's left "this here" world, and gone to "that there."

Politiano, an Italian poet of the fifteenth century, resident at Florence and intimate with Lorenzo de Medici, was accustomed to say, "I am no more raised or dejected by the flattery of my friends, and accusation of my enemies, than I am by the shadow of my own body; for although that shadow may be longer in the morning and evening than at noonday, this will scarcely induce me to think myself a taller man at those times than I am at noonday."

Lopez de Vigo, a Spanish poet, contemporary with Cervantes, was in the habit of writing a play once a week, and an Epic poem yearly. He is supposed to have published 1800 of the former; though Lopez was perhaps not so celebrated for the quality as for the quantity of his publications.

His plays have, however, furnished ample materials for plots which succeeding writers have been glad to make use of and adopt, although they have forgotten to acknowledge their obligations.

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